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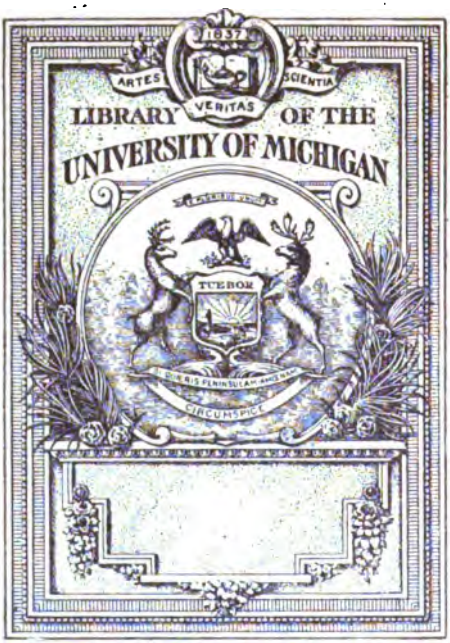
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Within The Year After

Y. M. C. A. Hotel du Pavillon, Paris—Sightseeing Party Ready to Leave

Within the Year After

BY

BETTY ADLER

Special Correspondent of The Lee Newspaper Syndicate in France, Belgium, Italy and Germany. Registered Correspondent of The American Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris.

CHICAGO
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1920

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By BETTY ADLER

To My Brother

Who Made the Trip Possible

And to

THE MEMORY OF OUR PARENTS

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Within the Year After

CHAPTER I

"EXCUSE, PLEASE, THE WAR"

PARIS, June 23, 1919.

"A TELEGRAM? It could not get there before tomorrow, Madame. Maybe later. All telegrams zay must go through za military —you will be in Paris long time ahead of telegram. Zis train, it makes stop now because our coal is so bad. You must excuse, please— here it is still za war. Madame, you will excuse, please, za war?"

Leaning through the doorway of a compartment, at the village of Rue, where the steamer special, enroute from Boulogne-sur-Mer to Paris, had been sidetracked yesterday afternoon, I was imploring a train official to send a dispatch for me, when he apologized thusly for the war. In my best American-French I replied, "Never mind—that's all right—it has

been my war as well as yours, and you need offer no apologies." For "Bleeding France," true to her breeding, regrets your inconveniences in getting through her war-scarred regions. Only now, instead of "C'est la Guerre" (It is the War), they remind you "C'est la Paix," (It is the Peace).

But all the inconveniences for the traveler going abroad in these months after the armistice are not in France. Mine began three months ago when I first applied for a passport to the State Department in Washington. Getting a passport is equivalent to a liberal education these days. Then every scrap of writing or printed matter I carried had to be examined and sealed up by the custom house officials in New York before I could go on board the steamer, including even my letter of credit and visiting cards, and the seal was not to be broken until I had been three hours at sea. For the peace is not yet signed and I crossed on a Dutch liner, having overlooked the fact, when my passage was booked, that Holland was neutral.

Landing in the picturesque harbor of Boulogne by tender in the quiet of the Sunday noon,

I knew I was across at last when I saw on the dock a tubby French peasant woman in holiday attire, with the quaint Boulognese cap, a circle of stiffly starched, pleated muslin, like a wheel, around her plump face. Our passports had been examined minutely by French officials who came on board the liner in the early morning. On the dock our hand luggage had to be inspected before we were permitted to enter the train.

And right there, when my heels first touched French soil, it was a smiling-eyed American soldier who came to my assistance. For a space of three minutes I had taken my eyes from my suitcase, after giving it into the hands of a burly porter on the tender, and he had disappeared as if into thin air. The Yankee doughboy rushed to my aid. "Never leave your hand baggage out of your sight," was his warning, "we are here to see that baggage is not stolen."

In the crowded customs office on the pier there was great hurry and bustle. My inspection officer was a middle-aged Frenchwoman, tall and gaunt in black. I waited while she con-

vinced a party of indignant men that it was expensive to bring cigars and tobacco into France. They paid a franc duty on each cigar — or she kept the cigars.

The steamer train to Paris had been heralded to have a restaurant car and so it did. But it was a very old car, owing to the necessity of utilizing any rolling stock left, and there was no communication between the diner and the remainder of the train. This meant that everyone must climb out at a station and dash along the platform to the diner. It was an exciting proceeding since there was always the risk that the train might move on without you. And being stranded on the French landscape was not alluring. Many passengers refused to leave their compartments and went without luncheon rather than take the chance. Poor coal and a tremendously heavy train for the miniature engine, together with sidetracking several times to allow troop trains to pass, prolonged what is usually a three hour journey to eight hours. But no one complained. It was good to get through at all, for much of the route lay through the Somme, that shell-rocked

corner of the western theater of The War.

We had not left the peaceful harbor of Boulogne far behind when I first came face to face with The War. Trains of Red Cross cars had appeared and disappeared on the passing countryside, their emblems of mercy blazoned across the side doors of the coupes, for the foreign railway carriage is usually a series of coupes, holding six or eight passengers, and opening at the sides like a cab. These Red Cross trains stood on sidings or passed us swiftly. Sometimes it was a train of box cars, their open doorways filled with eager poilu or Tommy faces, waving uniform caps or figures huddled on the floor trying to find a comfortable position.

Then like a drop curtain, it appeared—a huge hospital camp—and beyond a cemetery. I never knew crosses could be placed so closely together—and the many, many rows! So this was Sunny France and what the war had meant!

But today when I gazed at the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde—before the Hotel Crillon, the headquarters of the

American Commission to Negotiate Peace, where at this hour world history is in the making—the statue symbolical of the principal city of Alsace-Lorraine, that for fifty years stood here in the heart of Paris, draped in mourning, now gay with the colors of the Allies who freed her, and they told me that the iron chains that have shackled her since her separation from France are now to be removed—I felt that they who slept beneath those crosses in Picardy must know and rejoice that they did not make the supreme sacrifice in vain.

As we approached Amiens, the war came closer at every mile. In a peaceful village, nestling against a sunny slope, sometimes it was the corner of a building shot away, laying bare the mangled interior; again it was a top story blown off entirely. Often it was a great jagged hole torn into masonry that gave mute testimony to the advance of the merciless Hun. Paneless windows for blocks filled in the rest of the story.

Then quite as unexpectedly we came upon the trenches. In the bright June sunshine it was impossible to realize them. Like harmless ter-

races they first appeared, as they arose in waves over the softly undulating country in the peaceful light of the summer Sunday afternoon. Over many the tender grass was timidly, bravely, trying to grow. Every few yards there was the sheltered doorway of a dugout, now deserted. This was where the soldiers had dug themselves havens of refuge during the recent days of that cruel modern warfare.

And there, now, the poppies had come. Oh, these poppies of Picardy — like the afterglow of the noble young lives that gave just such vivid blood to the Great Cause! Wide fields of them swayed, fanned by the June breeze! Their flaming color was like splashes of glowing coals against the deep green foliage. For miles and miles they colored the landscape. They dared to go up to the very doors of the dugouts. Once I saw — three red poppies set in the arid waste before a dugout entrance, proudly upright on their slim, green stems, nodding and smiling in the soft winds. It was not difficult to fill in the remainder of the picture, of a trio fighting there hand to hand. And now three glowing red poppies whisper of the

hero souls who gave up the sunshine of life that peace might once again reign over this earth. I wish I might send to every American mother, whose son sleeps on the sunny slopes of France, the picture of those poppies as I saw them. In their living flame they seemed a soul part of those hardy young lives sacrificed. And every year as long as Time shall last the poppies will return to these battlefields, consecrated by the blood of our hero dead, as living symbols of the new Brotherhood of Man that has now reached around a world.

The train stopped at Amiens, and there in the roof of the depot platform, almost directly above our car, was a huge hole caused by a dropping shell. The depot life moved unheedingly around below it. French, English and American soldiers chatted in groups about the platform. And the sunlight streamed through the ragged hole above their heads.

Between Amiens and Paris the train ran closer and closer to the trenches. It is rolling country, resembling that of our Middle West. Were it not for the red roofed, quaint cottages, snuggled among the trees, one might have been

on a road into Chicago, only for the swollen scars that seamed across the open fields, mute reminders of a land invaded. But already reconstruction has begun and it was good to see that many fields have been ploughed over in the trenched grounds in that sector of the Somme.

And so at nine o'clock in the summer twilight — they have the daylight saving hour here, — we slowly but surely steamed into Paris, through its seething, rushing, Gare du Nord or North Depot — into Paris — the Hub of the Peace Universe — at last!

CHAPTER II

INSIDE THE GATES AT VERSAILLES

PARIS, June 28.

HOW I spent my first week in Paris pulling wires to get to the Peace Signatory ceremony at the Chateau of Versailles is a story in itself. Getting past St. Peter at the Pearly Gates must be easier. From fifth-under-secretaries and Y. officials up to our American Ambassador himself, the Honorable Hugh Campbell Wallace, to whom I had a personal letter of introduction from his old chum, Senator Saulsbury of Delaware—Hon. Wilbur Marsh of Waterloo, had given me a letter to him—I approached countless officials daily. I gathered that they felt it was presumption, to say the least, for a correspondent just arrived in Paris to cherish such a hope. At the press bureau the ticket committee was wild-eyed, with 120 entitled to admission and place for but sixty. Finally, through Ray Stannard Baker, head of the American Press in Paris, at 11 o'clock on

this morning of the signing day I was given a precious pink card to the terrace.

A taxi was out of the question at that hour on this eventful day in Paris, so my cousin, Mme. Arthur Blad, took me in her car. I had been given at the press headquarters a letter of instructions regarding the route and a special yellow and green cocade, a yellow disk sticker with a green center, the marker to be glued to the front window or the wind shield of the car, to the left of the chauffeur. This cocade was the "laissez passer." Without it no car could proceed over the special reserved route, which lay through St. Cloud, the Ville d'Avray and up Picardy Hill.

It was 12:15 when we left Paris for the twenty-mile drive to Versailles. I had fastened my two American flags to the car much to the delight of one, Louis, who grinned in voluble French when I informed him that he was now a "chauffeur Americaine." Out past the race track of the Longchamps, where the Grand Prix was to be run the next day, and across the Seine we sped to show our cards at the Paris

gates and to be admitted to the route reserved for the guests to Versailles.

Now all the way, every fifty feet, on alternate sides of the smooth white road, stood a French soldier, holding a red flag. Only the fact that the flag was held downward permitted us to proceed. These soldiers were in the French horizon-blue uniform, always nattily picturesque, and they wore the blue helmets. A few had, slung over one shoulder, what appeared like blue life preservers. The Ville d'Avray is a charming little hamlet, nestling in wooded hills, with its old stone buildings, straight and severe, holding sentinel up each side of the steep road.

The city of Versailles (and you must pronounce it Ver-sigh-ee) was in gala attire. The flags of the Allies were fluttering everywhere. Regiments of the Garde Republicaine in their gorgeous uniforms, resplendent with gold trimmings, set off by wide saber belts of white and epaulets of scarlet and gold, with their nodding red plumed helmets, looked like storied "knights of old." A deep hedge of blue clad troops, both cavalry and infantry, lined the

way through which the cars of the peace delegation approached the chateau.

Paris-American papers are frank in saying that the ceremony itself lacked picturesqueness — just a few frock-coated men signing the great document with modern fountain pens on a table fitted up with modern inkstands and blotters. But they claimed it was amply compensated by the majestic setting of the scene from the Court of Honor. Probably never, even in the days of the Grand Monarch, did the Place d'Armes, the open parade ground before the palace, present a more imposing sight.

Our instructions included the parking of the car in the Rue de Reservoir, which by this time looked like an auto show. From there we approached the group of harassed guards stationed twenty feet from the high iron gates. It was about 2:30 when we were permitted to enter. With all the red tape in regard to name-inscribed tickets, there was a crush at the entrance moment.

Once inside the gates I blinked my eyes as I recognized the great paved courtyard, so familiar in picture to all of us, with the heroic,

mounted statue of Louis XIV "Louis Quatorze" high on a stone platform in the center, the huge court enclosed by the palace buildings.

Hardly had we found a place behind the single line of blue clad troops that circled the vast courtyard when the order of "Attention" brought them into a motionless ring of horizon blue. There were shouts of "Vive Clemenceau" and the car of the French premier came into view and passed before us.

It was, above all, a Clemenceau crowd, for he is the idol of France today. Every time the dapper, little, white haired statesman appeared he was given an ovation. "They are all Clemenceau fans," an American soldier put it. For France knows Clemenceau waited forty-eight years for this hour when he could deal out retribution to the Huns for their wrongs to Alsace-Lorraine. It was peculiarly significant that here, in this very palace he was entering, in the selfsame room where he had heard Bismarck arrogantly proclaim the German Empire and Wilhelm I its first kaiser, that M. Clemenceau should be the dominating figure at the

moment when Germany met her just deserts at the hands of the allied nations of the world, and the German Empire disappeared ignominiously.

The automobile of President Wilson followed that of the French Premier and the crowd paid him homage with salvos and cheers. Marshal Foch was enthusiastically acclaimed. The cars of the delegates of the Allied world followed swiftly and as their flags, fluttering from the wind shields, were recognized they were cheered.

I wonder, now, what Louis the Fourteenth would have thought had he been there in the center, in place of his bronze statue, to see this assemblage of diplomats come from the far ends of the earth to sign a peace that shall mean security for France. I wonder how he would have looked upon this new altruism that brought two million free men across the seas, not in conquest, but for the sake of humanity. And now the distinguished head of their nation was within his palace gates, come to see that justice shall prevail for all the earth. Surely it would have been bewildering for the eighteenth

century to comprehend. And yet Lafayette came to us in our great hour of need! The cars rolling swiftly toward the chateau doors proved the words "Every man *has* two countries; his own and France."

At a signal, the horizon-blue line of soldiery in the ring around the courtyard gave way and we hurried with the guests across the immense stone square, over the base of the statue's pedestal, through an arcade, and out into the famous gardens of Versailles. In the beautiful sunken gardens, where the hoop-skirted belles and satin-clad, powder-wigged, beaux of the days of royalty promenaded and flirted in the Junes of bygone centuries, I stood today a part of the throng of several hundred spectators beneath the high windows of the Hall of Mirrors where in a few moments was scheduled to occur the the "greatest event in history," the signing of the "New Charter of Humanity."

Just in front of us was a line of the brilliantly garbed Garde Republicaine. Across the driveway ahead the warm June sunshine fell upon a miniature lake, the basin of Apollo, one of the great fountains of the chateau. Here we

Motor car of President Wilson crossing the Court of Honor to the entrance of the Hall of Mirrors for the Signing of the Peace of Versailles.

At Versailles Chateau, before the Hall of Mirrors at Peace Signing.

waited for a sign from the arched, silent windows of the Galerie de Glace that the dove of peace had alighted, after four long years of frightful war. Gradually the crowd moved nearer until it surrounded the fountain pool. I stood just across the paved terrace from the high columned windows when the boom of the first cannon at 3:50 gave the glad news that there was peace again on this earth.

Eight huge airplanes that had been circling restlessly over the palace and grounds for an hour, since the entry of the peace delegation, swooped lower to drone their song of victory from the clouds. Birds flew about them. The fountains in the gardens burst into play, the first time since the war began. Together M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, a few moments later, emerged from the doorway through which the German delegates had entered and the crowd closed around them as they crossed the terrace to view the cascade of the fountains.

The French crowd is delightfully naive. Everywhere women, girls and even men carried folding camp chairs and, when the monosyl-

labic guards would allow them to go no farther, they quietly unfolded their camp chairs and rested calmly until the next advance, or stood upon them to gaze over the sea of heads. No one resented these chairs — they made room for them as they envied them. At the climax moment when the first of the 101 guns sounded a pretty French mademoiselle of eighteen, mounted on a camp stool at my side, was contentedly munching a sandwich — and she kept right on eating it.

Later an American officer commenting on the incident, to me said, " The French people know these ceremonies take hours so they come prepared to stay. They've got the right system. I've been out here since the beginning and couldn't get inside the gates. No, haven't seen a thing and came all the way from camp for it." We were part of a small group waiting in the little street before the Senate chamber, where our car had been parked, when it was whispered that President Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George who had been strolling about the chateau grounds had entered the arched doorway to the Senate. So the American added

"Right here I stay till I drop—they must come out sometime." And there we were joined by a few hundred more, eager to get a closer view of the Big Three.

There was a cry of "Clemenceau" and the smiling face of "The Tiger," as the French affectionately call him, appeared at the window above us, framed in his white hair. Then President Wilson was seen in the window with what they call in Paris his "Victory smile." The Hon. Arthur James Balfour, easily recognized from his pictures, waited near us in the narrow cobbled street, where presently M. Deschanel, president of the French Chamber of Deputies, joined him to chat as they waited for their motor cars, both distinguished figures in their black frock coats and high silk hats. And here came, too, the delegates of many nations from Brazil to Japan.

Gaily caparisoned regiments of soldiery moved in glittering columns across the parade grounds, cavalry with waving pennons and infantry with the sun glinting on their bayonets, making a brave spectacle, as we started back on the road to Paris at six o'clock.

And so the New Peace came to earth and by its very simplicity dominated the sumptuous splendor of its setting. Here in the palace of the French kings we were leaving, almost in the shadow of the tomb of Napoleon, the plenipotentiaries of the leading nations of the world had, in a simple ceremony of less than an hour, signed and sealed a document to make this old earth safe for democracy—not pridefully, but simply and reverently, as befit the sad memories of France and Belgium.

With full hearts we came back to grateful, happy Paris, making ready to celebrate the Peace Night.

CHAPTER III

TO CHATEAU THIERRY, BELLEAU WOODS, SOISSONS, RHEIMS

PARIS, July 3.

THERE are three ways in which I could begin.

I should begin at the end, like this:

I have just seen a rainbow spanning the tortured Valley of the Marne. A perfect bow of promise it was, arched from the sky, its both ends, "where there is always a pot of gold" plainly visible as they dipped into the fertile meadows by the roadside. And I saw tired-eyed people, returned to the broken fragments of what had once been home, clearing away debris to begin life over. They were neither bitter nor buoyant — just quietly accepting the fortunes of war; looking ahead, not backward. For slowly, but surely, this mutilated valley is coming back.

Or I might begin at the beginning and tell how, over the phone, at noon yesterday, Hon.

Chas. Rawson of Des Moines, head of the Y. M. C. A. foyer at 12 Rue d'Aguesseau (the place familiar to every American soldier who came to Paris) said to me: "If you can be ready by 4 o'clock, Mr. Bickham, our Paris director, who is motoring to Chateau Thierry and Rheims in his private car, will take you along."

But the way I want to begin, if it would not be too startling is this:

Last night I slept in Chateau Thierry!

To be entirely truthful I spent the night in Chateau Thierry, since sleep would hardly have been possible to anyone with a grain of imagination after the first sight of this great American shrine in France.

Quartered in the remnants of a handsome, old, residence, now the headquarters of the U. S. Army Y, in their apartment specially "reserved for ladies," I tried to keep from thinking back one short year ago, when just across the Marne, that flows past the high-porticoed doorway—and the Marne, remember, is only about half as wide as a city block—just on the opposite bank of that motionless stream, in the second story of the row of old buildings facing

us, seventeen of our American machine guns played on the Hun horde that doggedly and determinedly held the town on this side of the river. I tried not to picture what must have been the scenes in this very same, shrapnel-pitted, mansion when the bridges out there were blown up by our American engineers and the Germans saw their doom. I tried not to think of the ride we had taken at nightfall to Belleau Wood, now and hereafter designated on French military maps as the Forest of the Marine Brigade, and of the pile of pine coffin boxes against the Mairie fence at Torcy, where the G. R. S., the Graves Registration Service of our American Army, is still searching for our hero dead, to inter their remains in American cemeteries.

I say I tried *not* to think of these things, because they were hardly a good sleep potion, and our day ahead was destined to be a strenuous one, over that sector of French soil engraved indelibly in every American heart, the triangle marked off by Soissons, Rheims and Chateau Thierry. For it was here that America made her first dramatic entry into the war.

Here American divisions played a stellar role in the great counter offensive that was the crucial turning point, and here raged, for three historic months last summer, such fighting that in the end gave glorious victory to the Allies.

In justice to us much-maligned American "kickers" abroad I want to record right here that Mlle. Axler, the French girl who accompanied me from Paris, was the first to object to the primitive accommodations, since they are scarcely prepared to care for tourists at Chateau Thierry. "Look, there are no sheets on the cots!" was her horrified exclamation. The door had just closed behind the Y canteen girl who had ushered us up the stairs and through the entrance, chalk-marked "Reserved for Ladies," with the apology "It is the best we have." "You forget," I reminded the French girl, "your country has been in war." And she, a born Parisienne, had shown me how she had held her hands over her ears when the Big Bertha shells crashed into Paris.

Lying there on the gray-blanketed army cot, with the moon shining through the big double window over the ghostly ruins beyond, the

wheezy piano sounding from the dance hall below, I recalled an incident in the *Times* office a week before I left. He was a young soldier and he had stooped stiffly to pick up a scrap of paper from the floor. "This weather makes my wounds bother me," he had remarked. "Where did you fight?" I asked. His answer was "Chateau Thierry." Then, simply, he related it, with the simplicity of the greatest heroism. "Asked my Captain if I could go over and stop that Boche gun that was firing at us. I had been lying in a miserable shell hole for hours and the chap next to me was dead. Captain said 'yes' if I'd choose eight men to go with me. We went all right. I was the only one to come back. Oh, we got that Boche gun, we did — and the whole nest."

And here in Chateau Thierry, which takes its name from the eighth century chateau, a remnant of which still remains — here in a quaint little old house, La Fountaine, the master of fables, was born back in 1621. They tell how, when the Allied troops entered the town, they found La Fountaine's cellar transformed into a handsome dugout, the abandoned, half-drunk

liquors and cigars revealing how hasty had been the leave taking of the officers hiding there from allied shells. I wonder if the fertile brain of La Fountaine, who preached his philosophy to mankind through the mouths of animals, could have conceived the philosophy of this new brotherhood that brought men from the far corners of the earth to save his besieged city, this ancient citadel on the Marne.

Chateau Thierry has been the stumbling block of a hundred wars. It is scarred with endless invasions that through the many centuries have aimed at Paris as their goal, but it has always blocked the way. And here in the late Maytime of a year ago and into early June, American troops successfully headed off the biggest and last drive for Paris. The best of American blood flowed through its cobbled streets and into the silent blue waters of the Marne on the last day of May, 1918. Here Americans will always come to live over again the scenes where their sons, the youth, the ardor and the courage of the New World, turned the tide of battle for the discouraged allied host. Here sounded the knell of defeat for

Might and came the first chime for the cause of Right triumphant.

It was after six o'clock, owing to some auto trouble, before we started from Paris in the chill July evening. The tonneau of the car was heaped with packages of cigarets, supplies and reading matter for the isolated G. R. S. camps in the 200 miles we were to cover, a tour of inspection the Paris director makes weekly.

Out past the great Paris abattoir we sped, through the high Pantin gate and over the Paris-Metz road, hurrying through the suburbs that cluster close to the very gates of Paris. Through the village of Claye, passing barracks that held many American soldiers during the war. Here the Y. M. C. A. was for months located in an old stable.

The War came out to meet us before we had motored many miles. The grave of the first French soldier to give his life in 1914 was marked there by the roadside, very near to his beloved Paris, that one soldier out of every six in France gave his life to save. And a little farther on the graves of a French and a German soldier faced one another on the left of the road.

Soon over in the distance, to the right, was visible the tower of the chateau where Gen. Joffre, now Field Marshal Joffre, or better "Papa Joffre" as he is lovingly called by his poilus, had his headquarters in 1914.

We entered the city of Meaux, the principal headquarters of Gen. Joffre and there to our right was the chateau from where he directed the French troops that had been rushed from Paris in taxicabs and defeated the Germans in the first great victory for France. Here was executed that famous strategic move when these troops were hurled by Gen. Joffre on the exposed flank of Von Kluck's army, then surrounding Paris, and the Germans, had to, in good western vernacular, "beat it back." For by breaking through just there Joffre had cut off the enemy's supplies and got the Germans "on the run." And then it was that the cables told a breathless world that the Huns had been turned back from the very gates of Paris.

From here the way led past trenches, now filled in, marked like great, zigzag, white chalk lines across the tender green fields. Under the dark upper soil is a strata of white clay and in

turning back the earth into the trenches the white of the clay follows indelibly their course.

Now we were in the Valley of the Ourcq river. Along its banks to the north and east, around Sergy Heights, the 168th Iowa left its heroic record in red italics. Down here in this Valley of the Ourcq were upstanding fields of oats, wheat and sugar beets.

In the village of Lizy sur Ourcq, as we drove through its winding streets, past shell-cut buildings, we noticed the first of the signs of cellars "Refuge from Shells" and the number of people each would hold. Later we were to enter towns where the refuge cellar signs were in both French and German, and finally one in which these placards were printed in French, German and English, telling of the succession of occupations by the three different armies. Barbed wire, in huge rolls, lined the roadside. Over in a field a row of windbreak trees were in full foliage.

Back into the Paris-Metz road we swung and came upon Coupru, the headquarters of the Second division in 1918. There were continuous evidences here of hot shell fire on the

houses. Beyond the hamlet, where shell-decapitated trees dotted the landscape, now placid, white cattle were contentedly grazing.

Then, far to the left, we saw the shadowy outlines of Belleau Woods against the horizon, where most of that memorable June of 1918 our boys fought savagely. But Belleau Woods was All-American before the Second division turned it over to the Twenty-sixth. From here American valor is written on a fan-shaped area over the landscape.

The car bumped along a shelled road, past trees still strung with rusty barbed wire, and trees, their whole tops blown off, bravely trying to hide their sorrow in a fringe of green around the blackened cut. The sunset glow fell across ground, every inch of which had been churned with shells.

Then to the right we caught the first view of Hill 204, familiar to every American reader, the peak of the German drive on Paris one short year ago.

We gazed at the shattered remains of the city of Vaux, the landmark of the Second division, a little crumbled village where, in spots, not

one stone is left upon another. One small shop showed signs of returning life. In this area there is, it is claimed, no town so pulverized as Vaux. Its every house was a nest of machine guns and its every cellar was a German garrison that day last July when the Ninth infantry captured the town. In its now debris-littered streets, the Americans fought hand to hand, for it was from here that they swept the Germans from Hill 204.

Out over the shell-hole-filled-in highway again for two miles and then Chateau Thierry appeared in the valley. We sped up a once tree-lined avenue, past skeleton houses, tumbled piles of stone and mortar, to the heart of the ancient city that stands as a beacon light to far America—and stopped in the open square, alive with American soldiers, on the left bank of the storied Marne.

Only hesitating long enough to consume a piece of delicious cake sent from the Y. mess-hall, we started out again in the deepening twilight for Belleau Woods. Coming in sight of the historic battlefield it was not difficult to conjure up in the dusk the shadowy figures

creeping across the open fields into what is now left of the clumps of trees, nor to picture the huge tanks waddling across to sit on enemy gun nests. And we reached the line of these few acres of dense woods skirted by the roadway, and into the village of Torcy. It was here that the wonderful counter-offensive was launched in mid-July, less than a year ago, and the Twenty-sixth took the ruined village of Torcy in their forward rush. And right here the gallant Twenty-sixth went over the top on July 18, and for a solid week this Yankee division followed at the heels of the Hun. Here I knew I stood on hallowed ground.

We stopped at Torcy at a high gateway inscribed over its arch with the word "Mairie." Once the place of the Mayor or Town-Hall, now it is the headquarters of the G. R. S. working in this region. "Their's is a grewsome task at best," commented the director as he took in the great packages of reading matter and smokes from the car. The bright-eyed young American soldier who welcomed us so happily, conducted us through the dark courtyard and proudly showed off their quarters.

A great, barren, shadowy room it was, the sky visible through a roof punctured by shrapnel and big shells.

I tried to talk past the lump in my throat of the wonderful service he and his comrades in that lonely camp were doing for the mothers and wives of the fallen heroes. "Well now, you know, it's interesting at that," he replied with the American lad's spirit of making the best of it and dislike of being fussed over. "We start out sometimes and find a body but not a trace for identification. But we just won't give up. We plough all over the ground again and again and pretty soon some one yells 'found a sock with J. A. on it' and we keep right on till we find the disk with his name." The boyish face glowed in the flickering light from two candles on the rough pine table. "Then we know some mother back home will be glad we stuck to the job."

"How do the folks at home feel about taking the remains back?" was his anxious query. In response to my "What do you think about it?" he replied:

"It should not be done. If the folks at home

had seen what I have they would not want it. Our boys ought really to lie where they fell, but as that is out of the question, we are placing them in American cemeteries and they should be allowed to rest there. One grave that we moved recently had been cared for constantly by an old Frenchwoman who had lost a son in the war. She was heartbroken when we moved the grave of her American soldier. These French people are devoted caretakers of the American graves."

This opinion of a fellow-pal I found general sentiment. There is a bill being introduced in congress for the removal of our hero dead to American soil that has been called "The Undertaker's Delight." But the Roosevelts are setting a good example by leaving in France the body of their son, Quentin Roosevelt, whose grave is only a few miles from here.

Back over another road we sped circling Belleau Woods. Over there is La Loge Farm from where General Harbord directed the operations of the Marine Brigade. And across that way they tell you the Twelfth Field artillery dashed for the battle, strung their guns out

into the open fields and fired for seventy hours straight without stopping for food or drink or sleep.

It was cold and 6:30 the next morning when we climbed the steep hills of Chateau Thierry, between sentinels of battered masonry to the heights leading out over the highway for Soissons. As we entered the car a straggling company of German prisoners was going to work. They are clearing away the debris. Through Bezu St. Germain and we jogged over a rough road, lining which were masses of big shells and huge piles of boxed ammunition, live ammunition still — left by the Boche in their speedy exit from that territory.

The morning was yet young when the car stopped and we started afoot through a clump of trees at the edge of the Bois du Chatelet to view the big gun emplacement secreted there, the huge turntable built to hold the Big Bertha that was never placed. Tourists will be told that this is the site of the big gun that hurled its terror-dealing shells into Paris, but instead it is the more advantageous position selected later and which, had its installation been accom-

plished, must have demolished the first city of France. Around the emplacement's rusty turntable we could see cleverly camouflaged trees, whole trees set in boxes to hide the gun from prying airplanes.

In the next village we saw Austrian prisoners at work carting away evidences of shelling over a spur of railroad. Here and there people had returned to their former homes, and boarded up the windows of a single habitable room. A peep within the open doors revealed how they were pitifully trying to create home atmosphere and begin life over again. Always it was the old people and the very young children in the littered streets.

Then to Seringes, which is another landmark for the Mississippi Valley, the land of the Ourcq and the Vesle. For in this area of the salient is inscribed the immortal deeds of the Forty-second of which our 168th was a part; the Thirty-second, the Twenty-eighth, the Fourth and the Seventy-seventh divisions. It was to this area that the German troops were driven in their great retreat from the Marne. On the slopes above the river Ourcq, when

sweltering July turned into August last year, the Americans met the arrogant battalions of the Prussian Guard. The crossing of the Ourcq, the fight that the Forty-second and the Thirty-second put on here proved to a skeptical old world the unconquerable spirit of the American soldier. In the line between Seringes, Sergy and Cierges, from those brilliantly defended heights, our boys wrote a memorable chapter of history, for it was the village of Sergy that our splendid Iowa regiment finally captured after it had changed hands time and again. Right here it was that our Rainbow boys fought through from Sergy Heights to Nestles. From here on it is the "Land of the Allied Pursuit," for from Fere en Tardenois through the charred Forest of Fere the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second pushed the Germans to Fismes.

At Seringes we visited the cemetery in which rest 3,885 American soldiers. There are straight rows of white crosses, each stenciled with the name and regiment, holding at its head the identification disk. The graves are evened and the tender grass is beginning to grow upon them. A beautiful, peaceful spot it was in the

light of the summer morning—a large American flag waving from the center above the field of white crosses. In all of these cemeteries there are groups of graves marked by the Star of David, the resting place of the Jewish soldier dead. On entering the Seringes cemetery I met an Illinois boy, who was with the detachment in charge. Like everyone I met from the home states his first question was "How is everything back home?"

In the village of Fère en Tardenois we passed a German officer in the street looking askance after the big American car. There were no guards visible. Evidently they had no fear of his trying to make a getaway. We crossed a bridge leading to the abandoned big German supply station that was to have furnished supplies to the German army right into Paris.

The road we took out from here ran through fields of live shells just as they were left by the fleeing enemy. These 75s were arranged in close symmetrical oblongs, upright on the ground. Embankments had been thrown up on either side of each oblong shell bed, and these, covered with foliage, served as screens for air-

planes and shielded surrounding shell beds from air bombs. Barbed wire hung vines screened the roadway we were traveling over, evidences of the camouflage to shield the supply trains that had rumbled over the route. Frequently we passed groups of deserted camions left from the fray.

It was about 9:30 when we reached poor Soissons, the center of the land of the counter-offensive. Up to the north-west are what have been called the "hills of decision." This devastated country was the pivot of four terrific days of fighting before the world received the news of the German retreat. Here Marshal Foch launched his great counter-offensive that gave the initiative into the hands of the Allies. From far up under Soissons the crushing blow came on the enemy making the tremendous effort to encircle Rheims. Under the cover of storm and darkness that mid-July night the American First and Second, with the Moroccans in the center, began the drive that smashed the German lines and saved Soissons. The panorama of battlefield about Soissons saw the turning point of the war. The first of the

Allied offensives was begun from its heights above and resulted four months later in the armistice.

In Soissons, in the only building of its main street miraculously left standing—we had breakfast, poor fare in a room with many marks of shelling. It was the town hotel but we waited long for water to wash, since now all the water must be carted from the Aisne river. A group of Japanese officers added a picturesque touch to the French and American uniforms that appeared in the courtyard. Across the ten-foot wide cobbled street, heaps of mute, crumbled bricks and stone told of former buildings.

The streets of Soissons were alive with horizon blue clad French poilus and smiling-eyed American doughboys, with an occasional resident carrying one of those incredibly long loaves of French bread.

Here I met André Le Blanc. André had spent a third of his life amid the harrowing scenes of war, since his years numbered but twelve. And his proud accomplishment was to imitate, faultlessly, the horn of the American auto car. He

gathered a grinning bunch of doughboys around him as, pursing his lips, he would "honk" for us. He remarked without emotion that he had lived in a cellar all during the war, with his mother and four younger brothers and sisters. They had come back to what was left of their home two months ago and now his father had work as a mason.

On the road out of Soissons we passed close to a German pill box, a concrete dugout where the Germans placed their machine guns and made them so difficult to dislodge. At Fismes we stopped at one of the most beautiful American cemeteries which holds at present about 1,500 of our soldier dead. Services were held at the American cemeteries on Memorial Day in this region and they told me 5,481 wreaths were sent out by the Paris Memorial Day Committee.

And then following the Vesle river, which is about as wide as Duck Creek, we came at high noon to Rheims and its martyred cathedral.

At Rheims we lunched in the mess hall of the Y. hut which stands in a spacious square

in the center of the city, where the atmosphere was as entirely U. S. A. as on the shores of the Mississippi. And that reminds me that it was a Bostonian in Paris who told me earnestly only the other day that he understood the only real Americans came from our middle west. It hadn't occurred to me to brag that way, but the idea coming from Paris, where they now have a tremendous admiration for Americans, even those from outside of New York, is rather pleasant. Here I also found attractive Y. W. quarters.

We wandered about Rheims for an hour, going first to visit the cathedral or what is left of the majestic edifice. The streets leading to the cathedral square are a mass of shattered structures and powdered plaster. The buildings are leveled into heaps of debris with an occasional hollow-windowed wall looking on dismally. A movie house had nothing left of its once imposing entrance but the sign above, "Cinema." The remnants of a handsome show window is all that tells of a one time prosperous store, all sacrificed to the god of war. Over the cathedral itself you marvel. The magnifi-

cent front arched entrance stands mutilated but unyielding, the skeletons of the twin towers high above bearing tragic testimony to the aim of the enemy gunners. The boarded-up doorways forbade entrance for the work of restoration is begun. On the high, now barren, pedestal outside the center doorway they point out to you where once stood the golden statue of Joan of Arc. It was in this cathedral that all the Kings of France were crowned from the time when Charles VII was led here by the Maid of Orleans herself. Perhaps it was for this reason or perhaps because its high towers made it a conspicuous target for miles, that on its matchless beauty was trained so often the wrath of the German guns. But torn by shells and consumed by fire it still stands—who shall say is it not a wonder of the world?

Looking back from the road out of the city we saw the pointed towers of another church apparently unharmed and how most of the destruction had been in the vicinity of the cathedral. Only once during the four years did the Germans get into Rheims and that was but for four days in the early months of the war.

It was a vineyard lined road to Savenay. There were sad memories in the row of black and white crosses by the roadside, while beyond stretched smiling vineyards in which people, bent and old, were tying up the vines. As the afternoon sped a wondrous panorama of picturesque countryside unrolled before us. From the high road that coiled above the vine-clad, sloping hills we looked upon a fruit valley through which far below, like a narrow blue ribbon, the Marne waters glistened. Into a tree-lined drive and we descended the winding road into the enchanting valley and into Epernay. It is this fruitful valley of the Marne that the enemy coveted and though the Marne is but perhaps 200 yards here at its widest, the Germans only succeeded in crossing it a couple of times. From Epernay the road wound farther down into the valley to the very shores of the river, which we followed for miles, exclaiming at the beauty of the sloping hill-sides.

But swinging around we came upon ammunition stacked in the growing fields, only now it was French ammunition placed there for the Marne defensive. From here we viewed the

country like a battle map. Across there to the right the Germans had come in hordes through gaps in the hills and shelled across the defenseless villages, whose quaint old stone buildings are pock marked by spraying shrapnel.

Through Dormans we went, past many cruel war marks, and into Crezancy at milking time. Passing the quiet little farms it was difficult to imagine that milking time of a summer ago when this valley was a thing of air bombs and gas and echoed with mighty guns. Here it was that the Rainbows and the Third, the only two American divisions in the long French line on both sides of Rheims, opposed the landslide of gray clad troops. It is of the Third that it has been said that all through 72 hours its battalions stood in their tracks and killed Germans. On every inch of the ground history is written in clear American English.

We returned to Chateau-Thierry in time for supper and a very good meal it was in the mess hall of the Y. M. C. A., the long frame building in the open square on the left bank of the Marne. "The United States Place," a grateful people call it now. It swarmed with American

soldiers and Y. workers. J. Potts Brown, the genial, big-hearted director of the Chateau-Thierry "Y," welcomed us. He even climbed on one of the shaky table benches to get us souvenir shells from the strings of German missiles overhead. Here the French girl talked to Fritz, the little German waiter who has endeared himself to the whole "Y." outfit by his willing work. He liked it here, he told her, but he had no time to talk even German to her. A file of German prisoners, coming from the day's work, had passed us as we stopped for gasoline on entering the town. The man who brought the "petro" to the car said he had been a prisoner for four years—that he was as well off here as in Germany now. The Germans looked well-fed and not unhappy.

After supper I walked in the sunset over the temporary bridge across the Marne. Many American soldiers, their grave faces reflecting memories, were on the bridge gazing into its deep, greenish blue waters. I could shut my eyes and see the hail of bullets from the hollow windows of those buildings beside me. As I

walked along, stamping its picture forever in my memory, a dear old, white-haired grandmother smiled down at me from one of those windows that had so recently framed a machine gun. In her smile there was hope, the hope these homeless people are taking to start life over again.

Out on the high road we drove swiftly. A backward glance showed Chateau-Thierry lying in a pocket, deep in the center of the softly-rising hills. Safe at last with her Memories—looking toward a new day.

This whole July afternoon had been one of intermittent showers and sunshine and now came a heavy downpour of rain. As the sunset glowed it brought that perfect half-circle of rainbow across the sky, as a symbol of hope for this shattered Marne land. Down the wooded road came a flock of sheep, and their shepherd, in his blue flowing cape, might have stepped from an old painting in the Louvre.

We followed the winding Marne into Meaux and thence back to Paris—Paris on tiptoe at her first celebration of the Fourth of July, the

birthday of the friendly neighbor beyond the seas who had sent two million men to her rescue — Paris, playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" first, followed by the "Marseillaise."

CHAPTER IV

IN THE AMBASSADOR'S GARDEN

PARIS, July 5.

YOU have read how the Glorious Fourth was celebrated this year in Paris, as never before and how President Poincaré of France, Gen. Pershing and Marshal Foch, with the American ambassador, Hon. Hugh Campbell Wallace, reviewed 3,000 American soldiers and marines, with as many men from the French army and navy, from the Place de la Concorde, the great paved square with its marble statues, around which Paris, the Beautiful, clusters.

But perhaps you didn't hear much about the brilliant Fourth of July reception held by Ambassador and Mrs. Wallace for all Americans in Paris yesterday. It was from 4 to 7 o'clock, at their residence, I Avenue d'Eylau. I doubt if the stately old trees in the embassy garden ever before looked upon just such a scene. For cosmopolite Paris, that reflects not France, but the whole world, saw here the mingling of the

old aristocracy with the new democracy. And they really mixed well.

Ambassador and Mrs. Wallace received alone in a handsome salon. And then we passed through its high French doors into the walled-in garden. An American military orchestra played down in one corner of the terrace and lent a live background of khaki to the setting. Gen. Tasker Bliss, tall and distinguished looking, was there, the center of an animated group, and near him were several French generals and then came a Polish general, the purple trimmings of his uniform conspicuous against the others. There were Red Cross workers with the U. S. insignia on their shoulders, in their trim tailored Norfolk suits, and blue veiled Red Cross nurses. Officials of the American Y. M. C. A. were sprinkled about. One black-frock-coated statesman was conspicuous because he kept on his high silk hat.

Someone pointed out the Duke of Montmorency and reminded me he was a scion of one of the proudest of the houses of the old French nobility.

I was introduced to a gray-bearded, fine look-

ing man who appeared every inch a Frenchman, but he answered my "Do you speak any English," with "Well, rather—I lived in Boston most of my life." He was B. J. Shoninger, former president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris and, so it was whispered to me, the founder of the re-education work among the wounded. I noticed on his coat lapel the red rosette of the official of the French Legion of Honor. I asked when the Americans in Paris had organized for this splendid service and he said, "Why in 1914 when the war began," then adding with a touch of pardonable pride, "we did not wait, mademoiselle, until Washington decided to go into the war. We Americans in Paris went in at the start."

A New York buyer strolled up. He didn't like Paris at all—was having a slow time, so he said. He couldn't speak any French nor understand it, so there was no use going to theaters. He "hated movies" when I remarked they often have English translations on the screen. "These French people are so stupid," he complained, to the amazement of my French cousin with me. "Now take these

cabbies—if you don't pronounce a word exactly as they do they refuse to comprehend. I simply couldn't make one of them understand the other day that I wanted to go to the Place de la Opera just because I didn't pronounce it 'Oh-pair-ah'!" He told me he had fought at St. Mihiel and had been discharged after the armistice and had just come back over on a business trip. He was disgusted with Paris.

Then a tall, quiet-voiced French nobleman introduced to our little group approached me, with, "You are American journalist—ah?" adding, "Yes, I once was in New York"—and with accents of pride, "Once I had my picture in a New York newspaper—in the *New York Times.*" I asked him "Why?" since such publicity might not always be flattering. I had to put the query in French "Pourquoi?" before he got it. Then he explained he had gone to New York to attend a Vanderbilt wedding and was to be a guest at the Vanderbilt home, "Biltmore." He recounted, graphically, how the reporter had called on him and why they wanted a story about him and his picture. Even a titled Frenchman, as you see, was delighted with the

attention. He told us, this suave nobleman, how his chateau outside of Paris had been completely demolished in the war; that there was nothing left of it. Even the private cemetery, in which rested twenty-two of his ancient family, had been desecrated by the Germans, who took the lead from the caskets. Always there is that echo of the war — its tragic undercurrent moves through the gayest of throngs. He said he had a small villa left close to Paris but the old chateau was gone.

At a long buffet table under a red canopy, there in the garden black-garbed, white-gloved men deftly served a variety of frappes and ices with the cunningest frosted cakes for which the French are noted. There were little boat-shaped tarts, filled with strawberries or cherries, a favorite Parisian "bacquet." It is only recently that they have these sugared confections again in Paris, for they were not to be had during the war.

Among those approaching the tea table was a palsied old gentlewoman who looked like she must have lived through most of the last stren-

uous century. She was gowned in a once handsome, purple velvet, with a cape of royal purple brocade falling diagonally from one shoulder, and her black jetted small hat had plumes of white. She was a member of the old aristocracy, it was murmured.

"Guess they like antiques over here—imagine going to a reception at her age!" commented the New York buyer.

The man who had lost his chateau bowed most profoundly to the granddame in purple brocade as he turned to leave us.

Several extremes in late Parisian modes were interesting and the American woman who has lived the last twenty years in Paris remarked: "You can recognize all the American women who have just come over—their gowns are longer than those of the women who live in Paris." Her daughter who stood demurely at her side told me she had spent much time in New York, but could not call herself an American, unfortunately, because she had been born in Paris. "And that over here makes her French—even if we are Americans," remarked her mother.

And so the wind whispered softly through the great trees of the embassy garden, above the changing throng of celebrities; whispered of a historic past and a marvelous present. Officers of the army and navy of the allied world, mingled with American welfare workers, statesmen and business men, brought together in Paris through the great war, and for the moment a part of the Paris-American colony. And here in the light of the peace, far from the homeland, they seemed to symbolize the dawning of a new social day, when the culture of the old world and the culture of the new world meet on a common ground, all a part of the modern world democracy.

"But the American who said we Parisians are stupid—what you think of him?" asked my French cousin as we left.

"Well, we could call him rude for saying that to you," I told her frankly.

"Ah, then that was not American," was her satisfied comment.

They are making such an effort to understand us Americans over here, these dear

French people, and to think only the best of us. And our "say what you think" candor is disconcerting at times to a people whose first law is politeness.

CHAPTER V

ABOUT PAUL

PARIS, July 11.

THIS is about Paul.

Paul is the tall, slim, eager kid, in the black dining room clothes, high white collared, at the first table to the right as you enter. Probably you would not recognize him by that name if you stopped at this hotel. You would call him "Garcon," which is the name he answers to just as every American waiter responds to the call of "George." "Paul, it is my little name," he told me yesterday morning, after he had served my coffee, from which I deducted he meant his given name. You have to be good at guessing over here, too. Our acquaintance begun the first morning when Paul expressed his unbiased opinion of water as a breakfast beverage. I tried to draw him out about the war gradually, but, like all French people, he was very taciturn. Oh yes, he had served four years. "But it is over now and I like not to

talk about it. I try to forget," he had sidestepped the subject, with a shrug of his shoulders. I felt sure he had courage, because if he ever attacked the Boches the way he hurdles over English he was some good soldier.

It was while I was searching vainly for a wisp of west-of-New York news in the Paris edition of an American paper one morning that Paul's hesitation-English broke in. "Much troubles in Italy," he observed. I was scanning a three line item on some place in Illinois that I'd never heard of, so murmured, absently, "That so?"

"Oh, bad troubles there," he said.

"What's the matter with Italy?" I asked, finding the cafe raid he referred to.

"Maybe we have war with Italy now," he remarked, blithely.

"Haven't you had enough war?" I observed. He had told me how, when the weather was damp, his throat still bothered him from the gassing.

"Sure, I had enough," he answered, "but comes another war, I go again."

"The Italians claim they won the war three

times," I hazarded. Like a match Paul flared.

"Italy not won the war — we could got along without Italy."

"Well, how about America?" I asked. "Could you have gotten along without the Americans?"

"If America not come to help us," he responded, earnestly, "you and me not be here today in this hotel — there be no Hotel Plaza Athénée, maybe."

Then Paul started in to tell me about the war as it came to him, a poilu in horizon-blue, stationed with a battery back of the front line trenches on the night of the big attack beyond Rheims. He took a paper pad from his pocket and drew a circle for Rheims and showed me how they were holding the line against the oncoming wave of Germans.

"I never forget the night of Julie fourteen last year — never," he said. "Two days before, my captain he say, 'The Germans they attack us tonight,' and I wait and they not come. I not officer — private, yes — but I carry letters always — how you say it? Ah, messenger — but I always with officers. And I laugh

at my captain and I say, 'You say Germans they come yesterday night and they not come.' And my Captain he say, 'Wait.' We been in that sector now two weeks and the Germans just across from us and we say to ourselves, 'ah, we have fine sector, these Germans not fight.' And I wait on the 13th and all day on the 14th and nothing happen. And the Captain he say, 'Wait.' And that night when I sleep a little — they call me — the Germans come!

"And the captain he say, 'Quick get my papers from the barracks — and take them back to where safe. And tell them to bring up horses for the guns.' You see we fear we must go back and we want to get guns to safety.

"So I go into barracks and get papers, the shells falling all around. Hardly I out of barracks two minutes when a shell hit just where I take papers from. I climb on my horse and ride back fast. And then I tell them to hurry, bring up horses for our guns and I lead way back. Twelve horses, you know, for each gun. Eighty horses or more we must bring. A man ride one and lead one. And always I go first to show the way. Always we go along side of

road—pick our way in dark, because always Boche shell that road—they know we come that way, to take our guns back. And airplanes drop bombs on road and shoot at us. I come back and Captain he say, 'Go look at your bed,' and where I sleep yesterday night all full of wreck of building—terrible! No, they not get our guns—but the Germans come four kilometers that time (a kilometer is 5/8 of a mile). Oh, how long? Four days that battle last."

"How did you like the American soldiers you met?" I asked.

"Oh, I like American soldier fine," he replied, "but always they have not much money."

"Well, you see, Paul, they only get $30 a month, our soldiers—how much did you get?"

"Twenty-five centimes a day," said Paul (about five cents in our money), "but when we at the front we get three francs a day! We get one franc in money and two francs in stamps. Later we get the money for the stamps!"

This morning when I went down to breakfast, one of the head factotums was running the elevator and he remarked, "Quiet in the hotel this morning—not? We have strike. Every-

body they go away, the valets de chambre, the femmes de chambre, the waiters, everybody. No one is work."

In the dining room a chap in a grey business suit had Paul's place by the long window at the right. The maitre d'hotel tried to explain it to me. Their employes were not dissatisfied, they were well paid with their wages and tips, but they belonged to a union and the order had come to walk out. The union demands an eight hour day and a percentage of the hotel receipts, instead of tips. They ask that the hotels add an extra ten or fifteen percent to the bill of the guest for "porboire" or tips, and thus eliminate the bane of the tourist abroad.

So the committee of the strikers had come this morning and had taken Paul away with the rest. I suppose he spent the day on the streets, watching the progress of the elaborate decorations along the avenues of the triumphal way, through which the victorious poilus of France will march under the Arc de Triomphe in the Place of the Star in the Victory Fete parade on July 14, Bastile Day, the anniversary of the birthday of the French Republic. On the Grands

Boulevards this afternoon it was a novel sight to see the big cafes and restaurants closed, the wide sidewalks in front of them bare of their army of chairs and little tables. Of course it is the psychological moment for a strike as the city is filled with strangers come for the great national holiday Monday. So today the people living in the hotels ate pick-up meals and found their rooms uncared for. It was hardest on new arrivals who had to take rooms just as they had been left by the previous occupants. And many of these newcomers were American, English, Italian and Spanish travelers who had come to Paris expressly for the Victory fete.

Tonight at dinner Paul was back on the job. Not as dapper as usual, but smiling and serene. Word has been posted in the hotel that dinner would be served only at seven o'clock and seated at one long table down the center of the room the guests made the best of the situation. As in most of the big hotels only the cold viands from the buffet were to be had. Paul regaled us with a description of the attack on the Cafe de la Paix made by a mob of 500

people. Outside, the big iron gates were closed before the entrance. It is a nervous strain fearing a mob attack. If it were known that the hotel help served there would be trouble. One of the guests related how a couple of months ago there was a strike which tied up all traffic and he had to walk miles to a depot to get a train; no cars or taxis were running.

So you see there is something doing every minute here. And one learns to smile and make the best of it. The war taught these people patience and how to endure. And you must admire the splendid spirit of those living here through those four years of war, as Paul did, who are now trying to forget it and tackling the harrowing problems of the present.

CHAPTER VI

THE VICTORY PARADE

Paris, July 14.

THE flood tide of gratitude of five million human hearts vent itself in stirring salvos and cheers this morning in Paris when the flower of the French army and her Allies marched in triumph through the city. It was the "Day of Glory"—the Day of Days. Paris set a new standard in victory fetes. Never before has there been equaled such a triumphal pageant as this, of warriors returned from the fiercest and noblest war in history, and never has there been equaled the magnificence of setting that Paris gave to the victors. And it will never be equaled again. This is the greatest joy day in the history of France.

It is sixty years since Paris last tasted the sweets of victory over her foes. In 1859 she last welcomed her sons home from war as victors. A life-long resident of Paris told me he remembered when a little boy having been taken

to see the procession of the victorious French army on its return from the war with Italy, and "Now I live to see this great day!"

Four long years of suffering and six months of waiting crystallized into this one morning for France, when here in the city of her pride the homage of the nations could be paid to her defenders.

But it was the poilu, the French private in horizon-blue, who was the hero of the hour for France. All honor was paid to the intrepid leaders, but the millions of spectators demonstrated repeatedly their affection for the man in the ranks. The hearts of the multitude went out to him as the symbol of the great, invisible army he represented. As he marched under the Arch of Triumph they saw in him all those who could not be here to share in the victory, those for whom the stately cenotaph had been erected, a memorial to the glorious dead, that they might be there in spirit, having a part in the reward their sacrifice had made possible.

Paris had done herself proud in decorating the line of march. The mile-long center motorway of the Champs-Elysées from the Arc de

Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde is a rainbow of fluttering colors. Beautiful large medallions, each bearing a symbolical figure and the name of a battle in which French troops fought gloriously, are upheld by high, white, twin pillars all along the way. Between these pylons swing in the breeze the French colors, festoons of waving pennants, flags of the allied nations and colored incandescent lights. The imposing buildings on the thoroughfare, behind the line of trees, are colorful with allied flags and bunting and at night are jeweled with lights. Everywhere the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack wave with the Tricolor of France. Half way down the avenue, in opposite parked circles, known as Round Point, hundreds of captured German cannon had been piled in high tangled heaps, like so much junk, and surmounting each huge mass is the gold triumphant "Coq Gaulois," the French cock, that represents France as the eagle does the United States and the lion does England.

Tiers of wooden seats had been erected on both sides of the avenue and last evening when I passed them they were already filled with

people who had come to spend the night in order to have good seats for the morning review. All night they kept their vigil in the streets. The patience of the Paris crowd is marvelous. Before them on the avenue impromptu balls and singing groups made the night scene festive.

It was before six this morning when the young French girl and I started for the Hotel Crillon where, in the American Press headquarters, a special card, obtained through miles of red tape, entitled me to a place at a window. By the time we reach Concorde, which is the way you refer to it if you have lived close to its majestic, statuary-circled and fountain-centered atmosphere radiating from the Egyptian column, it was a solid mass of people. Just across this paved square was the entrance to the Crillon, and at that moment as easy to reach as the moon. The crowd was a stone wall, impenetrable. We would get through for a few feet only to come upon a camp-chaired group that no amount of persuasion would budge. The camp-chair parties were out in full force. A folding camp-chair might be an appreciated farewell gift for any one going

abroad. It is the only thing my friends forgot to give me. And I didn't know there had been so many stepladders made as I saw in the throng this morning. One of the hotel employés told me he had a stepladder and had refused two hundred francs for it. Windows along the avenue brought fabulous sums. Those of one building sold for 30,000 francs and the money was donated to the work of wounded soldiers' shop. One balcony brought as much as 100,000 francs. I had been given another card to a window near the Etoile, but it would have been impossible to reach there.

Finally for fifteen francs apiece, we purchased standing room on one of those two-wheeled, railed truckster's carts, you have seen in French-life pictures, from where we had a good view over the heads of the crowd at the point where the Champs Elysées opens out into the Place de la Concorde. Our fellow-trucksters turned out to be interesting people eager to help the "American Mademoiselle" understand the great spectacle. So I found more atmosphere than at the press headquarters, for I was in the midst of French life. There

was a charming Frenchwoman who spoke English well; a young French lieutenant (only generals and colonels got into the parade outside of the picked companies of the regiments); a Frenchman and his family from a hundred miles distant who had come expressly for this fete and had been there since 4 o'clock in the morning — the eight-year old boy and his father were the cheer leaders — and a middle-class French couple, the man holding his Paris paper before him and proclaiming the notables as they appeared. It was a regular army and navy "Who's Who" that he read, since only the most distinguished leaders were in the victory procession.

Perched in the trees around us were as many men and boys as each would hold. Every lamp-post and statue was a vantage point and the roofs and cornices of buildings were alive with people. Near us stands, carts, trucks and step-ladders held their full quota and more. Our truckster had several carts and he did a land office business, the price advancing as the hour approached.

Every little while a platoon of the wounded

and maimed soldiers of France hobbled past and the crowd expressed its sympathy in cheers. Once it was a straggling group of blind led by that was given an ovation.

The start of the great spectacle was heralded by a salvo of guns from the Invalides and they boomed continuously during the hours until its conclusion. "Voila! Voila!" yelled the small boy, which means "Oh, Lookee," and our observation cart almost turned turtle in the excitement. But after the excess of hangers-on had been extracted, by the irate truckster, from its wheels and handles and sides, it righted itself.

It was almost 9 o'clock when there came a fanfare of bugles and the brilliantly-caparisoned, mounted Garde Republicaine appeared. Then "Vive Foch" rang out for the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies and "Vive Joffre" as the great marshal's distinguished figure on horseback followed. Marshal Foch, in courtesy to his senior, kept his horse's head just in the rear of that of Marshal Joffre. All eyes followed them trying to realize what their genius had accomplished in saving the

world. Close behind came the great general staff.

And then the lone horseman in khaki, a dominating figure, erect and soldierly he rode, the commander-in-chief of the American armies. "Generale Pershaing," yelled the Frenchman holding up the small boy. Then "Une, deux, trois," (one, two, three) "Rah, Generale Pershaing—Vive Armée Américaine." There was no more distinguished figure in all that chivalric procession than our General Pershing. He looked like the stern-featured, kindly-eyed portrait we all recognize. And with him were our Yankee boys. Proud stepping, heads up, and looking straight ahead they were and how splendidly they marched! It was not with dry eyes that I watched them, that inspiring company in olive drab with assuring swing, in perfect step with their march music, while all around me the emotional French were expressing their admiration in that unspellable monosyllabic "Wah" with which they cheer, and with waving hats and handkerchiefs. And the lump stayed in my throat long after the American boys went by, after the blue of our

handsome, brisk-stepping Jackies had disappeared in the flutter of colors. "Ah, Marine Américaine," came from all around me and was echoed from the topmost branches of the leafy trees and carried down the avenue.

"See, it is your marine," exclaimed the French girl, "You know?"

"Yes, I know," I said, with a catch in my voice, "they brought our soldiers over."

I wish that the people in every home in our United States that sent a soldier or a sailor to the colors might have seen them and heard the homage paid to them at this moment. Nineteen months of heart anguish of loved ones three thousand miles away was compressed into that single moment for every American spectator. What it had meant to the world that they had braved submarine-infested waters to come to the aid of a persecuted land in the name of Democracy, in the name of Humanity! The last of the great world powers to enter the fight it was a fitting recognition of their coming from afar that they should be first at the head of the line in the processional of Victory.

And then came the smiling Belgians with the

regimental flags that saw glory at Liege, the Yser and Ypres.

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig led the British contingent, flanked by the Canadian, New Zealand and Australian commanders. Eight grave and turbaned Hindu warriors followed Marshal Haig and his staff. Then came Italy, Poland, Greece, Serbia, Czecho-Slavia and the smaller nations in their order. Arabs, Moroccans, Bedouins, Africans, Japanese, a colorful picture they made in their varied uniforms and Oriental dress in the brilliant sunshine. Thus, the East and the West, they marched together, foretelling the new day.

And then after her Allies came France! And a new and greater sea of enthusiasm broke loose, wave on wave, as representatives of each division with tattered and battle-scarred colors went by. At their head rode the youthful Marshal Pétain, commander-in-chief of the French army. Graceful and well he rode, acknowledging the continuous ovations with military salute.

"General de Castelnau," the Frenchman shouted and the commanding figure was a signal for special cheers. "He lost three sons in

the war," one of my cart neighbors murmured. Can you imagine what heartache it meant for that distinguished father to ride through the Arc de Triomphe up there at the Etoile, past the glittering cenotaph with its heroic figures of Victory inscribed "To the Dead for the Country" with its urns of incense burning in memory, the monument whose base was hidden with flowers? Erect he rode. A strain of tender sympathy was felt through the ovation. Yet not a one of the cheering throng but had memories, too.

There were shouts of delight for square-jawed General Mangin, who had tenaciously held the Germans at the final phase of the war, when he appeared at the head of the Colonial troops. The one-armed General Gouraud was given a great reception. And so each general was recognized and his name passed from lips to lips, and it surged into a sea of acclamation as their poilus appeared. As the soldiers in French uniform and those recently demobilized in the crowd would recognize their regimental colors there was a cheer started for the regiment.

And among the shell-fringed and frayed battle flags carried by there were those, too, under which none now living fought. They were the "Colors of the Dead." For during the four years of slaughter, regiments had been wiped out, reformed and again completely annihilated. Only their number remained in memory with that tattered flag carried now by strangers. It was these flags that spoke loudest of the two million who fell that France might live. Is it any wonder they were the signal for reverent cheers?

The French navy delegation came and Admiral Ronarch on foot was specially acclaimed. The French guns as they passed were the signal for glad outbursts and the camouflaged tanks that brought up the rear, were given a full meed of praise.

The parade was two hours passing us. Twenty thousand picked men of the nations were in the line of this final scene of war, heralding the new world peace.

This afternoon the streets were thronged with a mass of merry-makers, the side-walks of the Grands Boulevards overflowing into the

streets. All Paris walked; since it was the people's holiday. Both the use of phones and telegraph were forbidden, unless official and urgent. I walked several miles in order to get my cable through from the Bourse.

The scene tonight is a repetition of the night before, the streets ablaze with lights and filled with happy people.

The Hotel de Ville or City Hall is magnificently decorated. In the open air stand at the entrance, yesterday afternoon the Marshals Joffre and Petain were presented with swords of honor in the presence of President Poincaré and a brilliant company.

The wide square before this City Hall is gaily adorned with Venetian masts and flags, outlined in colored lights. A monumental portico, artistically draped, is at the entrance of the Avenue Victoria. On the two circular graveled places of the square people dance their joy beneath the fluttering flags and bunting. Those circular plots, tonight the scenes of rejoicing, I was reminded were once the "Place of Graves," for it was on this spot, in olden days, that criminals were pilloried, burned and

hung. But that was 200 years ago, long before the guillotine was invented that did its deadly work on what is now the Place de la Concorde, now the Place of Concord and Peace. So joy treads tonight in light measures where heavy-footed tragedy once moved. The Paris Hotel de Ville was almost destroyed by fire at the time of the Commune that swept away the Palace of the Tuileries. It is now an imposing structure, there on the banks of the Seine, and its square is one of the gala places of the Victory fete.

The most marvelous of the city building illuminations is perhaps that of the Louvre, not the gallery of arts, but the department store near by that bears the name. The block long front is a mass of colored electric lights. Over the entrance are the words "The Glory of France Eternal—In Glorious Memory of Those who Died for Her." The Allied flags over it are aflame in colored lights set around the seal of Paris. Above is the Croix de Guerre in incandescents and at the cornice the chantecleer of France blazes in triumph. Along its heights are the names of battlefields that are now land-

marks of French history, framed in light. This typifies the modern commercial spirit paying tribute to its historic setting and time.

This was how Paris celebrated the world victory, as befitted her place as the World City, and rejoiced at the new era of Peace, the New Day ahead.

CHAPTER VII

WITH A HOUSE PARTY IN THE CITADEL OF VERDUN

July 23.

I HAVE been in the "Citadelle" of Verdun! Yesterday I saw with my own eyes the meaning of those charged-with-glory words that Verdun gave to the world, "On Ne Passe Pas" (They shall not pass). And I saw the cost. The Germans came to within two and a half miles of the citadel of Verdun and took two of the grim, outlying forts that circle like a fan to guard the underground stronghold. But in all the four years they never were able to reach the citadel itself. For a whole righteous earth today Verdun symbolizes "On Ne Passe Pas."

Climbing over the top of the Fort de Vaux, I saw the battlefield where the French distinguished themselves in its brilliant defense and in its recapture and I descended through its winding passages, banked with shells. In a walk of over a mile across the field of Douau-

Ruins of a Factory at Berry au Bac at the Foot of Hill 108.

Dugout we entered at Berry au Bac.

mont, on a two foot wide, trestled, ammunition track, mud-slippery, I saw whitening human bones and a dead man's shoe, on a landscape that had been churned not once but many times in battle. I was taken through the great fort of Douaumont, which defended so valiantly the key to the citadel, and I stood within its stone walled room that only a few months ago was a thing of harassed officers and of maps and telephones and hurried couriers. And there the maps and plans of battle still lay on the desks. Trying to trace out that last attack, I felt the thrill of what it must have meant with the shells muffled shrieking overhead. I saw the spot where seven French soldiers were killed there in a corridor when a shell crashed in and I looked through the jagged opening in a partition wall to a hollow where twenty-seven Germans were blown up by the explosion of one French shell. And a little farther on they take you up a road at the summit of which is a tall cross, and point out where a French host, fighting in the trenches, were all buried alive by an explosion and show you their guns still sticking up through the ground. For Verdun is the

great shrine of France today. And then, as one of a party of guests of the Commandant of the Citadel, Lieut. Colonel Sarot, I found out what delightful hospitality could be dispensed in an underground fortress.

Through the courtesy of the French Maison de la Presse in Paris, I was privileged to be one of a party of an official Norwegian Mission, on a two days' trip to Verdun, as guests of the French Government.

The party of nine, with the military interpreter, Lieut. Pierre Favary, included a former Minister of Justice of Norway, a Norwegian consul, a secretary in the ministry of justice, two charming Norwegian women, and an American physician, Dr. Julien A. Gehrung of St. Louis and New York, medicin aide major in the French army, the inventor of a successful treatment for gas used by the French government and our own. The correspondent of the London Chronicle was to have been a member of the party, but evidently missed the train. Reserved compartments in trains, the auto trip around Rheims and on to Chalons, and thence by train to Verdun, entertainment in the citadel, with a

luncheon at Rheims and dinner on the train last night were among the many courtesies shown the party by the French government.

Upon our arrival at Verdun Monday evening at 8:15 we were met at the station by Commandant Major Anirepoque, who was our distinguished guide throughout. Solicitous for every member of the party from that moment until he bade us adieux yesterday afternoon at the door of the coupe of the Paris train; he left nothing undone. He accompanied us on the motor trips to the forts, explaining the engagements simply and tersely.

Three French gray service autos were waiting outside the Verdun depot to convey our party to the citadel. Now, if you have a grain of romance Verdun citadel will appeal to you because it has a deep moat surrounding it, crossed by a picturesque drawbridge, that is reached through a towered old gateway. If you remember your "Ivanhoe" you can visualize the moated stronghold and the knights of old riding across the drawbridge on prancing chargers. Today we whirled over it to the wheezy cut-out of the gray autos and in through

a city of skeleton walls and tumbling buildings. Verdun, the city, was almost entirely destroyed in the attempts to force the citadel. Along the narrow streets a few shops are bravely trying to make a stand. Inside the broken shell of one store room gleamed rows of bright tin-ware, arranged for sale. Heads protruded inquiringly from windows here and there along the route as the cars whizzed by. Wherever a whole shutter fitted to a window it was a sign of a returned occupant, one who had crept back to the old hearth.

The American doctor was saying "I shall never forget the first time I saw Verdun. By George, it got me. I turned away thinking the two French officers accompanying me wouldn't notice my tears, but quietly one turned to the other and remarked: 'Our good friend here has just saluted Verdun.' And they both saluted me." Perhaps that little incident from an American who saw much in his two years in the French service as a chief surgeon will tell you better than any words of mine how it feels to enter Verdun. Cold-hearted, indeed, is he who does not know the choke of sympathy

for this brave little city, with once its barracks for 23,000 soldiers, that bore the brunt of the enemy's guns, but saved its beloved fortress.

Into a wide circle we whirled and then we were before the huge vaulted doorway of this grim sixteenth century fortification. It was like a picture out of a volume of ancient knighthood — this vaulted doorway going into the side of a steep, straight-up, stone bluff. This was the place where modern knighthood had set a new pace in chivalry. It blocked the path of German might. It was the shield of France. It gave us a new synonym for invincible. A couple of horizon-blue clad sentries saluted the officers with us. Through the wide door, along a narrow stone passage-way single file and then into a great vaulted corridor, reaching into the shadows of a dim distance, with an occasional electric light piercing the gloom. This part of the fortress is more modern than the remainder, having electric light and steam heat.

We women of the party were conducted to a suite of rooms in a side corridor where we were pleasantly surprised at many little home touches. There were white linen sheets on the

army cots, a large mirror over a simple table, that held the bowl and pitcher, a writing table and an armchair of quaint old pattern. A brass shaded electric reading lamp on the table, a counterpart of one on my desk in Davenport, made me rub my eyes. But it was damp and chill here for no sunshine had ever penetrated these earthen and stone walls. And the tramp of marching feet along distant corridors reminded me that I was in Verdun.

Called for dinner we were ushered into the dining-room of the commandant of the citadel, Lieut. Col. Sarot, who came in shortly after we were seated and gave us a hearty welcome. In delightful French he told us to make ourselves entirely at home and added that he would be with us next day at luncheon. A delicious dinner it was, and formally served on white china, monogramed with the letters "V. C. M." (Verdun Citadel Mess) in the French colors. It was eleven o'clock when our party arose from the table after toasting France, United States and Norway, giving each such a rousing "hurrah," ending with "zip," that it brought the startled face of the table orderly to the door.

Now, because it is unusual to be a member

of a fortress house party and in this fortress whose glory will ring down the centuries to come, and because a hasty glimpse, the next noon, of names inscribed in the Colonel's guest-book — President Poincaré of France, King Albert of Belgium and Henry Van Dyke, the latter with an original poem — told me that the great of the earth had sat at this board, I want to picture that wonderful dining-room to you.

It is not a large room — the table seats twelve with just enough space left for service. The bricked walls are tinted a soft white with a dado of grey, edged with a stripe of gold at the base and the ceiling is vaulted. The wall at the left of the entrance door has a large gold-framed mirror, above which is the motto, "On Ne Passe Pas." And like a rainbow bower over the words are grouped large silk flags of all the Allies, their gold pointed tips meeting in a bow topping the slogan. The flags reflect themselves in the background mirror and again in an exquisite six by nine foot mirror on the opposite wall, that has a wonderful antique gold frame.

To the right of this latter mirror hangs the

Verdun Cross of Honor, a huge war cross inscribed with the words: "Honneur et Patrie" (Honor and Country). To the left of the mirror is a laurel wreath in metal with the words "Valeur et Discipline," and above it, in brass, the crossed cannons and the anchor. Before this, a standard of flags fills the corner of the room. The narrower walls of the oblong apartment bear each two shining cuirasses, the sword hilt at the top of each surrounded by gleaming bayonet points. On the wall, to the right of the door, these cuirasses flank the coat of arms of Verdun, surmounted by the "Coq Gaulois," the French cock crowing in victory, and over this, most significantly, were only two flags, the French tricolor and our Stars and Stripes. In a wall case at the opposite end of the room I caught sight of medals and the guest book. Above it, made attractive by the glittering breast plates at the sides, were two small oils of Verdun scenes. And surmounting all was a picture that held the eye—I don't recall the artist—you have probably seen it—a dog baying at dusk over the grave of his master, that is marked by a simple cross on which hangs

a battered service hat. It seemed to fit so well in this room where the effect is concentrated patriotism, valor and loyalty. An electric fan, high up in one corner, gave the twentieth century touch.

It was here that we had luncheon (déjeuner they call it) on returning from our visit to the outlying forts of the citadel, and in compliment to my country I was honored with the place at the left of the courtly colonel, with the American flag to my right. Colonel Sarot had been commandant of the citadel since 1916, in command through two of its strenuous war years. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and was an admirable host. The Norwegian consul, Mr. Klingenberg of Tronjhem, Norway, at the conclusion of the luncheon, arose, thanked the commandant for his splendid hospitality, and spoke for Norway, voicing the friendship of his people for France and the hope that these friendly relations would continue and be ever strengthened. Colonel Sarot responded.

During the course of the meal a big black and white dog came in and up to my chair, looking at me with great friendly eyes. "He is a good dog," said the Colonel in English. "Dick is

his name." "Is he the citadel's dog?" I asked. "He is *my* dog," the commandant answered proudly. I didn't get a chance to learn of Dick's accomplishments, but I saw he was a well-brought-up dog since he ate plain, dry, dark army bread from the Colonel's hand with apparent relish and waited politely to be offered more.

When we said our hurried adieux to the Colonel, he had a special word for each one. He told me that when I came again he was going to be able to speak nothing but English to me.

We whirled away in the grey motor cars with the picture of the distinguished Colonel standing in the paved circle before the great entrance door, in the rain, smiling, and saluting his good-bye.

Forts That Protect Verdun Citadel

Now to go back to yesterday morning and recount the trip to the Fort de Vaux and Fort Douaumont that safeguarded the Citadel of Verdun at such terrific cost, the scenes of the most remarkable achievements of the French, and on the soil of which is written in blood the

story of the noblest heroism in the history of France. It is not my intention to write of the battles of Verdun, nor of the history of the fortress. Every newspaper reader of the last five years knows the former and the latter can be found easily in every library. But I want to show you this mighty stronghold as it appears today.

I remember dreaming I was back home in *The Times* building telling Miss Ade and Mr. Kelly about Paris and fussing that none of my articles had been published, when I opened my eyes. The light was shining in above the high, white board partition from the corridor outside. Over my head dusky shadows lost themselves in the vaulted stone roof. A distant clatter of marching feet echoed along the galleries—a far-away word or command. It is a weird feeling to awaken in a fortress if you have never tried it. From the next room I could hear the soft breathing of Madame Heiberg, who called to me merrily in a few moments.

Realizing anything important is difficult—trying at that moment to realize how for four

long years these vaulted corridors had echoed only to the dread music of cannon and bombardment was impossible—it was so peaceful now. Involuntarily my thoughts returned to Ivanhoe. Rowena must have lived in just such a place as this, probably just as damp and gloomy. I saw her emerging from that great, vaulted entry door in the cliff to mount her white palfry in the circular court outside. All mediaeval heroines always rode milk-white palfries. The white palfry that was awaiting me outside now I recalled was a gray, mud-spattered French car, with a smiling poilu, speed-demon driver at the wheel.

After breakfast in the picturesque dining room, the three motor cars conveyed our party to Vaux. It was pouring rain, raining as it only can in France. All along the way we saw the havoc of the guns. A few wall fragments and a heap of brick marked where once stood a village. Open trenches zigzagged through the fields on both sides, fields that had seen the most terrible carnage of the war. We passed innumerable dugouts, where man had burrowed in the ground to escape the shells. The earth

afforded more protection than walls of steel and iron. Try to imagine living in a dugout for weeks and months—yes, years—as men had done here!

Arriving at Fort de Vaux we descended from the cars and climbed by a circuitous route to the top of the fort. There we stood in a cold, driving rain to hear the story of the battles that had raged in the tragic week of siege and in its daring recapture by the French. The ground at our feet was ploughed and torn and mutilated. Coming down from the summit we entered a low door, turned sharply in dark, narrow passages and were in the interior of the fort. An occasional wall light helped to show the way through the corridors. Down dark stairways we went, through caverns stacked with shells in neat rows, and, where there are still piles of sandbags. What tragedies the wet stones at my feet had seen when the pendulum of war swung back and forth over Vaux! Outside I walked up to a cross bearing the French cocade. Under this eight men lie buried in one grave, Maj. Anirepoque told me. For three months from March to June of 1916, Fort Vaux

was beleaguered and it was lost for a brief space on June 7. Hand to hand fighting occurred in its narrow galleries and finally after six days, the French were overcome. Thirst was the real conqueror, it is claimed, since the plucky garrison was without water for two days. It was during those six days, when the Germans attacked with jets of flame and liquid fire, that the fort, cut off from the world, sent out its last carrier pigeon.

On Nov. 2 the enemy was compelled to abandon Fort Vaux. In that stubborn resistance of Vaux is the crux of the French victory. The battle of Verdun broke the back of the German invasion and Fort Vaux was one of only two of the great forts that defended the citadel that were ever lost.

The other was Fort Douaumont that surrendered Feb. 25, 1916, but was regained by French troops with irresistible dash on October 24 of the same year. By the recapture of these two forts, by the counter attack of General Mangin, the battle of Verdun became a victory. Later Verdun, the unshaken rock, saw barbarism thrown back under the victorious thrust of our

American army at St. Mihiel and Montfaucon.

On the way to Fort Douaumont we saw a heap of tumbled brick and stone, all that is left of the town of Fleury which was utterly demolished by the tide of war. The autos stopped by the roadside where a trail ran through the tortured field, the path marked by a single narrow track, on which was run one of the little ammunition trains. The track is scarcely a couple of feet wide and we followed it single file, for more than a half mile, across deep gullies and ruts, treading the mud-slippery ties gingerly. Signs at the entrance to the roads caution people not to go out of the beaten track and not to pick up anything on the battlefields; there is still danger from unexploded shells. Along the way on both sides, shells, tangled barbed wire, broken fragments of artillery, trenches, dugouts, and shellholes wrote the story of human sacrifice, in the grey light of the morning rain.

With the driving rain in our faces and the desolation on every hand it was not hard to conjure up the discomfort through which those soldiers lived, even when not actually fighting.

A Parisian who spent eleven months in the front line trenches told me, when I finally persuaded him to speak of the war, that one didn't think of the danger—it was the discomfort of it all. I had firmly resolved to eliminate weather reports from France but the rain protrudes itself into the picture. I know now why our doughboys wrote so often of rain—the sunshine of France is very temperamental and melts into tears at the most unexpected moments. We were spattered with mud almost to our knees, every member of the party, and a soggy looking bunch when we arrived at Douaumont.

Fort Douaumont is larger and more fully equipped than Vaux and contains many turrets, cupolas and barracks. We went through its vast subterranean caverns. In the headquarters room I looked upon the maps and charts of the various drives. One, on a wall, fastened over others, bore the date, "10-11-18"—only last October. From here the troops had been directed. We peeped in at the telephone exchange, too, still a thing of wires and plugs that carried the word from the great central

The Entrance to Fort de Douaumont.

directing force. We went reverently through the chapel, with its Red Cross at the altar, and in a room beyond we saw a single stretcher. Through a maze of dark, wet, passages there came occasionally the light from an embrasure. In one corridor I saw a gray cat, evidently the pet of the garrison, but pussy refused to be more than mildly interested in us.

The musee, or museum, of the fort we left reluctantly. It is filled with war souvenirs, enormous shells and belt festoons of little shells, fragments of metal, a machine gun, a German shotgun. Shelves are filled with mementoes of the fateful history of the fort. We saw the colonel's gas mask. Two huge metal sombreros were the gongs that had sounded the gas alarms.

Back through the battlefield we picked our way carefully and were soon driving over the rough road that had been shelled so many times that little of its once hard, smooth surface remained. The military chauffeur managed to miss them if there were many smooth places. What an ordeal it must have been for the wounded to have been jolted over those

roads! In the ruins of one village as we turned a corner swiftly, the Red Cross appeared on a mangled building. Then along a road, from which we could see an embankment sieved with dugouts, now the empty caves of the modern cliff-dwellers. We reached the citadel at noon with just time for the déjeuner and to make the 2 o'clock train back to Paris.

And so we left the citadel of Verdun which has been called the "hinge insuperable that Germany could not break." It was the eastern bulwark of France, whose stubborn resistance made possible the victory of the Marne under Sarrail and Joffre in 1914. It was the grave of the Kronprinz army and the heroic town is decorated by President Poincaré with the star of the Legion of Honor and the war cross.

En route to Verdun on Monday morning we went by way of Rheims, of which I have written briefly heretofore, and thence by motor to Berry au Bac, which is destined to be visited by millions of those who will travel far to see this war zone in the years to come.. Speak to a Frenchman about Berry au Bac and he draws

his breath in quickly and says, "Ah, yes, Berry au Bac." Fifteen miles from Rheims, it is known best perhaps to those who followed the news of the war in America as Hill 108.

Berry au Bac is a white sepulchre. In the light of the morning sunshine it was a huge, white hill with enormous, jagged hollows and gullies and fissures. The ground here has an underlayer of white fire clay and stone formation that at a distance might be mistaken for driven snow. The enemy was strongly entrenched on this hill and the French, tunneling underneath, set off mines that made its capture possible. The explosions caused this distorted upheaval. A narrow, winding path coils about over the white tumbled heap of landscape and we followed it to its summit. But first we entered a dugout at the base, stooping low to avoid bumping against the rafters of its roof, and turning sharp corners. Matches were lighted to see the dark, crude interior in which men had lived during long war days and nights.

Up on the summit of Hill 108 the scene was one of glaring white desolation as far as the eye could reach. Here and there in descending

we had to step carefully, not to become entangled in the barbed wire that had fallen and still lays across the narrow foot trails. At the side of the path lay a couple of airplane shells. At the foot of the hill, on the farther side, was the remains of the shattered Aisne canal bed. There is little left of the village of Berry au Bac but remnants of walls. By the side of the road is the ruins of a large factory, the buildings leveled and the machinery a rusty wreck, standing out nakedly against the blue sky.

The scene that unwound before us as we motored down the road was like a movie reel of destruction. For miles just battered buildings, pieces of walls. It looked like pictures of the ruins of Pompeii, this harvest of the twentieth century war. And it was repeated in the streets of Rheims.

Before leaving Rheims I had an opportunity of entering the cathedral, to which I had been unable to obtain admittance on the previous visit. We joined a party of American soldiers and sailors who were being taken into the edifice. This jewel of France is a moving sight,

its magnificent interior now piles of debris and scaffolding, for the workmen are busy saving what they can. A railing keeps visitors in the big rotunda. The high columns down the center appear but little damaged but there are great holes in the roof and all the beautiful stained glass is gone. Nothing of the great altar remained and I could not learn whether its art treasures had been removed for safety or had been demolished. The wonderful miniature gems of statuary that stand in the niches up the walls inside the great doorway are, many of them, broken or damaged and the great sculptured figures on the exterior seem to each show, on closer examination, a different mutilation. But you stand in awe before this new grandeur that is visible in its artistry through the fragments that remain.

The 35 mile trip from Rheims to Chalons we made by auto. I don't believe they have any speed limits here and the driver of the leading car was a French woman. I noticed that the chauffeur of our car cranked the motor for her, but she managed to keep ahead all the way. Along the route were many barbed wire en-

tanglements. In some places hoops of wire stretched across a field. Through these men had crawled in the perilous journeys across No Man's Land. Ammunition still lay in heaps along the roads, great crates of it, and beds of live shells.

On the rail trip from Chalons sur Marne to Verdun, we traversed a part of the Argonne Forest, which is steeped in memories of the heroism of our American army. At one place was a wrecked tank. And on a track at a small station nearby stood a carload of new farm machinery that gave encouraging promise of reclaiming the shell-rocked soil. The dense Forest of the Argonne made a picturesque background.

We passed one of those box cars, the inscription on which so often infuriated our soldiers. It read "Forty men or eight horses."

At one little station platform an American with the Red Cross insignia on his coat sleeve was standing. "What would you give, Bud, to be on Broadway this minute?" called out the St. Louis doctor. The lad's eyes lighted up. "Well, a good deal," he laughed, "but I'll be

there soon." He told us the Red Cross camp was near and many mid-western boys — from Wisconsin, Missouri and Kansas — had been stationed there. "Didn't have any Iowa boys, did you — all they did was to run," joshed the American doctor. "You mean they ran at them — couldn't hold them back," was my indignant Hawkeye defense. "Yes, we did have lots of Iowans," said the Red Cross boy. And our Norwegian friends in the compartment looked politely puzzled at U. S. A. state rivalry in France and wondered what the argument was about.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CANTEEN GIRL WHO LISTENED

PARIS, July 25.

AND so the charming young Princess listened to the host of warriors brave — and as she listened her dark eyes grew misty with understanding!

No, this not a legend.

It is a cross section out of the actual life of an actual American Indian princess, who came overseas as a canteen girl with the A. E. F.

A whole regiment of American doughboys fought their battles over for her on the banks of the Moselle. From the cook to the colonel they told her about them.

And she listened.

None of the Indian legends, handed down to her from chieftain ancestry, compared with the stories she heard from their lips — this attractive, gentle voiced, slim, young girl in the trim blue-gray uniform with the sailor hat shading her blue-black hair.

She was the only canteen girl with the entire 359th infantry of the 90th division when it was stationed in Germany, the only American girl those soldiers of the Army of Occupation had seen since they landed the July before, boys who had been in the worst of the fighting at St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne.

She had charge of four canteens in as many German villages. Gen. Pershing himself invited her to a place beside him on the reviewing stand at Wengerohr, when he reviewed the troops of the division before they left. He said she was the real American. The blood of two Cherokee chiefs flows in her veins.

And her name? At the University of Oklahoma, when she was graduated, her diploma read Anne Ross, but in Cherokee her name is "Princess Galilohi" and she is a daughter of Hereditary Chief Robert B. Ross of Tahlequah, Okla. Her paternal great-grandfather was Gen. John Ross, first chief of the Cherokees, when their possessions spread over Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee. The city of Chattanooga was formerly Ross Landing and the old chief's home in Georgia is still called

Rossville, there in the shadow of Lookout Mountain. President Jackson sent the Cherokees to Oklahoma in 1835. On her mother's side she is descended from Chief Occonstata. Only direct descent from chiefs through both parents gives an Indian girl the title of princess.

It was Anne Ross who posed for Zolnay's statue of Chief Sequoya, her great uncle, that stands in the Hall of Fame in Washington, D. C., and she herself unveiled the statue in 1917. Sequoya, you know, was the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. The Cherokees are the only tribe to have an alphabet of their own. Quite by accident I met Anne Ross and found out who she was yesterday in the cafe of the Hotel Petrograd, and coaxed her to tell me something of her work with the army.

"I was stationed at Berncastle on the Moselle, Germany, for five months—and for the first three weeks, well, I just listened," she said. "It was pathetic, their need of a girl to talk to—they were dying to tell their wonderful stories. They couldn't tell them to one another because each man felt he had been in the most thrilling part. So I listened. And

such stories as I have heard. Now, there was the cook's story. That was vastly different from that of the courier—and then the machine-gunner—all of them saw their battles from a different angle.

"The cook related to me how he was baking pancakes for breakfast during one of those terrific attacks and the shells were coming down around him so fast that he crawled under an embankment for protection. Every few minutes he would jump out and turn the pancakes, then dodge back to cover. It was a plain case of duty—he couldn't let the batter cakes burn, could he?"

I could not but think of the women at home who felt they had done much to save the flour—I wondered if they guessed what one regiment's cook had risked that their boys might have pancakes.

"I tried to get over before the armistice," Miss Ross said regretfully, "but I was not allowed to come, because my brother was in overseas service. He is Lieut. Robert B. Ross, Jr., and was with the 307th infantry, the 77th division.

"They were mostly Texas boys with our regiment," she continued when I begged for more of her experiences, "but there were later many replacements from Iowa, Missouri and Indiana. I had charge of the canteens at Ursig, Kenheim, Rochtig and Reil, there in Germany.

"Besides listening," she laughed. "I had to provide amusements and entertainments for the boys. Often I told them Indian legends and added Indian songs and dances. Yes, I carry a native costume." Miss Ross was on the lecture platform with Ernest Thompson Seton for a season, interpreting Indian legends.

At the end of May she returned to Paris and was sent to the French port, St. Nazaire. "Our canteen there was the last to serve our boys before they went on board the transports to leave France," she said. "Often we had as many as 10,000 men a day embarking. There were only fourteen of us canteen girls there and we worked day and night before a boat sailed. For a while, when the tide went out at two o'clock in the morning, we were on duty from ten at night until four o'clock in the morn-

ing." Surely Anne Ross here has proved herself worthy of the noble ancestry of which she is so proud.

With Miss Ross, that day at the Paris Y. W., when I chanced to ask her to pass the salt and so found out about her, was her team-mate, Miss Cornelia Smith of St. Joseph, Mo., who has the distinction of being the youngest overseas girl in the U. S. canteen service, for she is just "sweet and twenty." How she put it over on the strict examining committee and gave the impression of being twenty-five, she smiles mystically when you ask her. But she got across and has been in the Paris office of the "Y" canteen and assisting at entertainments and dances for the soldiers who came to Paris on leave. Miss Smith is an army child. She is a niece of Gen. A. Leonard Smith of Missouri. She told, naively, how she went from Paris to Brussels a short time ago in an airplane, one of the passenger planes that carried fourteen people. It took them two hours and a half. "Oh, yes, we had an accident," she remarked, "one of the engines gave out and we came down almost to the ground. But we reached Brussels all right.

It was wonderful flying over the battlefields. The trenches looked like lace. At one city we were brought down low enough to see the people on the streets."

Having come over together I remarked how pleasant that they could return on the same boat, as they both leave next Friday for St. Malo to await their sailing.

"Oh, yes," she answered, breezily, "you see we came over together and they don't break the set."

CHAPTER IX

WITH THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

Aug. 3.

IT is all quiet along the Rhine tonight!

I have just come from Die Wacht am Rhine par les Allies.

That is the way our boys there say it, in three languages, today. The old martial song that has echoed down the centuries from its castled hills has new words and a new tune. At Coblenz it is "The Star Spangled Banner," in Cologne it is "God Save the King," and at Mayence it is the "Marsellaise."

Right there on the storied Rhine, where every foot of shore line has its legendary tale to tell, there is being enacted in this, our day, a bit of world drama that has all its thrilling legends "beat off the boards." The Lorelei fairy who sat on the rock as you round the turn to Bingen, to lure the sailors and fishermen to destruction in the rapids at the foot of the precipice, has ceased "singing her siren song as she combs

her golden hair " and has given her place to the Goddess of Liberty who is holding aloft the torch of the New Day. Where back in the twelfth century the robber barons and their hordes swooped down from these high-perched castles in their raids to show that Might was Right, even as did their modern kaiser exponent, there is today a firm-treading, quiet-eyed, horde of olive drab and khaki and horizon-blue teaching the gospel of the New Democracy. They are not doing any of this conquering hero stunt, either. Not a bit of it. Quietly, justly, firmly, they are dealing with the situation and they are having little trouble. They don't stand any nonsense, this man's army of ours. And in consequence it is so quiet they have time to wonder what the folks are doing and thinking back home.

What comes to mind sharpest in traversing this beautiful Rhine valley, with its secure, comfortable villages and its cities untouched by the horrors of war, is its contrast with the mangled Valley of the Marne. Involuntarily memory unrolls the reel of the shattered dwellings, the shells of buildings, the sepulchred

Limit American Zone—30 Kilometers from Coblenz—photo of sign post.

Group of German Children in American Zone on the Rhine.

cities of France. Here no one returned to find a scrap of crumbling wall all that is left of home and its treasures.

But there is one gratifying phase — the knowledge that this impregnable stronghold was forced to yield without a single shot. For two thousand years this Rhineland has been fought for, and Germany, as its most prized possession, had fortified it so thoroughly you do not have to be an expert in military tactics to see that it would have meant great human cost to have stormed Ehrenbreitstein's gun-bristling heights.

If you want to know one of the biggest thrills of life you must see Old Glory floating from the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, that blinks across the Rhine from its rocky eminence, on the Yankee-soldiered city of Coblenz. Your flag and my flag! You must have a storage battery in the place of your heart if it does not jump with pride at the sight. There it is, flung to the breeze, on what the Germans believed was their Gibraltar. There it flies to say that Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel and the Argonne were not in vain.

Reaching Coblenz (and you must now pronounce it Koh-blahnss, dragging out the last syllable) Monday night, we were met at the train by Lieut. H. M. Jobes, head press officer of the American Forces in Germany, who had been wired of our coming by Colonel Moreno, head of the Intelligence department of the A. E. F. in Paris. Lieut. Jobes is from Iowa. He has been over since September, 1917, first with the French and British as an observation officer, then as instructor in the artillery school at Langres, then with the fourth corps, F. A. in the Toule and Metz sectors. He was in the battles of Cantigny, Mondidier and Noyon and spent Christmas, 1917, in the trenches. His knowledge of the war has made him an invaluable press officer.

Mlle Axler, the French girl, had accompanied me from Paris and we were billeted in the Hotel Riesen Furstenhof, which is still partly given over to the American Forces. The hotel faces the Rhine promenade and the wonderful bridge of boats or pontoon bridge across the river. We were taken Tuesday morning to Neuwied, the headquarters of the First Divi-

sion, out to the bridgeheads, and motored over the entire American zone on the right bank of the Rhine to its limit. Through the village of Ehrenbreitstein, past our troops drilling in open fields, through Montebaur with its camp of American soldiers, past the wide fields that the week of June 12 bristled with cannon all ready to move on Berlin if the peace had not been signed, where the knolls still bear the marks of having supported machine guns.

And then we came to an outpost with a single bough across the road. A corporal and a couple of sentries were stationed there. On the farther side of the bough was a sign, in both English and German, reading that this was the limit of the American Zone of Occupation. To the left of the road the Stars and Stripes floated from a flagpole and on the wooded terrace beyond were the tents of the outpost. Over in the distance nestled a little, narrow streeted German village and smiling fields were all about. It was a scene of quiet content on that midsummer morning, even if I was warned "don't step over that bough — they would have the right to shoot you if you did."

On the way back over another route we passed through the exquisite Valley of the Sayn. The Sayn river is so narrow you would call it a creek; you could jump it without an effort. This Valley of the Sayn is like a fairy bower, especially at one spot where over high wooded cliffs we had a glimpse of the spires of the hunting lodge of Bertha Krupp, for whom the Big Bertha was named. The roads through Germany are like ballroom floors, making motoring a joy. I could not but recall the roads of France, punctured with shellholes. In the villages we saw an incredible number of children. "Germany has another army growing up" was the observation of an officer in the car. Occasionally these little boys would salute the American car but more often they just looked at it in wonder. Once we passed an American car with tire trouble at the side of a street and the soldiers were surrounded by little German boys.

On Tuesday afternoon we were motored up to the Fortress Ehrenbreitstein. Crossing the Rhine from Coblenz to the right bank and through the village that bears the name of

the fortress we were soon going up the steep road. It is some twist, that road. The stone wall on the river side is pierced every few feet with embrasures for guns. There were moments when one felt the tugging auto, with its skillful American doughboy at the wheel, never would make it. An army trying to scale these heights would never have a chance. We had one breathless moment when, just at a sharp turn under a trestle, we came in sight of a motor lorry full of soldiers coming down and only ten feet away. The hill back of our car was a winding drop of a hundred feet and back of the lorry a steep climb of more. For a moment it was a question of who could give the road. But the press car driver found a knoll to the left and dug his front wheels into it while the motor lorry wriggled past. When we backed out it was a pleasant thought—what might happen if the brakes didn't hold. But they did.

Into the open parade ground of the fortress we drove and saw an upstanding troop of our American soldiers at inspection. Descending from the car my first impulse was to climb up on the tower under the American flag. There as

we stood in the little railed enclosure that holds the flag staff, the bugler came to sound the recall. A trim-looking, boyish, soldier was Private G. Restifo, Battery G, 5th F. A. with his bugle glinting in the sunlight as he stood under the flag at attention for my kodak.

From the turrets of the fortress the view of the fertile valley of the Rhine and of Coblenz is a memorable one. There is only one discordant note. That is the ungainly statue of one, Wilhelm, formerly kaiser of these parts, that occupies the triangle just before the city of Coblenz where the Rhine and Moselle rivers meet. It is the most conspicuous point in the landscape and the monument is so large that it obtrudes itself into the picture from every angle. It has what our American Ad clubs would concede is the best position, or in other words, preferred space. If it were artistic it might be forgiven for its historic interest, but is not. Before leaving we visited the kitchen and mess hall of the fortress where everything was wonderfully orderly, spick and span.

The Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein is 385 feet above the Rhine on a precipitous rock and is

connected with the neighboring heights only on the north side. The present fortress dating from 1826 succeeded a very ancient stronghold of the Electors of Treves, which played an important part in the Thirty Years' War and was taken by the French in 1799.

On the hill south of Ehrenbreitstein is Fort Asterstein, to which we climbed. There I stood on an honest-to-goodness drawbridge that spans the deep moat up to the big iron doors. How many young German Lochinvars had dashed across that drawbridge in days gone by I wondered. Then a soldier in the party remarked "you are right in line for a machine gun in that first embrasure to hit you." But who's afraid? I was with the American Army. I could even walk with nose high right past the big "Verboten to Enter" sign before the outer gate, though I read it is by "Kgl. Commander"—for all this is American zone now.

Only the First and Third divisions are in the area as I write. The Third division is to leave this week and the First, with the exception of about 6,000 men, had that day received word

that they would leave Aug. 15. About 25,000 American troops are to be left as the American Forces in Germany, I am told, and Major Gen. Henry T. Allen is in charge.

I had a short talk with Major Geo. Cockriel, provost marshal of the A. F. in G. and he told me something of conditions in Coblenz. Outwardly there were no signs of suffering among the people as the American army, through Mr. Hoover, had been able to fill their immediate needs and to sell them some supplies. So food conditions have been much better for the people since our Army of Occupation is stationed there. Those who are suffering are not the ones who are bitter against the Army of Occupation. They are the old, the crippled and the little children. The provost marshal told me of the practice of people of means of buying up the food cards issued to the poor and thus purchasing army supplies for their own use. "We issue food cards that for a mark and a half the poor get nourishing food with fats or milk for the children, but instead they often sell the cards and buy potatoes or some other food that has not the nutritive value. Whenever I have

been able to get hold of these profiteers I have made an example of them — given them the full extent of the law." Otherwise they have had but little trouble at Coblenz — occasionally a disturbance — nothing but what might happen in any city of this size, he assured me. He did not mention that he had been the target for a bullet on the street only a short time before, but intimated that our army has a firm hand on the situation. Major Fernbach of the circulation and civil affairs department told me the problems of the German people of the occupied zone would be considered by the Interallied Rhineland Commission. We saw no signs of poverty in the villages through which we passed. There were the usual evidences of German thrift and the children looked well fed. The fields are growing and from their appearance the crops will be large. We were unable to buy chocolate in Coblenz.

On Wednesday we motored to Cologne which is the English zone, with Gen. Sir William Robertson in charge. At a gasoline station on the way I talked to Private Watson of Cedar Rapids. There was a noticeable difference when we passed from the American to the Eng-

lish zone and we began to see squads of English Tommies on the streets of the villages. Cologne is about sixty miles from Coblenz and the way led through the University city of Bonn. It was in Bonn that Beethoven was born.

On arriving in Cologne we stopped before the cathedral which is the finest Gothic edifice in Germany. It was begun in the 13th century and only finished in 1880. A guide took us through, together with a group of English soldiers and English women welfare workers. He pointed out where the stained glass windows had been removed and plain glass substituted saying: "The wonderful windows were taken out during the war as a bomb could destroy in a few moments a work of art that took years to make." I wanted to ask, "What about Rheims?" Cologne dates back to 38 B. C. and was founded by the Romans.

We called on the head of the English press who was most cordial, but said: "Why, there is absolutely nothing doing here, dontcher know. It is so very quiet. All the correspondents have left in disgust. Oh, no, we've had no

trouble to speak of. Well, I think the men with families will be glad to go home, but the others seem not to mind staying." The English Tommies have what they call a Rhine Army Dramatic Club. "I don't know much about it, you know," admitted the head of their press, frankly. "They have given some Shaw plays — I suppose it is like those things usually are." The streets of Cologne fairly swarmed with English soldiers and officers. At the English officers' club we found women are not admitted after tea-time, 5 o'clock, and it was too much trouble to hunt up the English press officer, who had directed us there, for special permission, so we started back to Coblenz at six o'clock convinced that the English forces were just having a nice quiet time at Cologne.

Thursday morning we motored to Mayence (you must pronounce it "My-ahnss" now) which is the headquarters of the French Army in Germany and where 75,000 to 150,000 soldiers of France will guard the Rhine bridgehead, until the peace terms are met. It was after ten o'clock that morning, following an interesting visit to the general headquarters, where I met

officials of the American army and saw the long waiting lines at the passport offices, that we left Coblenz. In the party besides Lieut. Jobes and the young Frenchwoman who accompanied me, were Capt. Bertrand, French intelligence officer stationed at Coblenz and his mother, Mme Vigne of Paris, who was on her way to the south of France. It was through Capt. Bertrand that we had obtained passports to enter the French zone of occupation for we had to have the official permit to go there as well as the English passport to Cologne. Capt. Bertrand wore several crosses of war and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He had lost one eye and had a deep scar in his face from wounds. This intrepid little Frenchman knew the name and history of every castle on the Rhine and was a veritable guide book of information.

As we motored along he pointed out on opposite promontories the two medieval castles, the Cat and the Mouse. The Mouse was the castle of the Archbishop von Falkenstein and was socalled derisively by the Counts of Katzenelnbogen in contradistinction to their "Cat."

Past the fortress of Rheinfels and then through Bacharach. The French captain related Bacharach's claim to fame. Its wine is so noted that, so the story goes, Archbishop Williges of Mayence sold the city of Nuremburg for a single cask of it. It is this same Archbishop of Mayence who, on being ridiculed on account of his humble origin as the son of a blacksmith, chose the wheel for his coat of arms and later it was taken as the design for the seal of the city of Mayence. We passed the Mouse Tower, the Lorelei Rock and then through Bingen into the fertile Rhinegau.

Mayence was alive with French poilus and we had luncheon at the French Cercle des Officiers. Red Fez capped Colonial troops added to the colorful picture in the courtyard.

The American Army car took us to Worms, a large and thriving city where we bought plums in the market place. Some of the streets were only wide enough for the car to get through. At Worms we took the train for Strasbourg to see the redeemed Alsace.

And how did I find our boys in Germany is the question you want to ask? They are splen-

did. I have seen the contented and the discontented ones — the grave and the merry ones. The chap who hasn't heard from home for three months naturally wants to get back. I've had officers tell me they regret to leave and others, like the man yesterday who said he was the oldest inhabitant on the Rhine, having been there since the armistice, the very thought of going home made his eyes sparkle. But I gathered that the most of them, though living in a storied land, are building new castles on the Rhine — air castles of home — so keep the home fires burning for them.

CHAPTER X

WITH THE FIGHTING FIRST

Aug. 3.

THEY call it "The Fighting First."

It was the first American division to get overseas, the first to get into the fight and it is going to be the last division to get home.

The Commander in Chief has noted in this division "a special pride of service and a high morale, never broken by hardship or battle."

But fighting from the first to the last and sticking it out to the finish is not all the First did overseas. It put on a circus with three hundred performers and a real, live, elephant from Hagenbaeck's, twenty big acts and a wild west show, closing its series of three request performances tonight in Cologne before the British Army of Occupation; it has written and produced the cleverest musical comedy of the year, "A. W. O. L.," which any soldier will tell you means "Absent Without Leave" and it publishes a scintillating newspaper at Monte-

baur called "The Bridgehead Sentinel." Incidentally one hundred and eleven members of this division were cited by Maj. Gen. E. F. McGlachlin this very past week for some act of bravery or service performed during the war!

Do you wonder that it is a distinction to belong to The Fighting First?

I sat in the office of its chief of staff, Col. Guy S. Fuqua, at Neuwied, a few miles out of Coblenz the other morning at the psychological moment when The First received its orders home. "The biggest piece of news I have today," said the Colonel to me, "is that the First leaves for home on Aug. 15." And the Bridgehead Sentinel issued an "extra" to that effect a few hours later. All of the American regiments did nobly, but the record of the First overseas is such a splendid one that every American must thrill with pride at the mention of it.

It was Major Chas. S. Coulter, head of the intelligence section, whom I coaxed to tell me a little about the First division. It is much easier to get Major Coulter to talk about the

First division than about how he won the seven stars on his service ribbon, five gold stars which stand for battles, major engagements, and two silver stars for citations. He was the first American intelligence officer in the French lines and was trained by the French. He has the distinction of having been on duty in front of division headquarters, on duty at the battle front, longer than any other American officer.

No more magnificent tribute could be paid to the American soldier than that of Major Coulter at luncheon that noon when we were his guests at the First division mess at the headquarters.

"There is nothing better on earth than the American soldier," he said. "I've seen him go into battle. He is wonderful. My men never stopped for anything. My scouts never knew fear. I have had a messenger come to me and ask for a certain officer. 'You will find him right down that road,' I'd tell him. 'But I can't find him,' the messenger would say for the hail of bullets was thick on that road. Instantly one of my men would volunteer. 'I'll find him, sir.' And he always did. No, my

scouts didn't hang around listening posts. I know that is what you folks at home think a scout does. A listening post isn't necessarily a dangerous place. My scouts got into the front German trenches. The Germans learned very soon not to keep many men in their front trenches for they were too exposed."

He told quite simply of a raid one night when he had his men stationed at the two strong points with automatic rifles. The attack had been carried out just as he had foretold it. At one of these strong points was Sergt. W. B. Norton. The Boche came down the trench calling "American dogs, come out." The Sergeant's 45 sent three bullets and when they found that Boche all three were in his heart within a circle of a half-inch diameter. Sergt. Norton got the first D. S. C. out of it. Major Coulter related exploits of the two Lieutenants Green, known as Dark Green and Light Green to distinguish them. He liked to talk of Sergeant Pat Walsh, too, who got a D. S. C. out of that fight. "He is an old regular army man, Sergeant Walsh is. He has the Croix de Guerre," he said, "wears about fourteen rib-

bons—he is the most decorated man in the A. E. F. now. He's a fine fellow, Walsh. He was our color sergeant—all man and pure gold. It is the American doughboy who deserves the great credit for the victory," the major emphasized. "He went in unquestioningly at all times. I have heard men joke going into an attack when they knew most of them would be carried off. Their courage is sublime."

I listened to many interesting stories about the First, some unpublished stories, too. The First division was organized by a special telegram from the war department on May 31, 1917, which designated the 16th, the 18th, the 26th and the 28th infantry as the First division and the first expedition. The First included five regiments of Marines and a base hospital corps, the Johns Hopkins unit assembled in Baltimore. For three weeks the government had been trying to assemble a base hospital unit but could not get it together. In just twenty-four hours the Johns Hopkins unit was assembled and on its way. The four infantry regiments had been on the Mexican border and

they were ordered east, shipped at Hoboken and landed at St. Nazaire.

En route east many men had tossed bits of army bread, on which they had written their addresses, out of the windows. There was Pvt. Simpson now. The censor officer only had to read one of his letters to sixteen different girls and he could stamp "censored" on all the rest. They were identical. There are other incidents concerning the secrecy of that expedition that they tell now. One battalion of the 18th infantry was detained at a New York station, and when they marched to the docks, someone gave the order for the musicians to uncase their instruments. They started down the street to the tune of "The Gang's All Here." The tune was changed to "Happy Heinie" and they got in a few bars of "Die Wacht am Rhine" as they went through lines of 10,000 cheering people. But the story was not used by the New York papers. The First sailed officially June 14, but it was to sail June 9 or 10. As the transports lay in the harbor excursion boats ran around them and there seemed but little secrecy about the farewells.

Not a single vessel was lost. Only one had had a close call on the voyage. The old Prince Eitel Frederick, re-named the "DeKalb" escaped five torpedoes. It had the closest call of any ship of the expedition.

The division debarked June 26 at St. Nazaire Camp No. 1, where they left July 1 and started the first training area at Gondrecourt in the Province of the Meuse. Their first sector was the Sommervilliers sector and they went in with the 66th and the 77th trench infantry. They went in by battalions first, for ten days' training. The trenches there were from 800 to 1,000 meters apart. This was a quiet sector, though they had one raid on the 16th infantry, in which company F had three men killed and eleven captured. This was the first raid on Americans in which casualties were suffered.

The division during the winter had gone into training in open warfare in case the Boches should fight out of the trenches. And this training was harder than any attack. They lived in old shelters where the snow and rain would come in at night. In January the French called upon them to relieve them at the Ansonville

sector. It was taken over by the First infantry brigade under Gen. Geo. B. Duncan, the 16th infantry under Col. John L. Hynes, later made general, and the 18th infantry under Col. Frank Parker, later commander of the First division and now commander of the First infantry brigade. This was a quiet sector. The First put over several raids in March, 1918, with four officers and seventy men. The Germans put a raid over of four officers and 240 men on the morning of March 1. Only eight Germans got past the front lines, five of whom were killed and the rest captured. But forty yards separated the trenches of the Germans and the Americans. From there the First went to the Montdidier front. They won glory in the battle of Cantigny, at Soissons, in the second battle of the Marne, at St. Mihiel, in the Argonne and Meuse and were in the finish at Sedan.

Then they came on to the Coblenz bridgehead as a part of the Army of Occupation, where they are now holding the bridgehead proper and a radius of thirty kilometers from the Rhine.

"In coming across Luxembourg into Germany the First division had a wonderful time," Maj. Coulter recalled. It was Nov. 21 when it started its overland march to Germany. He, with Capt. L. E. E. Marechaux, on horseback, rode at the head of the column. "Through Luxembourg they didn't notice me," Maj. Coulter laughed, "but they ran out and kissed Marechaux, brought him flowers, held up their children to be kissed, and invited him to have coffee. I was an interested spectator. They paid no more attention to me than if I had not been there. That held until we got to the town of Esch where there was a great reception. Large crowds had gathered and they called on Gen. Frank Parker, commander of the division, who talked to them in French. The flowers completely filled an auto. The general was obliged to make a second speech at an overflow meeting. A band played the Luxembourg air seventeen times and when it struck up the "Stars and Stripes Forever" they wondered why we didn't salute.

"The next day the 18th infantry marched through the city of Luxembourg. Our arms

were filled with flowers. Why, when the horse of one of our officers bucked none of us could help him, we had our arms so full of flowers. We rested eight days in and around Grevenmacher where they gave dances and entertained us wonderfully.

"It was December 1 when we started the march to Coblenz, and reached here December 12. The whole division was billeted at Coblenz. The 18th infantry at the head of the first brigade and the 28th infantry heading the second brigade, crossed the Rhine on the morning of December 13. The 18th infantry were the first American troops to cross the Rhine. The time was set for seven o'clock but all our watches were three minutes fast." The major's eyes seemed to twinkle as he remarked that it was queer their watches should *all* be three minutes fast. The 18th was his regiment. They had a two days' march to their station on the bridgehead. The women of Barnbach and Ransbach he said came out with coffee and served our troops as they went through. They couldn't understand the Germans across the Rhine doing it. The Second and Third divisions have

been with the First division in the area holding the banks of the Rhine at Coblenz.

Maj. Coulter apologized for having to leave us but he had to get out the "extra" announcing the date of the departure of the division. He is editor in chief of the Bridgehead Sentinel and boasts that he is the only editor whose composing room is thirty kilometers from his office. He was formerly connected with the Providence, R. I., *Journal.* He has led men into some of the hottest engagements the division has seen and from lieutenants I learned he was one of its best-loved officers.

Now it must mean something to keep a bunch of fellows as full of pep as that First from getting lonely when they have no battles to look forward to, so I asked Capt. R. W. Corrigan, the entertainment officer of the division, how he did it. I knew they drilled in the mornings and had athletics, ball games and sports in the afternoons, as is the program for the entire army on the Rhine, but what about the evenings? He told me they had twenty-three motion picture theaters in the 52 towns. They also have several fine vaudeville teams.

The Cantigny Players, named after the first important village captured by the division on May 28, 1918, the first big American victory, put on a successful show July 4 and are rehearsing again for vaudeville. It has a cast of twenty. But the real First division show is "A. W. O. L.," which means "Gone but not Forgotten." It was written by Musician Robert Faulkner of the First engineers and is a musical production. Of course the division circus is the "Biggest in Europe," their display advertisement in the Cologne Post, the organ of the British army, assured me, and with twenty big acts and forty clowns and a live menagerie, a concert and a side show it ought to be. Col. Hervey, commander of the First ammunition train, is director of the circus, and its three-day performances this week must have made the English Tommies open their eyes. Unfortunately the circus was not on when I was in Cologne, but I accepted an invitation to attend the division play "A. W. O. L." and we went to Andernach Wednesday night to see it. Andernach is about an hour's motor trip along the Rhine from Coblenz, and the big tent, for-

merly a hangar, was filled with American soldier boys when the curtain went up.

"A. W. O. L." is a remarkably clever show. It has more good laughs than anything produced in a year. Its fun is clean and crisp and new and its music is tuneful. Its chorus is a wonder. Of course it is all First division men, but you wouldn't guess it were it not for the husky, contralto voices. The cute little one with the blond bobbed hair on the end at the left kept the front rows in an uproar with her flirtatious wiles. They sympathized audibly with the Red Cross nurse, with a heavy basso sob in her voice, when she caught her lieutenant husband comforting a weeping French girl. The plot is woven about a doughboy who is absent without leave and is joined in the adventure by an English Tommy. The doughboy's lieutenant takes the same train to elope with the Red Cross nurse.

Opening in Coblenz, the scene rapidly changes to a French village. It has plenty of good U. S. slang in it which gets across without an effort and a number of catchy songs, one about home and mother having a special ap-

peal. The doughboy manages to get himself hopelessly entangled in a couple of heart affairs and then a French poilu and the English Tommy come to his rescue, which is as it should be, and does more than anything else to make you understand the good feeling that is growing up between them there on the Rhine. The arrogant young lieutenant didn't get much sympathy from the spectators around me—there was a served-him-right tone to their grunts of approval when he "got his." Of course it ends happily with a burst of melody. Briefly speaking, "A. W. O. L." is one of those shows you cannot afford to miss. It is made up of good comedy, good music and good soldiers.

So this is what I learned about the First division. They have not been Fighting the Battle of Paris, which is the way they speak over here of the chap who got himself to the Capital during the war when there was work at the front. They have been where bullets were thickest. They are led by a group of splendid officers. That can be said of all our divisions that were over here, but probably none has had so many brilliant, talented, re-

sourceful men, who inspired those with them with the highest courage and zeal for their division. Furthermore they are all rooters for the First. And this First can play just as hard as it can fight.

For they are all Good Soldiers.

CHAPTER XI

IN ALSACE-LORRAINE

Aug. 3.

"HOW did you get to go to Coblenz?" is the question I answer most since my return. Getting to Coblenz these days is not as easy as it sounds. I had appealed to scores of people, powerful and near-powerful, only to meet a polite "Well, I don't know how you could." It was Conger Reynolds, managing editor of the Paris Edition of the Chicago *Tribune,* whom I approached when ready to give up, who electrified me by asking, "When do you want to go?" His letter of introduction to Colonel Moreno, head of the G 2 of the A. E. F. in Paris, brought out the same direct question, and with gratifying American speed, arrangements were made for passports. The head of the press section at Coblenz was wired to meet us. Through the courtesy of my government I was taken over the American area of occupation and obtained passports that permitted me

to go into the Rhine zone of the French and British armies, at this time a rare privilege. Mr. Reynolds is from Des Moines and this Middle West spirit of "help one another" is one of the joys I have encountered. I met it again on the platform of the Paris depot the morning I left when I was once more devoutly grateful.

Obtaining official passports and making train reservations for Coblenz a week ahead isn't all you have to do, besides packing your grip and arising at 5 o'clock in the morning to catch a 7:50 train. You also have to purchase your ticket and get into the train, and an hour does not give you any too much time for that. I don't know why buying a ticket in a French railway station should be such a complicated proceeding, but it is. After producing your passport you struggle through wads of red tape. You may get into a long queue line that straggles out into the center of the huge, barn-like waiting room, and when your turn finally arrives at the ticket window, be sent to another, as we were. Finding your train is the next problem. At the A. E. F. headquarters I had

been told I was to leave Paris at 7:50 A.M. and arrive in Coblenz at 8 o'clock that night. No change. Very simple. At the depot no one had ever heard of such a train! We located a train to Metz, but where it went after that no one knew. Whether it met any train that might be wandering to Coblenz was equally problematical. I had sent the young Frenchwoman back to ask another official and I stood on the platform guarding the baggage and having an argument with a uniformed trainman, who was waving his hands in excited French from a coupe window. It was a monologue rather than an argument. He was telling me for the sixth time that that train went to Metz. This has been considerable of a war over here and the trains on this road have been back in service for such a short time no one claims to be familiar with their vagaries. I had just assembled in my best French the question, "Is there no through train to Coblenz that arrives there about 8 o'clock," when a nice mid-western voice at my elbow asked—"Could I help you?" There stood two American officers. They ascertained there was no other train at that hour.

"We are going there ourselves—you have to wait two hours at Metz, and you will be lucky if you get to Coblenz by 11 o'clock," the senior officer said.

"Where are you from?"—the usual question.

"From Michigan, Battle Creek—and you?"

"Davenport, Iowa."

"Davenport? You don't happen to know Al O'Hern, do you? What—he's manager of one of the papers you represent! Used to be sporting editor when I knew him. I have played ball out there. Say, what coach are you in?"

He was Captain Fountain and with him was Lieutenant Darrell of North Carolina. They found places in the same compartment and that is how we happened to have a special guard of the American Army all the way.

Into this coupe there came a tall, distinguished French general with keen, smiling eyes and a high-bred face. We knew he was a general from the stars on his sleeve, but we did not learn his name. The French general gradually entered into the conversation. He said there would be another war between France and Germany before twenty years—"Avant vingt ans."

In his opinion the Germans were not beaten. In answer to the question would it have been better had the peace been signed in Berlin instead of Versailles, he replied that the Germans might then have recognized their defeat. He believed America should keep a large standing army over here. "The Americans do not realize what the Germans are," he said. "But the Germans have no army," someone remarked. "They have many children growing up," was his reply. "It would take a year to get American soldiers over again, and in the meantime the French would bear the brunt of the first attacks." I have heard this prediction many times recently, only it was startling from such a high source. They only differ in the time. Many French people seem to feel that Germany is not overpowered, and that France should have had more at the Treaty table from Germany for all she suffered through the war.

At Metz

Two hours in Metz, which is Lorraine, you know, gave us a glimpse of the city where the French were welcomed so enthusiastically on

their entry last November, after the signing of the Armistice. Marshal Foch and Marshal Petain headed the troops into Metz, and it was a glorious day for the city. They went in with bands playing and colors flying. The immense statue of Frederick III was dragged from its oblong pedestal at the head of the principal street, and for a long time the figure was left lying prone on the pavement beside the empty base. We went to the big Cathedral to see the statue with its chained hands. On one of the marble figures of the prophets set into niches at the outer portal, the former kaiser's face had been placed. The French did not remove the statue — they simply handcuffed it. The statue of the kaiser in the Park was removed and that of a French poilu is in its place. On the Parade grounds were groups of the Alpine regiment stationed there — the wonderful Blue Devils. We saw a few business houses closed — evidently German sympathizers. Metz is today wholly French. Tea in a quaint, wall-enclosed cafe was very French in its atmosphere as well as in the cakes.

On the way from Metz to Coblenz a young

French soldier in the coupe told us he had been in Metz when the statue of Frederick III had been dragged from its pedestal. We passed through the town of Thionville which has two names, Diedenhofen being its German cognomen. At Sierck we reached the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine where the customs officer came through. Then we traversed the Saar basin, the valuable coal country of which you have read in the Peace Treaty. The French are to control this for the next fifteen years.

In Strasbourg

En route back from Germany we stopped at Strasbourg. Strasbourg is the principal city of Alsace, and the war freed it after fifty years of German rule, so the pilgrimage to Strasbourg is one that few travelers to the war zone will want to forego. It is one of the bright spots along what will be known as the Sacred Way. En route to Strasbourg from Worms we passed through Ludwigshafen, and just by way of reminder, passed the huge plants of the greatest chemical works in Germany, which during the war, was used as a gas factory.

After some difficulty in finding a hotel, as Strasbourg was very crowded, we, after dinner, went to an Alsatian Kermesse. The Kermesse is an institution of its own, resembling, more than anything else, our county fair. It was held in a beautiful park called the Orangerie. It has a fine orangerie and a kiosk once belonging to King Louis II of Bavaria. You remember every musical show for years used to have a Kermesse somewhere in its scenes, but the real thing here in Strasbourg is even more picturesque. There were the most wonderful swings and merry-go-rounds. On the brilliantly illuminated grounds one mechanical swing arrangement was fascinating. The couples were seated in boats which swung in mid-air from ropes. A French poilu at one end and an Alsatian girl, in a bright red skirt with a black velvet bodice and a huge black head bow, was always at the other end of the skiff. They would work up to dizzying heights to blaring music and under a blaze of lights. But the real fun of the Kermesse is the dance. On a large open-air platform they waited in line, in the center of the floor, hundreds of dancing

couples, for the music to begin. It cost a franc to dance ten dances, and no one would think of waiting in the side lines until the music started, for no note was to be missed. The girls in the Alsatian costumes and the girls in the white fichu-collared Lorraine frock with the white frilled hat were the dominant note. Often two French soldiers danced together solemnly; sometimes two girls; again middle-aged women, or men and women in the sunset of life, and then again little children. It was just a big family dance. And the music? An American fox-trot. Imagine all that quaint scene to the tune of an American fox-trot. A few did have the step and for others, just a dizzying circular whirl answered the same purpose, and everyone was happy. Girls and women in Alsatian costumes presided at the refreshment and post-card stands about the grounds and everywhere the French poilu was the life of the picture.

The next morning we had several interesting hours in Strasbourg, visiting the great Cathedral with its harmonious interior effects. The stores in Strasbourg display, for the most part, French signs, while a few still use both Ger-

man and French as the one that had "Kaffee —Salon."

Approaching pedestrians to ask directions, we used French first, then German, and often could get no response, because many of the people know only their Alsatian dialect which differs from either. At times even our money would not talk, for they refuse to take German marks here and gave me back in change Strasbourg money, which was valueless outside of that city. When I tried to use Coblenz money in Cologne I had it refused. The various cities during the war issued small paper currency good only in their own city, and most confusing to the tourist, so it takes some frenzied finance to keep from having a collection of souvenir money on hand in traveling about. Bank of France currency was the only kind that was accepted everywhere.

Leaving Strasbourg at ten in the morning, with its picturesquely-garbed women on every street—I got the dearest old fat lady, sitting on a bench in a tree-shaded square on the river bank with an enormous black-bow head-dress, to pose benignly for my kodak—we had the all-

day trip to Paris. We passed through Luneville where old men were stood up and shot in the streets when the Germans went through, and into Nancy which had seen many air raids.

It was at the station at Chalons sur Marne that I spied a car of coal marked "U. S. A.," and I gave a squeal of delight. "Oh, there's a car of coal from home." You don't understand how friendly you can feel towards just a little old U. S. coal car on a siding, when in the diner back of you the black-frocked and capped French waitress is pulling corks with machine-gun rapidity, and home is just about 4,000 miles away.

CHAPTER XII

HEARING EGYPT'S CAUSE

PARIS, Aug. 5.

IT IS a far cry from the banks of the Rhine to the banks of the Nile.

Returning to Paris last Friday night from Coblenz and the bridgeheads with the Allied Armies, I remembered having accepted the invitation of the president and the members of the Delegation Egyptienne for "Dejéuner" Saturday noon at the Hotel Claridge. Why the Egyptian delegation should ask me to be their guest was as much of a mystery to me as it is to you. So curiosity, that same quality supposed to have once been so disastrous to a cat, decided me to go. American correspondents are very popular at this time in Paris, especially with the nations who feel they have not had justice at the peace table, and they are anxious to reach the American people through the great American ear, its press. So much of Italy's cause and Fiume, of Bulgaria and

Greece and Thrace has been printed that it had not occurred to me that Egypt might have a cause. But it has and a good one. And it is well for those of us who live on the farther side of the Atlantic to know something of the problems of our neighbors on the Nile, in the shadow of the pyramids.

Now, I suppose you are wondering whether they were all in trailing, white-silk kimono robes, with turban headdresses and heelless white sandals. They were not. The formal reception line in the foyer of the Claridge, that beautiful hotel on the Champs Elysées, was a group of men in correct American business suits, and I was led to a reception room where the president of the delegation, Zegloul Pasha, looking like the up-to-date president of any American Commercial club, instead of an Egyptian Prince, was greeting the guests.

The company included about ten women with 120 men, the Egyptian delegation numbering thirty-five. Their guests were leading French statesmen, together with members of the foreign press. On my left at the big hollow square table with its center trail of roses, sat an Egyp-

tian Bey. But as our French did not match up well we did not get much farther than the weather. At his left was Mrs. Herbert Adams Gibbons, special writer for Century's. The place card of the man at my right read Mohammed Mahoud Pasha and he spoke English as well as you. He made the only English speech on the toast program and it was a convincing one. He told me Egypt had been badly used at the Peace Table. It seems Egypt linked her fortunes immediately with the Allied cause and gave her soldiers and her money. It was the understanding that she should have independence, her goal for centuries. But when the time came Egypt was not allowed to send a representative to the Peace Congress and she is compelled now to remain under the protectorate of England.

"It isn't right," said this enthusiastic patriot Pasha. "President Wilson promised so much and then did nothing for us. Egypt is entitled to her independence. France suffered so much, she should have had more, too." I asked "What would you suggest should be done about it now?" "Tear up that Treaty of Peace and

make another in which the small nations will have justice," was his rejoinder. "And send our President over here again for four months," I exclaimed. "Send another President," was his laconic answer.

A few culled remarks from his speech that sent that company into cheers, are enlightening:

"'As the Lord liveth,' Lloyd George had said, 'we wanted not one yard of Germany.' Not less then did we believe England wanted anything of the Allied state. We fought side by side with Great Britain and her Allies during five terrible years. We never sided with one nation over another. But we sided with Democracy against Autocracy, with principles based on Right against fiats based on Might. All we desired was the restoration of our national right of Independence. We saw a bright future in the intervention of America, in American principles as out-spoken by President Wilson. Our conclusion from his fourteen points was that there would be justice to all people and nationalities, and that they would have the right to live their lives in safety, whether strong or weak. But these principles have not been applied.

"Egypt was not allowed to send representatives to the Peace Congress. Egypt that has had autonomy since 1841, has been reduced to a position far less than that she held in the last century. In vain her delegation protested against condemning thirteen millions of people unheard. We know President Wilson is very busy just now. But Egypt wants Liberty and progressive reforms, she wants the popular form of Democratic government.

"We are perfectly willing to give England all safeguards on her route to the East, provided these interests in no way violate the sovereignty of the Egyptian people. But to hold down a country that has contributed so much to civilization can never be popular with the thinking people of France, England and America. We depend upon your support and sympathy. Egypt will never accept anything less than her Independence."

Doesn't that sound like 1776 from the Hudson, rather than 1919 from the Nile?

The president of the delegation made a stirring address in which he touched on the high character of the Egyptian, his broad culture,

his position socially and in politics. His closing "Vive Egypte Nationale" brought everyone to their feet. The distinguished French statesman, Anatole France, made a ringing speech for Egypt's cause.

But it was left to an American journalist to receive the high tide of ovations. Herbert Adams Gibbons, a dean of the correspondents in the Allied cause, connected with the *New York Herald* and *Century's,* made a remarkable speech in French. Convinced that Egypt is entitled to her freedom he touched the heart strings of the delegation and thrilled the big assemblage with his appeal that concluded with the toast "Egypt independent and mistress of her own destinies."

The flashlight and camera men did poor team work, so the picture of the scene failed to take. Thus I lost my one opportunity of being photographed with a Pasha, for the president of the delegation, stepping between Mrs. Gibbons and myself, had announced he would be taken with "the American ladies." And the photographer, being French, had brought but one plate.

But Egypt is not the only small nation strug-

gling for her freedom. My morning coffee often gets cold while I pore over long French communications from the Bureau d'Information Coreen. Ten typewritten pages the other day told me of the cause of Korea. It is said that "both Russia and Japan have been eyeing each other across Korea, each waiting for an opportunity to snatch her." I believe there is already much sympathy in the American press for unfortunate Korea whose people are longing passionately for liberty and peace and look to America to help them attain their ideal.

After all it is a good sign, this awakening of the national consciousness among the small nations of the globe, and of those a half a world away from us. Wasn't it Ward of the University of Wisconsin who wrote:

"Men look to the East for the dawning things,
For the light of a rising sun,
But they look to the West, the crimson West
For the things that are done, are done."

The Great War created new standards, among them the recognition of the rights of the small nations, even the least of these. And

here in Paris they appeal for the sympathy and understanding of New World. They are supplicating to us from the Far East, from the cradle of our civilization. And it has been written "In the West, the crimson West, the dreams of the East come true." What are we going to do about it?

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN OUR JACK TAR CAME TO PAREE

PARIS, Aug. 6.

"WHERE is our wandering sailor boy to-night?"

"Well, just about now," chuckles Father, laying down his evening paper and consulting the wall calendar, "Hum, just about now, he is in Paris—lucky kid!"

"You don't suppose," and Mother's wistful sigh has a frightened catch, as her knitting needles hesitate in their click, "You don't suppose—he could be in any danger? Paris is so big and I've heard it is so gay and there are so many temptations—and Billie's so young—and he's seen so little of the world——"

Forty thousand American mothers are looking anxiously Parisward these days, with the same nameless fear in their hearts.

That is why I went out to learn something of the plans for caring for and looking after the forty thousand seamen from the U. S. trans-

ports, who are each given five days' leave to come to Paris, before returning home to be mustered out. Many of these men enlisted and were stationed at the Great Lakes Training Station in Chicago before being placed in the transport service.

The background is this: The men of the cruisers and battleships have been on leave heretofore, but the men on the transports and supply ships have not been off duty since the war began, serving constantly without intermission, bringing troops over and getting them back home. They have seen nothing of the beautiful land of France, for the ports where they docked are not typical of the country. These lads would leave the service with no appreciation of France and possibly take back a wrong impression of the French people, were it not for the plan of our government and our navy to give them a vacation trip to Paris.

So beginning July 15 and continuing until Aug. 30 the U. S. Jackies are arriving in Paris at the rate of from 1,000 to 1,200 a day. Each ship's crew is given five days' leave, both officers and men, which gives them three full days

in Paris, besides the journey across France from Brest.

"I think that is the most wonderful idea of your government," said my French cousin, Cecile, to me the other day, when she admired a group of our trim American Jackies on the Champs Elysées, and I was telling her about it. "No one thought of doing anything like that for our French soldiers. They only saw the districts in which they fought. Think what your boys will see and what an education it will be for them!"

The tremendous problem of housing and caring for these sailors in Paris confronted the navy. The Champs du Mars barracks and canteen, conducted by the Red Cross, for the housing of the personnel of the army and navy in Paris, was slated to be closed July 15, when the Red Cross demobilized. The navy appealed to the Paris Y. M. C. A., and the Y. immediately jumped into the breach, took over the Champs du Mars barracks, which accommodates 1,500 men, and began operations on July 15 without a break in the service.

Arrangements for the transfer of the bar-

racks from the Red Cross to the navy were handled by Lieut. C. H. Husted, naval assistant provost marshal in the Paris district. M. H. Bickham, regional director of the Paris Y., who conducted its negotiations, had the interests of the sailor lads particularly at heart, having been head of the Y. at the Great Lakes training station before coming overseas. James G. Connor, director of train service and information department of the Paris Y., was installed as director of the Champs du Mars, which will be operated until the navy leave closes on August 30. Admiral Long is commander of the U. S. naval forces in Paris and Commander Lawther has charge of this phase of the work.

It includes, in addition to the Champs du Mars barracks, the keeping open of three Y. hotels, a theater and a sightseeing department of twelve autos, together with tours to the fronts, to give the navy boys a chance to see the city and its environs.

So when your Jackie arrives in Paris, don't imagine him standing helpless and confused in the great seething depots. He is hardly out of the railway carriage door, before he is grabbed

by a Y. man, shooed to one of the big army trucks in waiting and whirled through the streets to the Champs du Mars barracks. This is right under the nose of the big Eiffel Tower, in the most picturesque part of the city.

I stood within the tented walls of the Champs du Mars the other morning when a delegation of six hundred blue-clad sailor lads from Brest filed in. I talked with a number of them, clean-looking, fresh-cheeked American boys, who wore their jaunty caps at a dashing angle and with a salt-tar air. One told me he had been in the navy a year and a half. "Yes, this is the first time I have gotten to Paris," he said and his eyes sparkled in anticipation of the great treat.

In a double row of twenty tents, back of the main barracks, the boys are lodged for one franc a night. The long rows of cots had smooth clean white sheets and everything was neat and in order. This barracks boasts of the only shower baths in Paris. In the long mess hall I caught sight of a bouquet of field flowers stuck into a fruit jar, making a colorful table adornment. At the farther end was a canteen

where a good lunch was to be had for fifty centimes. I got in line for an ice cream cone at the canteen and it was real American ice cream.

In the big reading and lounging room of the barracks soldiers and sailors were reading and talking. In an outer tented room, a steady stream of Jack Tars was lined up, enroute to the registration desk. Lieut. Husted, naval patrol officer, constitutes himself an information rather than a police department, and is enthusiastic that the navy boys should have the time of their lives. Miss Van Dyke has charge of arranging a series of social affairs between the American forces and the French people.

His three days in Paris, if Jackie desires, may run on this schedule: First day, sightseeing tour of Paris in big army trucks with special guide to the galleries, museums, and places of historic interest. Second day to Chateau Thierry, Rheims, over battlefields. Third day, Versailles, palace and gardens.

Of course there are other trips conducted by the Y. that he may take: To Fountainbleau, the home of the French kings; to la Malmaison, chateau and grounds, the former home of Na-

poleon and Josephine; to Chantilly, the chateau of the Conde, with its museum and art treasures, and the boat trip on the Seine. There is a Hugo's "Les Miserables" trip, covering points mentioned in the book, and another trip to the Gobelin tapestry works, the famous 300 years old state factory. A trip to the Paris sewers is of special interest to engineers. A Sevres pottery trip goes to the famous state pottery factory and museum of Ceramics and one few miss is to the Catacombs of Paris. From Jan. 18 to July 5 the Paris Y. handled almost 700,000 men and officers on sightseeing trips. At one time they ran 21 cars on motor trips in Paris alone and had 117 guides. There are still fifty guides in the service.

Then if your Sailor Boy has an evening left of his precious three days, he can go to the Albert Premiere theater, a most delightful and artistic place, where good shows, movies and vaudeville are put on nightly expressly for him. The theater has a seating capacity of 500. This is the only one of the three theaters, operated by the Paris Y., that is still open. The Champs Elysées theater, the largest of these, and seating

4,000, closed a few weeks ago. Its rental was $50,000 for the three months' season and afterward $300 a night. No soldier nor sailor paid admission. His uniform was his pass. These Y. theaters have been, on special occasions, given over to the K. of C.'s and the Jewish Welfare Board for entertainments.

From the Champs du Mars I was taken on an inspection tour of the three hotels still operated by the Paris Y. and where the overflow of sailor lads is cared for. We lunched at the Garden, which probably is better known than any other Y. place, excepting the general foyer, to every American with the colors who got to Paris. The Garden, as its name implies, is an outdoor canteen, where you take your cafeteria tray and sit at small tables in the garden, under big, old trees, and enjoy a real American meal, with a heaping soupdish full of ice cream at the finish.

The history of this war will never be complete until someone composes an epic to the American ice cream abroad, vast amounts of which were consumed over here by our Army and Navy, and how much it had to do with the

ultimate victory. Someone with a keen knowledge of psychology discovered that a lad could not be actually unhappy and eat ice cream at one and the same time. Next to letters from home, ice cream was the chief panacea for homesickness and the champion consoler.

And had the Paris Y. done nothing else than rush special mechanical freezers across the ocean, and opened its own ice cream plant, with a capacity of 2,000 gallons a day, it would have rendered an incalculable service to humanity. I was even allowed here to stand in awe before the only ice cream soda fountain in Paris, probably in Europe, brought all the way from the States, but there were too many in line ahead to wait to be served.

But I am digressing from the Garden itself, where J. H. Strawbridge, the general secretary, with a force of thirty operates the quaint, high-walled-in garden and its hotel. The hotel accommodates 150 men and it has a "mother's corner," where a kindly, smiling, American woman sews on buttons and listens to troubles with an open heart and a sympathetic word. Twelve hundred soldiers and sailors are fed

daily in this canteen and its lemonade and post-card stand has a record of 2,300 individual sales in one day. Its big lounging rooms are attractive and its secretary may often be found standing over a chap at a desk, who has a puzzled, faraway look in his eyes, and murmuring to him: "It is spelled L-O-V-E, Boy."

From there we went to the Hotel Rochester, which since opening on Dec. 1, has accommodated 75,000 men. It is located in a modern building and has rooms for 400. In June its cafeteria served 11,806 men at an average cost to the men of one franc, 41 centimes, not quite 30 cents. This is noteworthy considering the high price of food today in Paris.

"We try to break even on the cost of food," said the manager, W. A. White. "The men get lodging for two francs a night, a cot with fresh linen, towels, soap and plenty of hot water." Here the soldiers and sailors may also get their money changed and are given any service required. All of the soldier theatrical talent has been billeted at the Rochester. One company of 154 men, the cast of the 88th division show, "Who Can Tell," was quartered

here while their performance was running at the Champs Elysées theater. The hotel has an American staff of fourteen, augmented by nineteen French help. They say it is some problem to get them to work harmoniously together. It operates also a dry canteen and a large check room.

The Hotel Pavillon is the largest of the three hotels now operated by the Paris Y., accommodating 500, of whom 60% are now sailors. It has excellent rooms for three francs a night. Titus K. Witwer of Philadelphia is its director, a splendid type of Y. secretary, earnest, enthusiastic and approachable. He tells a story of the Frenchwoman who came to him recently and asked him to find a husband for her daughter. "But, Madame," he protested, "I am running a Y. hotel not a matrimonial bureau." She was insistent — she wanted her daughter to marry an American soldier and felt he was just the person to choose the right kind.

General Pershing visited the Hotel Pavillon, as did Mrs. Wilson while she was in Paris. It has a large assembly room with a stage for entertainments and dances. There is vaudeville,

also movies nightly, with frequent matinees, and Monday is dance night. There is a billiard room, a big double dining room, a wonderfully clean, modern equipped kitchen with big pantries, wet and dry canteens, shoe shine chairs and a barber shop. In a sunny library with writing tables is its "mother's corner" where a boy gets advice and mending and sympathy all at the same time. One of the pleasant hotel features is afternoon tea and coming in from a long, cold, sightseeing tour it is a great favorite with the boys. They have music, tea, cakes and lemonade every day at 5 o'clock. On Sunday afternoons a French orchestra plays. The hotel staff includes thirty Y. men and women with 118 French help. The accommodation in finance is one of its chief activities. Money is exchanged and checks cashed at all hours, including Sundays. From here the boys may send money home without cost and there is a safety deposit vault.

But the Hotel Pavillon's greatest service is to the stranded soldier or sailor lad. Cots and beds are provided and also meals furnished free to those who cannot pay for them. They have

100 free cots and they are always occupied. Special care is taken, when a lad has to avail himself of these, to have him understand that it is not a charity, but provided by the home folks. The hotel has consistently shown a loss which is its proof that it is measuring up to its policy of the best service and no profit.

The Hotel Richmond, in the Rue d'Helder, is an officers' hotel with 125 rooms and where about 200 meals are served daily. I was conducted through its ground floor. It did not appear more attractive than the hotels of the privates, though its dining room was larger and the service more elaborate.

So from this you will gather that you need have little fear for your Jackie Boy in Paris, if he has had the right home training. Here is a sign I saw that day in several of the barracks and hotels:

Have You Kept Faith with the Folks at Home?
Watch Your Step, Buddy.

They are showing your sailor lad the time of his young life in "gay Paree" these days—and they are safeguarding him at that.

CHAPTER XIV

WITH THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR DEVASTATED FRANCE

Aug. 11.

SHE is the dearest little old Frenchwoman, is Madame Monprivér. She resides at Cutry. That is, if you would call a cave, that was once part of a stone quarry, a residence. She invited me into her damp, dark, "carriere," just a big barn of a room, hewn out of stone and going straight into the side of a cliff. To be sure there are no windows, only a few planks up on the side walls where the tremble of earth from the big guns had knocked out huge pieces of stone. There is a bed in one corner; near the door is a stove and opposite it a wooden table with the simplest of cooking utensils. Her neighbors in the adjoining caves, sweet faced old women, showed me through their apartments. One had graced her walls with some faded old prints. The most palatial of the caves had been partitioned into a suite of four rooms,

that penetrated far into its cold, gloomy depths. Twenty-two people had lived in this one cave all winter. Very human sort of people, too. Just the same as you and me. "Tres joli," I said as I gasped at the thought. It is very much warmer with the planks across the big holes near the top, they assured me.

Madame Monprivér insisted upon showing me her old home. Locking the rude door of her cave habitation and dropping the big key into her capacious pocket, she trudged ahead of us up the winding road. A spry little grandmother she was in a full, dark, skirt and loose blouse, with apron strings around the middle, and a wide, downward-brimmed, old straw hat shading what once must have been merry blue eyes. Past a turn in the ruin-bordered street and we came upon it. Heaps of stone and plaster, a few feet of upstanding wall; a solitary window opening, framed in jagged masonry, was all that was left of her once proud domicile. It must have been one of the pretentious homes of the village, for it was built around a large courtyard.

"Ma cuisine" (my kitchen), she said nod-

ding to the right. Her lips trembled and the tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks. All that was left of her kitchen was a mass of tangled debris, excepting the farther wall, where on a fragment, still upright, hung three stewpans on their separate pegs. One had a long handle and two had short ones. She turned away from them with mute suffering in her eyes. "I can't look at it," she said. How many times she must have placed those stewpans over the fire for their evening meal when she came in from the fields.

Across the courtyard she pointed to a tumble of masonry — that had been her donkey's stall — the donkey that had lived through a couple of evacuations, too. A few German prisoners were at clearing work on the place. Up the path — and she pointed to their fields — she and her husband had tended and cared for these wide smiling fields of grain and potatoes. Across the road in grounds where part of a church tower still stood she led us to her garden. There were onions and beets in straight rows. At the end of the garden, were four crosses, the French soldier graves she cared for. The dates on the crosses were August and Septem-

Marshall Petain thanking the C. A. R. D. chauffeur girls after decorating them with the Croix de Guerre at Blerancourt, France.

On a French dugout, like an inverted metal tureen, that once held a periscope. With Miss Converse of the Paris office (left) and Miss Rose Clark, chauffeur, (seated) of the American Committee for Devastated France.

ber, 1918. Three of the graves have now been claimed. The wife of one of the fallen heroes had come only a few days before and was so grateful to her. On that grave was an ornate cluster of bead flowers that the French use for such adornment.

Gradually she told me. They have suffered three evacuations during the war. In 1914 the Germans had gone through but had not destroyed the village. In 1917, when the tide of war again swept over them, they were forced again to leave their home. On May 31, 1918, she with her husband and a neighbor started on foot down the road, driving the donkey-cart, on which was piled a few of their more precious worldly possessions. She took along a cock and three hens. Her cow, she told me, her eyes filling again, had died on the way. Down the road they went, the noise of the big guns in their ears. They were not very welcome in some of the villages they passed through; these people had cares enough with the battle raging just beyond their doorstep. Anyway, I learned one lost social prestige by becoming an evacuée. After some days they stopped in a village called

Danville in the Eure et Loire, where she and her husband obtained work in the fields of a farm at three francs a day. On Sept. 8 they came back to Cutry to find their house and belongings utterly demolished.

Since then they have lived in the cave.

"You are brave," I tried to say. She turned to the pretty blonde in the horizon-blue uniform with the letters C. A. R. D. on her sleeve. "We should have starved without The Committee," she replied. And the pretty girl patted her wrinkled hand with "Madame, do you remember the day everybody in Cutry came to your cave, and we had coffee and we brought the graphophone and had music — and that day you cooked us the two eggs your hens laid?" "Oui, oui, Mademoiselle Rose," she laughed. "Oh, she is the joy of The Committee," said Rose Clark who had rushed me to Cutry to see how they peddled groceries from a camion to the villagers assembled in front of the caves.

And what does C. A. R. D. mean and who is The Committee you want to ask? C. A. R. D. stands for Committee Americaine pour les Regions Devastees de la France. In English,

American Committee for Devastated France. Every repatriate in the region knows "The Committee" and turns to it for everything from goats to bridal veils and from baby clothes to coffins. I had heard of it vaguely before coming over, as Anne Morgan's committee. Anne Morgan, its vice president, is the daughter of the late Pierpont Morgan of New York and millions. I have forgotten all the dire things Miss Morgan threatened would befall me if I dared mention her name with The Committee. But how can I be blamed if a work is known by its dominant spirit? Though two days in its midst convinced me there were seventy-nine other dominating spirits in that committee of eighty women, who are sharing intimately in the life of the people in the hundred villages in the department of the Aisne, now directly under their care. Mrs. A. M. Dike is commissioner for France. It was she to whom I had a letter of introduction from Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) with the injunction to find out about shipping Iowa cows to help France.

That is how I happened to land at Vic sur Aisne last Friday morning and a Ford camion-

ette, speeded by the pretty blonde girl, swirled me up the road and jerked up in the courtyard in front of a green shuttered white house, that is The Committee headquarters at Vic—as they say for short.

Helen Converse of the Paris office, who had been delegated to personally conduct me through a few of The Committee's villages, is from Columbus, Ohio, and was one of the two girls sent overseas by the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs with the General Federation unit furlough home fund. She was connected with the leave area at Grenoble, France, until it closed recently when she was transferred to the C. A. R. D.

A cheery-faced manager welcomed me at the door, Isabel O'Connor, and taking my coat said briskly, "You had better go right out to Montigny if you want to see the baby clinic" and we were soon Fording over the shell-dented road to the next village.

It would have done the souls of our American baby week workers good to have stood in the little cottage room in that battered French hamlet, and to have seen the mothers, with their

babies, listening eagerly to the American Red Cross nurse advising each one in rapid French. And the little golden haired, three-year-old wailed bitterly when she was placed on the scales, in her birthday clothes, just as do her wee American cousins of that age. Mrs. Mary Breckenridge Thompson, a graduate nurse of St. Luke's, New York, is the devoted head of this work here, holding baby clinics in five big centers, which comprise fourteen communes. A commune is made up of a cluster of villages, sometimes as many as seven. In addition to looking after the health of sixty-eight babies under two years of age, she has weighed and measured over 400 children from the ages of 2 to 6 years.

Over the door of Mrs. Thompson's office in the dispensary at Vic, a wooden shack on the grounds back of the green shuttered house, some wag put the sign, found in a French trench, "Boyau des Chevres" (goat trench), because it was Mrs. Thompson who had sixty-three goats brought into the district and distributed among the families with little children. None of these children, under the age of four years, had ever

before tasted fresh milk. Think of it! The cows had been taken by the invading army. And these children have had little canned milk. For that reason most of them are below normal. Mrs. Thompson has the cooperation of Dr. Ethel Fraser of the American Woman's hospital, and Dr. Ward, the Committee dentist at Vic, the latter having already cared for the teeth of 600 children.

Down the sunny road I heard children's voices singing "The Marseillaise," and, hastening, we came upon a pretty sight. Twenty little folks, standing in the dusty roadway were singing the hymn lustily, under the folds of Old Glory and the fluttering tri-color of France. It was the Jardin d'Enfants unit, the French for kindergarten, and is one of the three outdoor schools conducted by Rachel Clark of Holyoke, Mass., and Ada Milne of New York. All organizations cooperate here in the work of rehabilitating the war child. The French peasant always comes back to his ancestral acres, and this Aisne region being the richest agricultural section in France, the government is anxious he should return to till his fields.

But the growing child is of the first importance.

We came back to Vic for luncheon in the cool green-shuttered house, The Committee headquarters. The tired doctor was called from the table by word that an accident had happened to one of the villagers. Every day someone tries to pick up a loaded shell and then it is either a hospital case or the population is decreased. A little French girl, with charming manners, brought in a huge bunch of roses for the nurse — all the mother had to send to show her gratitude.

The afternoon trip took us to what is left of Ambleny, with its ancient tower, through Laversine, into Fontenoy with its destroyed chateau. Near Nouvron we got out of the car to see a French dugout, like an inverted metal tureen, which had once held a periscope. At Nouvron they are building barracks for the returning people. At Tartiers I talked with a group of refugees. They had been back since Easter, trying to make the old place livable. Many of these women and children had been carried north by the Germans, then sent into Switzer-

land and thence to the south of France, and are just sifting back to their native soil.

In the early evening at Vic we wandered out on the village street, past the broken buildings that form three sides of the town square, and I listened to the story of the fete of the week before, when 500 people assembled there on the fifth anniversary of the declaration of war. All the village shops had closed down that the people might help The Committee decorate in Allied flags and pennants. There were games and races for the adults. A band from Compiegne had played for the dancing. The children had their fete in the chateau grounds.

As we reached the chateau, the beautiful young Countess de Riese, in a white frock and wide-brimmed, white garden hat, came to the big iron gates and invited us in. She took us over the once magnificent grounds and gardens, now wrecked through the fortunes of war. Every few steps she would caution us to look out for the deep shell holes that peppered the open lawn. The century old trees are gashed and torn. From the terrace the house, a stately old castle, appeared a hollow shell, only its outer

walls standing. A handsome fountain was crushed, but its statuary had been carried to Paris as had many of the valuable paintings in the home, she told us. The donjon, for this is one of those medieval castles, had the upper part of its tower shattered. It was her father, the old Count de Riese, who on the night he heard the bridge across the Aisne had been mined by the Germans, took one of his men and creeping out on to the bridge cut the wires. Thus he had saved the people of his village, enabling them to cross the river the next day and escape toward Soissons. For that he wears the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

I spent the night in The Committee headquarters at Vic, in comfortable barracks on the grounds. The next morning, looking out of the window, I saw a long line waiting at the door of the dispensary across the lawn. The French doctor of the village being ill had turned his patients over to The Committee doctor. Most of these patients were Germans from the prisoners at work at Vic.

Before leaving I went through The Committee store on the headquarters grounds at Vic.

Here a long string of people was waiting with baskets and bags. Beans and lamps, and sugar and clothes were being sold at cost or less, minus the price of shipping. To the destitute necessities are given outright. They are allowed to give notes on their war indemnity in payment for household supplies. The idea is to help these people help themselves, not to pauperize them. Miss O'Connor, the manager pro tem in the unit quarters at Vic, was at the store desk. She was in England when the war broke out. "I was so ashamed of the Americans who rushed back I just made up my mind to stay over and help," she told me. She has done everything from working in a canteen in London's east end to making Red Cross dressings at Cannes. She was listening sympathetically to the account of the loss of a pig and trying to count money when I came up to say goodbye.

We reached the C. A. R. D. headquarters at Blerancourt shortly before noon, the village in which the American Committee did its first work. It was here, hardly 50 miles northeast of Paris, in June, 1917, that Field-Marshal

Petain established a group of ten American women. In 1914 the Germans had rolled over this district in a rush that had carried them almost to the walls of Paris. For long weary months the villagers had suffered under German taskmasters. Then in 1917 came the great advance in which the troops of the kaiser had been pushed back and France set about rehabilitating the region. The Committee worked under the French army and for that reason is permitted to wear the French uniform of horizon-blue.

Food was raised in the devastated areas, utensils and implements provided, livestock and poultry brought in, fruit trees planted and seed distributed. In March, 1918, the Germans surged forward again towards the Seine, and the grey horde came so close to Blerancourt that orders came for the evacuation of its people. The C. A. R. D. motor corps girls carried refugees day and night and the drivers slept in their cars. For a week the women in the field never took off their clothes. Many people brought their children to The Committee for safety.

Then it was The Committee withdrew to Vic

sur Aisne, only in June to be obliged to fall back to Jaignes. Along the way they opened canteens for the soldiers and one has a record of serving 45,000 men in a week. Now The Committee is engaged in doing emergency relief, transporting food and clothing and in permanent rehabilitation and has two other units, at Laon and at Soissons. The children left in their care are in their school at Boullay Thierry.

In Blerancourt I was taken into the only workshop in the devastated regions. There they have 30 French artisans and 40 German prisoners at work making school desks, window frames, doors and all the woodwork for the repair of the buildings. It is a busy place, that atelier, with great saws whirring and hammers clicking. Here they make, too, a concrete building block of sandstone and cement and there is a blacksmith's shop with its forge. I crossed the street to see one of the little stores in its new repair clothes, freshly painted, and just beside it was a shell-smashed building waiting for its turn. Blerancourt is a huddle of ruins, where once 3,000 people lived, 1,000 are now back. Here I also visited the American Women's

hospital with its ten wards. It cooperates with the C. A. R. D.

At Saint Paul aux Bois, where we motored before luncheon, I almost saw a tragedy. St. Paul aux Bois is a little smashed-up village a couple of miles from Blerancourt where about 50 of the 150 people are back. I was walking along the road with a C. A. R. D. chauffeur, and she was saying, "Right in this place a baby was born a couple of months ago. We rushed our doctor out here when we got the word—sure you can go in." It was one of those corrugated iron houses. The huge corrugated iron domes the Boche used for dugouts have been taken over by many of the French peasants. They are placed against the remnants of an old wall, needing nothing but an entrance to complète a snug habitation. Of course there are no windows, but who is fussy about ventilation when a good roof is to be had? We had hardly stepped inside when the chauffeur girl exclaimed in dismay, pointing to a squashy package on the table—"Look! They brought the cakes to the wrong place. They were meant for the wedding. Someone brought them here

instead. Isn't that the worst? Now I suppose the wedding's over and they didn't have any cake!" Outside the door two hungry-eyed little boys were watching the cake package.

Just down the road came the wedding party from the church. The bride in her white dress and the veil The Committee had found for her, and the groom, a French poilu, in his bright uniform with truly white kid gloves. And streaming in their wake some twenty relatives. In the group was the mother with the new baby, the latter blinking in the sunlight. For its age that infant hadn't missed much. They came straight up to me, the smiling bride—most of her front teeth were missing, but she looked very happy, even if her veil appeared suspiciously like a window curtain. It was draped with wonderful French art and she had a spray of white flowers on her dress. The honors were divided between the blushing bride and the blinking-eyed baby in the arms of its proud mother. Up the road the summer winds were blowing four French flags over the bride's home, where they went for the wedding feast. Oh, yes, The Committee had sent the flags too, but

there were two American flags that the family had gotten elsewhere to show their appreciation. So the cakes were rescued from the home of the St. Paul aux Bois baby and graced the wedding breakfast after all.

From Blerancourt we went through Saint Aubin, past a village whose houses were mined, through Guny and up on the summit of a high hill to Coucy le Chateau. Someone quoted, "King I cannot be, vassal I will not be, I am the Count de Coucy." The old feudal chateau dates back to the days of the Crusaders and all the village was within its thick walls. It is today another Pompeii. It was taken by the French September 18, 1918, after it had been mined by the Germans.

At Anizy we stopped for a drink of water and were served tea by two delightful women in the hut of the French Red Cross. They cautioned us to touch no shells on the battlefield, two men having been blown up there the day before. Through Pinon, we passed groups of Chinese workmen and to Chavignan, over a terribly battered road and then we were on the Chemin du Dames.

I don't remember which one of the Louis kings it was who had a chateau in the neighborhood and, because he drove over this road with his lady loves, it was called "Road of the Ladies"—the Chemin des Dames. Today this road is hallowed with the best blood of America and France. A sector of ghastly memories it is with its trenches, its dugouts, with live ammunition and hand grenades, its shell-torn fields and stark tree-trunks. You find a new heart-ache wherever your eyes turn, looking to the right and left, as you motor to Soissons over that once pleasure highway, the Chemin des Dames.

And here I am reminded that to write of the "Card" and to omit a tribute to its chauffeurs is to overlook its real live wires. They make a ride in a Chicago taxi seem like a moonlight stroll in Yellowstone Park. It was Van who was at the wheel all that sweltering August day. In New York's blue book you will find her name—Catherine Glen Van Rensselaer. She is a beautiful type and I should judge she is all of 21. Her mother is vice-chairman of the National League of Women's Service. Persuading her family to consent to her leaving boarding

school to come across and convincing passport officials that she was old enough to come almost brought a tiny wrinkle between her level brows, but she got over in February after having driven an army ambulance in New York for six months. "No, we don't call ourselves motor girls—just chaufs—it's the short for chauffeurs," she told me. I watched her change tires on the road to Blerancourt where one on a front wheel breathed its last. It was a new tire and any mechanician can tell you what that means—cutting the rubber to fit in the valve, since that tire and a Ford were never made for one another. These girls do all the work on their cars. If any New York manicurist can get their hands in trim for society in five years she will be a wonder. Nothing ruffled Van but a camion ahead. After passing the eighth in a cloud of dust, she was saying "I'd just crawled out from under my car the other day when a limousine of notables with Miss Morgan dashed up, and I was ordered to go with them to show them the road. I was a sight—oil and grease and smudge on my face, but they couldn't wait so I jumped in. We got to the Laon unit and

they were all dressed up in their best uniforms. I looked like something the cat had dragged in. They must have been disgusted with me. Say, you wouldn't take a picture of the Jack Rabbit, too, would you?" I looked around for the rabbit. Only wide trenched fields of flowers, wild turnip, chicory, golden rod and red poppies were in sight. "Oh, that's the name of my car." Only she said it "Cah," as they do in New Yawk. "It was Barbara's; yes, Barbara Allen. She won the Croix de Guerre with it. The Jack Rabbit would ride lots easier if it hadn't been through a couple of evacuations. Piling a car full of people with a dozen or more hanging to the outside and evacuating with it isn't really good for it, but I just love the Jack Rabbit." It was Marshal Petain himself who pinned the Croix de Guerre on The Committee chaufs last fall.

No better work is being done over here than by this American Committee for Devastated France, whose workers are all paying their own way. It has cost $60,000 to carry the work this far. They need $2,000,000 to finance it for the coming year. It means food, clothing, the re-

claiming of the soil — I passed one of the American tractors they have brought in to help the cooperative agricultural societies farm the land. It means helping these brave-hearted people to rebuild and re-establish their homes and schools, building up the health of their children. It means putting new hope and new strength into shattered lives.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have lived all your life in New York and are actually sorry to leave these little deserted villages after six months here?" I asked Rose Clark, who had been at the wheel of the camionette the day before. "Oh yes, I love it here," she said, with glowing cheeks. And I recalled how far these girls were from Paris with its theaters and cafés, how far from the Rue de la Paix with its show windows of beautiful gowns and costly gems.

This is the enthusiasm with which they work — this devoted band of women. If your heart is with bleeding France, you must be interested in the work of the C. A. R. D.

CHAPTER XV

IN SACKED AND BURNED TERMONDE, BELGIUM

BRUSSELS, Aug. 22.

YESTERDAY I sat in the battered office of the Burgomaster of the Belgian city of Termonde and heard from his own lips the story of the firing of the town. Not by shells from the big guns, but by wanton and systematic destruction had it been done. "When the Germans entered the city on Sept. 4, 1914, only a few buildings had been wrecked by their artillery," he said, "but on the following day, the afternoon of Sept. 5, fifteen German engineers were set to work to burn, one in each street." And this quaint little city, in reprisal for some fancied wrong or to terrify its population, was made the victim of the torch. When they finished their work, 1,252 buildings were in embers. Only 98 houses remain unharmed in Termonde today.

For twenty-six years has Oktaaf de Leye been

Sekretaris der Stad, which is the Belgian for chief civic officer of the city of Dendermonde, the Flemish for Termonde. He wears the purple ribbon of the Order of King Leopold, in recognition of his quarter century of civic service. For four years, during the German occupation, he had a bitter time. He had to work for the Germans, so very hard, and he and his family never had enough food. The enemy requisitioned all their food supplies, their horses, their cattle, everything. This kindly-faced, white haired man, with his gentle voice, did not complain, he just told about it simply. He smiled sadly when I asked what they had done to him, and holding out his thin, aristocratic hands, said, "I lost 23 kilos in weight during the German occupation." (A kilo is something over two pounds.) Three times they had come to take him to prison—and then they found they needed his services and each time he was permitted to go back to his home.

Many of the women of the town had been imprisoned because they had gone out to farms to buy potatoes. Their provisions were taken away from them and they were locked up. So

many children had died of malnutrition. They had no milk.

About 7,500 of the original population of 10,000 are back and living in a most precarious way in the remnants of the burned buildings. The state pays 75 per cent and the town 25 per cent of their actual necessities, but everything is so high they have little besides food, even now.

Though it was a busy day in his office and M. de Leye was being constantly interrupted by clerks, he took the time to tell us something of what he had seen in the terrible years just past and then, taking his hat, went with us to show us how his people had to live. He said he did not understand how many got along at all as the sanitary conditions were often very bad. There had been typhus this year.

From the windows of his office could be seen a stately, ruined pile of what once must have been a handsome home. He led us through the courtyard into what had been the kitchen, the only room now intact. Three beds, tables, chairs, and a stove showed it to be the crowded living quarters of a large family. Then the

gendarme or police officer who accompanied us on the tour took us to the home of his officer friend in a couple of tiny back rooms in what had once been a big house with a garden. The mother, holding a plump, blue-eyed infant of three months, told us she had seven children. The place was incredibly neat. We even climbed the ladder-like stairway to a room above, with rows of sleeping cots, where the clean odor of scrubbed floors came in spite of the cramped living conditions. She had gone away with her children when the Germans first came, the mother told me, but she only remained a few months. Her husband was working in Termonde and she came back to be with him and had lived here during the four years of German occupation.

"You understand, they were not poor people; they were in very comfortable circumstances before the war; her husband was a friend of this gendarme with us," said Capt. Raymond de Bisschop, attache of the Belgian central office of information, who accompanied us as guide and interpreter. Capt. de Bisschop has seen distinguished service on all the Belgian

fronts and his knowledge of Flemish made it possible to get the personal story from these people who had been through the harrowing years of the war and occupation.

Everywhere about the queer narrow streets —Termonde is different from many Belgian cities—everywhere the fine-looking old burgomaster was saluted or greeted with the most elaborate respect. I caught looks of devotion following his slightly bent figure as he moved energetically through the cobbled lanes. He told us three factories—cotton mills—had opened for work, but there would be no rebuilding until next year.

One incident he related when asked of German treatment of the people. The burgomasters of the vicinity had called a meeting to consider civic problems and had forgotten to ask permission of the German military authorities to hold the gathering. They were fined 38,000 marks for the oversight.

The American Red Cross had helped Termonde so much, he told me; they had sent 50,000 francs. What they need now is furniture, beds, tables, chairs, linens, as these articles

are so expensive here. In most cases the houses were looted before they were burned so there is nothing left.

The offices of the city administration are still in the remnants of a partly burned building where they were removed from the Palace de Justice, which the Germans ironically occupied. Their windows look out on gaunt, crumbling walls and piles of brick and stone, what had once been a prosperous city. Here in his office the courtly old Burgomaster sat back in his worn arm chair for a snapshot from my kodak, the sunshine streaming over his white head that had seen so many sorrows for his people. But before he bade us goodbye I learned that the war had pierced even a deeper wound into his brave heart. Taking out his card case he handed me a picture of his daughter, a charming girl looking like a spirited young American type. She had died in 1915 in England. Then, in a voice not quite clear, he told the Captain. One night, up a dark street, he had been fired upon and the shock of the attack on her father had made the girl ill. They sent her to England—but she had never recovered. And the

intrepid old man had stayed by his city to the finish. He asked me to accept the picture of his daughter. I tried to refuse but the captain assured me that the father considered it an honor if I would take it. Such is the friendly courtesy of these people who have suffered so much. No souvenir I could get holds such poignant memories as that picture of the Belgian girl, the daughter of Termonde's Burgomaster.

I came close to the Belgian invasion twice before reaching Termonde. And it was all due to an English inner tube. The English novelist, who, with his wife, completed the party in the car admitted the tire was alright even though it was an American tire. It was the inner tube and that was English.

At the village of Aasche the automobile came to its first forced halt and I talked to two peasant women. With the captain as translator of the Flemish, I learned something of what the four years of German occupation had meant to them. The building before which they stood looked like it had been through an explosion. They said that happened the day after the armistice when the Germans were leaving. They

had some shells near the depot and they set them off, blowing up the depot and several buildings in the town and shattering many windows. About twenty Germans were killed. They had been drunk, "drink Schnapps," the one woman said and didn't get out of the depot in time. In the next village, Lebbeke, they told us four men trying to go into a house when the Germans marched into the town were captured, made to dig their own graves, and, then, their hands bound behind their backs, taken out and shot. Though only badly wounded they were buried and could still be seen moving under the earth. Then the soldiers fired down into the graves.

At Opwyck, where the car had more difficulty, I went into the quaint white farm where I met Mme. Marie Elpeec. Mme. Elpeec wore a picturesque three cornered red shawl over her head and was the old Flemish peasant type. For four years they had housed German soldiers on their farm. Often when they came the whole family had to give up their beds, she said. Once they had protested. She has eight children and with her three grandchildren there were eleven of them in the house and she said

they had no room for the soldiers, for the cottage is very small. "We were told we could sleep here," she said, pointing to the cobbled stones of the courtyard. "They even took the bread from our children and whipped the children. When they left they took our clothes along. And everything is so expensive. They took away our horse and cow immediately. We had six or seven soldiers quartered here all the time. Once as many as fifty." She told me no children of their village had been harmed but in the next town a little girl of six and a boy about fifteen had been shot. The children were trying to carry food to their parents and had protested when the potatoes and bread were taken from them by German soldiers.

One of the men who came to watch the repairs on the car said a German soldier had shot himself in the village and four civilians had been arrested for it. But the doctor found it was suicide and they had been released.

So this is first hand incidents on German terrorizing of the people, these simple Belgian folk. Mme. Elpeec wanted to cook coffee for

us for they are wonderfully hospitable with the little they have. And they are taking up their lives again with a fine, simple, courage that moves one to admiration.

At Termonde innumerable children with wooden shoes clustered about us wherever we went. On the road back to Brussels we met family parties walking from one village to another for fetes. In one, the old street lighter trudged along with his long-handled torch over his shoulder and the lamps in metal brackets, fastened against the sides of buildings, blinked their rays of hope into the deepening gloom. The clatter of the wooden sabots was often heard. Most of the women and children wear these wooden shoes, for leather is so scarce and high.

Brussels is said to be gayer than Paris these days but if it is it certainly needs some gaiety to forget the four years of its taskmasters. The country about is wonderfully fertile, the crops promise large and these people who have endured hunger and unspeakable privation for four years are doing their best to rebuild. If

it had not been for plucky little Belgium who knows what the result might have been. Keep your hearts open for Belgium — it will be many long years until her scars of war are healed.

CHAPTER XVI

AT BELGIUM'S GREAT DIVIDE — THE YSER

BRUSSELS, Aug. 26.

WHERE occupied Belgium meets unoccupied Belgium is today a desolate spot!

I stood on the rickety, temporary bridge spanning the River Yser, which there at Dixmude is just thirty yards wide, and gazed at a tumbled panorama that for four long years was the fought-for key to the coast, to Dunkirk and Calais. It was the limit of the German invasion, the Great Divide. Between the Belgian trenches on one side and the German trenches on the other bank of that 90 foot canal, there is written in vivid Allied blood, "Not an inch farther shall you go." The young Dixmude lad, William Doheyn, who sold me postcards and chocolate at his stand across the road from the big German dugout, had been a soldier in the trenches on the opposite shore of the river, ninety feet from his home town, for four years,

and was never able to get over home until the armistice.

I have just returned from two illuminating days at the Belgian front.

And I brought back a tremendous admiration for gallant little Belgium and her heroic people.

I have been to Ypres, where street after street of skeleton walls is all that tells of once handsome buildings and the cozy homes of twenty thousand people. But here I found gratifying reconstruction work in progress. Sixty-seven new houses have been built of the three hundred to be erected and two thousand people are back occupying these temporary homes, made possible through the King Albert fund. The big, hopeful, sign in Belgium today is these temporary cottages provided for the returning people. I saw none living in cellars and caves as in Northern France. Everywhere there is wonderful cleanliness and a make-the-best-of-it spirit. Then, too, Belgium has some of the most beautiful cities in Europe and they are now shaking off the lethargy of German occupation. Charming Bruges, during the war,

was transformed by the Germans into a submarine base and U-boats were built, repaired and supplied here. Through two canals, one to Ostend and the other to Zeebrugge the U-boats found their course to the open sea. And Bruges is like an exquisite picture, with its quaint houses dating from the seventeenth century; an artist's dream. Ghent is set in the heart of the greatest flower-growing region on the continent; Ghent with its magnificent churches, its ancient castle of the Counts of Flanders in the center of the city and its "belfroi" or city belfry with the silver chimes that ring out the hours. These belfries are one of the joys of touring Belgium. Every city has one, an architectural gem, and their bells are wonderfully musical. They symbolize the freedom of the people. Ostende, the Atlantic City of Belgium, shows the effect of shelling from the warships, its famous promenade along the beach now lined with ruins of hotels and ravages of war. The wreck of the English boat, the "Vindictive," lays there in the harbor.

I was fortunate in being one of a party of three, under the personal guidance of Maj. J. L.

J. Clinckenmaille of the Belgian Third Infantry, head of the trip section of the Office Central d'Information of the Belgium ministry of economic affairs, in this tour of the front. The other two members of the party were an English novelist and his wife. Major Clinckenmaille is a native of Ypres and saw seven years of active service there and at Ostende before the war. His left arm is paralyzed and he bears the scars of eighteen shrapnel wounds from the morning of April 25, 1915, when he led his company in the attack at Steenstraat, and his lieutenant was killed at his side. This was the first gas attack of the Germans and the Belgians had no gas masks, only handkerchiefs to ward off the fumes. He has the Order of King Leopold with palms, the Order of Conronne with palms and the Croix de Guerre with two palms, and other decorations that he was too modest to talk about. The major was with President Wilson and his party when they toured Belgium with Marshal Foch. So he could explain to me every phase of the historic battleground.

We left Brussels at 8 o'clock Monday morn-

ing and in a few hours were in Ghent, or Gand, as it is called in Belgium. For miles before reaching the city and around the suburb of Gentbruegge, we passed through a region of nurseries, gardens of azaleas. A half million dollars worth of live plants, bulbs and seeds are exported to the United States and England annually from this Ghent district. This is also a large cotton spinning region. Cotton is imported here from the United States, and their ambition is for a greater Ghent port to make it the "spot cotton" market of central Europe. Flax is grown in large quantities in this region. We passed many flax fields and saw thousands of bundles of it along the banks of the Lys river, where it is dipped in the process from the grower to the spinner. There are many linen and cotton mills in this vicinity. Ghent is nearer by rail to the big spinning centers of central Europe and hopes to establish herself as the principal cotton distributing point. This is also a great tobacco growing region—we passed many tobacco fields.

The hotel de ville in Ghent, the city hall, is a marvel of architecture with wonderful statu-

ary set into the niches of its outer walls. In these European cities the show place is always the city hall; it is invariably the architectural triumph of the city and contains art treasures of great value. Imagine taking visitors to our city halls in America to show them off! There is an idea for some of our city fathers. Why shouldn't the city or town hall be the center of beauty, since it reflects the city itself?

A blown-up bridge greeted us near Courtrai where back in the fourteenth century was fought the Battle of the Golden Spurs. We stopped in the battered town of Menin for lunch. Menin is just on the border of France and across the river is Halluin. We crossed the bridge, but could not enter the town as the English novelist had no French passport. In Menin the luncheon menu was soup, made from tobacco leaves and horse meat. Food is not very plentiful yet in this part of the country. But you don't mind —as the little English "Fany" girl at the wheel of the car put it, "you just carry on."

And then we came to Ypres. They say it "Eeper," but the English Tommy persists in calling it "Wipers," and as hundreds and hun-

dreds of thousands of his fellows gave up their lives in the three great battles of Ypres in 1914, in 1915 and 1916, he has a right, surely, to his pronunciation. For this is England's greatest shrine. The flower of the British army fell here during the first year of the war.

Someone asked the major to show us his home in Ypres and his reply was "I don't believe I can find it." But after traversing many streets he located just a part of two walls — all that was left. He showed us the remains of the convent he had been sent to at the age of six. On the cobbled streets he picked up pieces of shrapnel for our souvenirs.

In the part of the city where the new houses are being erected we were introduced to the chef de section of the King Albert fund, Victor Callens, who turned out to have been sergeant major under Major Clinckenmaille when he was lieutenant and there was a hearty reunion. "You can make faces at him now," said the English novelist. "Oh, he was a fine lieutenant," said M. Callens, in quick defense, and the major blushed at the compliment.

M. Callens showed us through his home, one

of the new cottages which has eight rooms and rents for twelve francs a month. And we met his wife and six children. They had returned to Ypres shortly after the armistice and M. Callens is director of all the building. He has now demands for 300 houses of four, five and six rooms. The plan is to provide each family with a separate home. The four-room houses rent for six francs a month, which is less than one dollar and he told me if people were unable to pay that they were charged one franc a month. There are five bakers and three butchers among the returned people. These are especially encouraged to come back in order to relieve the food situation.

One school with an attendance of 123 children has been opened under the direction of the Abbé de Lahr. The Abbé de Neuville has established a trades school for war orphans which will accommodate three hundred children, and now has an attendance of 115. The city ruins, including the town hall, are to be left as they are, but the homes are to be rebuilt as soon as the people get their war indemnity. So Ypres is trying to pull herself out of the debris of four

years of bombardment. The burgomaster came back in February and the two thousand people who have returned are trying to take up the broken threads of life for the new start.

You will be specially interested in this King Albert fund for 700,000 francs of it came in donations from Americans I was told. It was created by royal decree in 1916 to take care of the people returning to the destroyed sections of the country, to provide them with temporary habitations. The Belgian government recently allowed forty million francs to the fund, though a hundred millions was asked for. Twelve thousand of these wooden huts have been erected, and as each hut cares for five people, 60,000 returned refugees will thus be provided for. But as 300,000 people were homeless in Belgium at the time of the armistice it is still a problem. It is estimated that 25,000,000 francs are required to clean up the ground and give proper homes to the returning people. The Belgium office for the devastated regions is in charge of the work. In the transportation of materials they often use the narrow gauge ammunition railroads abandoned by the Germans. There

is a repatriation fund from which adults are allowed daily one franc, fifty centimes, and one franc for each child, by the government. Also an extra franc, fifty, is allowed for the return of farmers, bakers and butchers. This office looks after sanitary conditions, sewers and canals.

Indemnity paid to refugees forced to quit their homes and who do not seek to return will be progressively repressed, so there is every inducement to come back.

On the road out of Ypres we went through Zandberg Wood called the Cemetery of Tanks. The first attack of the tanks here by the English was not a success and these huge implements of war stand where they were left, many sunk deep in the mud. We had all descended from the auto here and were crossing the shell-ploughed field to one of the large tanks. Halfway, I turned back to put my coat in the car, for it had become intensely warm. In starting to rejoin the group I noticed the major in the foreground.

"Just go on," I called.

"Thought I'd better wait—you might be frightened," was his jocular reply.

"Of the tanks?" I laughed.

"No, of this," he said, pointing to a shell hole over which he stood. I was picking my way carefully over ground tangled with barbed wire, abandoned shells, torpedoes and such.

"Oh!" When I looked in the shell hole I saw—just one leg still encased in a riding boot, the blow-up remains of a German. His leather shell pouch was still there. And it is almost a year since the war. Beyond the tank a group of German prisoners were at work. Several came along carrying a stretcher on which was a large, lumpy sack. The major spoke to one of them. "This war was bad business," was what the German said. The peace treaty provides that Germany must send civilian workmen to clear up the devastated regions but as that has not been done German soldiers are kept for the work, and groups of them are seen in every town and all along the roads.

We traversed a sector of Belgium outworks to Oostvleteren from where we crossed for the first time the flooded district now grown with high weeds. From the locks at Nieuport on

Nov. 2, 1914, this entire district was inundated by a system prepared by order of the Belgian G. H. Q. and maintained during the whole war, keeping the Germans beyond the Yser.

And then on to Furnes, the seat of the Belgian G. H. Q. during the Yser battle. In Furnes, a city of considerable size, we went through the shattered courthouse on what had once been a picturesque public square. In the wrecked court room were beautiful old carved chairs and benches, the seats of the magistrate and members of the bar. On the floor lay smashed stone carvings from the once handsome exterior decorations.

It was dusk when we reached La Panne, where we stayed for the night. It is a quaint village on the windswept shore of the North Sea and during the war was the residence of the king and queen. Here at La Panne is the hospital for the severely wounded, where the queen helped as a nurse during the strenuous war days. We had dinner at the Hotel Terlinck, famed for its delicious sole, which goes from the sea direct to the kitchen. From its simple, red-

table-clothed, dining room in the morning we watched the people going down the sands to the fishing smacks to purchase fish for the markets.

It was early and raining next morning when we started for Dixmude, stopping at Adinkerke to walk reverently through a large Belgian military cemetery most beautifully kept. Between Wulveringhem and Alveringhem of the Belgian outworks, we had pointed out to us the schools of Vinckem, established by the queen for the education of children of missing or evacuated civilians. There is also a wonderful field hospital at Vinckem. Through quiet little Belgian villages, then past more marsh and into the region of Belgian trenches where rusty barbed wire entanglements were still in a web across open fields.

At Dixmude you realize the war. Today it is a picture of utter desolation and destruction. This was the theater of the heroic resistance of the Belgian troops and the marine fusileers of Admiral Ronarch. East of the Yser, near the bridge, is the remains of the corn mill that was the strong German defensive redoubt.

Climbing to the top of a little knoll on the Belgian side of the Yser to get a better view of the sweep of the river, I found myself in front of a dugout of concrete. Every inch of ground on both sides of the stream had been shell-gashed again and again. Only that ninety feet of water constituted No Man's Land, for on the opposite shore I went into a German dugout. Evidently only the shaky wooden bridge on which we crossed has been added to the landscape since the echo of the last gun disappeared into silence.

Down the stream they point out to you the "Boyau de la Mort," the "Communication Trench of Death." This trench was under German enfilading fire notwithstanding the defensive works and here the brave Belgian troops suffered heavy losses. Here numerous raids were executed by both sides. The trench has had to be filled up for the reconstruction of the river banks. The rippling Yser will always stand for much in the great war for it marks the border of the German occupation in Belgium. Beyond its troubled banks I was told no German set foot in four years. Though its

waters ran red with blood many times in those long years, it was the unattainable land, the "On ne passe pas" of Belgium.

Down the road from the bridge a few crumbling walls are all that is left of the town of Dixmude, that boasted 6,000 inhabitants and was famous for its butter.

Here the people returning are building up homes from the stones of the dugouts that marred their streets. "When the French Colonials came to our aid here," said the major, reminiscently, "we had just seven rounds of ammunition left."

The next stop was Pervyse and the first thing that greeted the eye on entering the town was the grave of a Belgian soldier. Near the ruins of a Pervyse church in a few foot plot are buried 115 German soldiers, so the cross above it states. It was on Oct. 25, 1914, that the Belgians drove the Germans back beyond Pervyse and established the Belgian line from Dixmude to Nieuport which was never again crossed by the enemy. On Oct. 27 the French Algerian troops came to the aid of the Belgians and together they drove the Germans back to Rams-

cappelle. At Pervyse we entered what was left of the stone cottage occupied all during the war by two women, one a Belgian baroness and the other an Englishwoman, who did so much in caring for and nursing wounded soldiers. The peasants now living in the cottage took us into the cave cellar beyond the kitchen, where these two courageous women lived through days and nights of bombardment and showed us their primitive cooking utensils. They have, I understand, written most interestingly of their experiences in a book entitled "*Two Women of Pervyse.*" The major told an incident in regard to them. He was coming down yonder camouflaged road one dark night with a company of his men when a light loomed up ahead. He was indignant for it would bring, he knew, aerial bombs down on his men in a few moments, so he dashed up to learn the cause of the light. He found the two women working over their motor car which had become stalled in the road. Pervyse was a village of 1500 people of whom 150 are now back and others will return as soon as homes can be provided.

Beyond Pervyse, the road lay through the

Belgian lines; to the right were the first lines and to the left the second lines. The major explained the composition of the lines. "First there are the listening posts of four or six men each," he said, "then the advance posts of one or two platoons of forty men each; then the first line of infantry with possibly field artillery back of it; then the second line of infantry, then the field artillery, and then the heavy artillery; with special batteries stationed against airplanes." Dugouts, abris or shelters and barbed wire entanglements punctuated the scene as far as the eye could reach.

"Over there is the Dammit farm," said the major, pointing to a battered farmhouse across the fields.

"Was that the owner's name?" I asked.

"No, that is what we called it — we never got into that farmhouse that the Germans didn't start to shell it. Over there is Ramscappelle — we called it Ramshrapnel because we got so much shrapnel around here." The town of Ramscappelle has little left. The trenches all around it saw desperate fighting. Every little while, along the way, we would pass a deserted

dressing station, where the wounded had been taken, until they could be conveyed back to hospitals behind the lines.

Then into Nieuport, the key of the inundation system which did so much to save Belgium. The sluices of the five bridges were under constant fire which destroyed them completely in 1918. Of special interest in Nieuport were the underground passages which connect the city of Nieuport with Nieuport Baths, the seaside resort a mile and a half away and visible against the horizon. This was the left extremity of the western front. It was defended in October, 1914, by the Belgians, later successively by French and British troops and again in 1917 by the Belgians. I entered one of these underground passages which are tunneled through to the coast. It was a cemented tunnel, lighted by small portholes to the streets and there was an exit at the end of each block.

From Nieuport we motored through the destroyed village of Lombartzyde which was the advance post of the Belgian Second army division during the battle of the Yser. It was occupied by the Germans until October, 1914.

All of this district was flooded. Then through Westende to Middelkerke which was shelled by English warships. Many of the Belgian towns in this vicinity were shelled by the Belgians themselves in order to dislodge the Germans. What agony it must have meant to turn their guns on their own home cities. The Germans held this region until October, 1918, when they retreated to Ghent where the Allies held the line until the armistice was signed in November.

And then we came to beautiful Ostende, the famous seaside resort for the English as well as the Belgians, with its promenade along the picturesque beach now a mass of stately ruins.

We lunched at Ostende in one of the beach hotels that had escaped severe direct shelling from the sea and had been restored. There were many people about, for several of the hotels are again opened. But along the picturesque stretch of sandy beach, where fashion and gaiety promenaded season after season, battered cannon still stand and grim guns point seaward from breastworks. In the harbor lays the hull of the Vindictive and trenches and shelters are before the Kursaal.

And then on to Bruges, the beautiful, that saw four years of German occupation. And Bruges is fascinating. It is difficult to tell you about Bruges in a paragraph — it should have an entire book. The art of past centuries unrolls before you as you traverse its narrow streets. Row after row of quaint houses, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and not just old but rarely beautiful with such harmony of line. Every turn in the street is a new delight. The motor on the car was stalled many times when we would chorus, "Please stop till we get a picture." I nearly tumbled into the canal trying to kodak a row of fluted top houses as we crossed a bridge. And right there we almost lost the English novelist who leaped from the car to follow a person carrying an old table — his fad is antiques. The churches of Bruges are lovely! In one we were shown the magnificent Michael Angelo sculpture of the Virgin and the Child carved from a single piece of marble. In another the Major's knowledge of Flemish or his war crosses got the bent and mumbling old caretaker to lead us to a mysterious door which he

opened with a long key and to admit us to some holy of holies where hung pictures, old masters, of the most marvelous colorings—the wife of the English novelist was so enchanted here we could hardly get her away. The bells of Bruges are not the least of its enchantments, and the quaint, steepled belfry on the Grand Place throws its shadows across the monument of Breydel and De Coninck that occupies the center of the square. They were the leaders in the factions of the Battle of the Golden Spurs that I mentioned at Courtrai, where it was fought way back in 1302. Breydel was the head of the Butchers Corporation and De Coninck was head of the Drapers, the Cloth Corporation, and they were both citizens of Bruges. It was a battle of the trades organizations against the aristocracy, and the former were the victors. And it was called the Battle of the Golden Spurs because so many golden spurs were found later on the battlefield. Evidently there were industrial upheavals even then. However, Belgium today has no strikes. Industrial difficulties are handled through a joint employers' and workmen's council to which all questions are submitted.

Leaving Bruges most reluctantly — it is hard to visualize that from its steeped-in-art atmosphere was waged the destructive U-Boat warfare against English commerce — we motored out through its medieval gateway and on the highroad to Ghent. In the twilight through the villages we passed cottages where old women, young women and little girls sat in groups before the doorways making lace, the wonderful cobwebby Brussels and Bruges laces. Each locality has a lace of its own and these peasant women are most skillful in its making. All along the way it was novel even in the tiniest of homes to see curtains at the windows edged with these exquisite laces. And so back into Brussels we came where the streets are torn up in an elaborate repaving and remodeling, the cleanup following the German occupation.

Brave little Belgium is making supreme efforts to come back to normal. She does not want charity but long time credit, help to rebuild her industries. Northern Belgium or Flanders is a rich agricultural country, as I have shown you in passing through. Southern and south-eastern Belgium, the land of the Wal-

loons, is the mining and manufacturing region. They want their own industries, that were destroyed by war, rebuilt, but above all they want raw material and credit to buy raw material.

A visit to the front gives a glimpse of what Belgium suffered and the world must applaud her spirit in rebuilding homes from the stones of dugouts. She is raising her shoulders above the weight of sorrow of four long years and looking ahead with new courage. Her country is saved and she is going about starting over with little fuss.

Plucky little Belgium!

CHAPTER XVII

THROUGH A KIDNAPPED LOUVAIN FACTORY

BRUSSELS, Aug. 27.

YOU wouldn't believe a factory could be kidnapped, would you?

You wouldn't believe a factory could have an unwritten chapter in its annals that eclipses the imagination of a Conan Doyle or a Dumas!

And you wouldn't dream that a factory stripped, dismantled, its machinery dug out by the foundations and carted off—yes, entire warehouses taken, roof and all—and its offices burned, could already be coming back! That is why I want to tell you about this factory of Dyle & Bacalan.

This is a true reconstruction story about a big factory and the factory is in Louvain, and Louvain is one of the martyred cities of Belgium. Just five years before, on the very day I was there, Aug. 25, 1914, the Germans had arrogantly taken possession of the huge plant. They had lined up and shot to death 209 people

of the city, including twenty women and eleven children. Germany is being scoured today for the many priceless books carried off from the University library, before this handsome structure with the Law Courts, the theater, the University consular and commercial school, the Academy of Fine Arts and more than 2,000 houses were burned by German troops. Louvain today is a moving sight.

Now the name of Dyle & Bacalan is as well known in Belgium and France as that of the Pullman Co. is in America. They are a car building concern, manufacturing chiefly railroad cars and boilers, and have another plant in Bordeaux, France. Twenty-four hundred people are employed in the Louvain plant and I forget how many millions of dollars its output amounted to on that day in August, five years ago, when the Germans seized it. I have a vision of you looking politely bored, as I did, when it was suggested that I go through this plant, but after an hour of snooping around its barnlike shops, I regretted there was not an hour more. And I confess to being devoid of all machinery instinct; I don't know the philosophy

of what makes a wheel go around. But I discovered that behind the motive power of the vast machines that had driven this plant, behind the facts and figures that constitute the life of a factory, there was that indefinable thing called personality which is the mainspring of its revival.

I suppose a factory could go on for decades prospering on income and output and paying regular dividends, but once in every so many hundred years there comes a time when it needs something more — call it a keen initiative, a far vision, a deep loyalty or a soul for the works. The superintendent who took us through, told it quite simply — it had been all in the day's work with him.

When the Germans took possession they asked him to work for them. He refused. Singularly enough, they did not harm him; just would not allow him to leave the country. So he hung around the plant. Now this man knew every machine in that vast works like Thompson, *The Times* pressroom foreman, knows every screw in the press in the big front window, and when every little wheel sings its swan

song. When the Germans took out the big machines and packed them for shipment to Germany he, naturally, watched to see where they went. He kept always on the lookout. I don't imagine he even had to write it down. He carried it in his memory, and the Germans paid no attention to him because I suppose they never thought about it and, anyway, they never expected to give up the factory. One day, having strolled into the Brussels office of the concern, he, accidentally, saw a bill of lading for a consignment of the machinery to Germany and noted where it had been sent. That slip of paper is now in the hands of the Belgian authorities.

So that is why Dyle & Bacalan were enabled, immediately after the armistice, to locate so many of their machines and to bring them back. That is why today there are five hundred people at work getting a new start in the big, barren sheds that cover acres of ground there in Louvain. The superintendent pointed out a long, one story building. The entire structure had been carried off; its side walls are of fitted sections and it could be taken apart. They had

gone to Germany, located the kidnapped building and brought it back, every piece of it, and set it up exactly where it had stood. "We got back all but the roof of that building," he remarked with a smile.

In one long, lofty shed not a scrap of machinery is left. Only deep, square, holes, cut into the earth floor, show where even the foundations of the machines were dug out and carted away. What they did not carry away was rendered useless before they left. The plant was only able to resume on its present scale because it could obtain in addition 165 machines from its Bordeaux house. And these 165 machines are American machines, the superintendent added, as he pointed them out. The Englishman in the party wanted to know excitedly why they did not purchase machinery from England, and the answer was that the American machines were, for their purpose, stronger.

"Is it a matter of price?" pursued the Englishman.

"No," was the reply, "the American machine is stronger." They keep an engineer in the United States to purchase their machinery, I learned.

The superintendent led us up to one machine recently recovered and remarked that it was reinstalled on the exact spot from which it had been taken. "Now, you know, you should have a plate, inscribed with those facts, fastened to this machine, making it a souvenir," remarked the Englishman.

"We have enough of souvenirs here," said the Belgian smiling sadly, as his eyes swept the dismantled shop, "plenty of souvenirs without such reminders, Monsieur."

Up to the present time, 300 of the 700 machines taken by the Germans, have been located and brought back. The aggregate cost of what was lost and destroyed will reach fifteen million francs. "But it will cost four times that much, sixty million francs, to replace the machinery at the present cost," the superintendent remarked.

The concern of Dyle & Bacalan hopes to have its Louvain plant in full running order in five or six months. I asked how they expected to find skilled labor, since so many men were killed in the war and Belgium is now recruiting its younger men. His answer was that it would be

difficult; it was possible they would have to employ women for the lighter work. The owners of the plant were in France at the outbreak of the war and the Germans, on taking possession, claimed they were running it for its owners, "but we never saw any of the profits," he said. At the time the office was burned several adjoining buildings caught fire and were destroyed. At present the chief activity of the plant is repairing railroad cars and we saw many in the process of remodeling.

So that is how a factory gives you a heartache. Great, silent, empty, shops, ghostly with memories—looted and the torch applied. But here and there today is a humming machine, a hopeful sign. Over there is a noisy carpenter shop. Starting up again in this empty waste is dreary business but they are going about it in a matter-of-fact way, and insist they will be going full blast before spring. The hero of the plant, you will agree, is the man who watched where the machines were shipped and who knew just where to lay his hands on them when the hostilities ceased.

"Where did you have to go after them?" was asked.

"Well, now this one we found at Viezem near Dusseldorf," he said.

I went, too, into the big steel works of the Providence Company at Charleroi in southeastern Belgium, a few days later, and saw the wanton destruction of huge cranes and machinery in this plant. They are starting work again—trying to clear away the debris. I endeavored to get the wife of the old caretaker of the plant to talk, but she would reveal nothing. The Germans who had seized the factory had treated her and her husband well. She had cooked for them. They had not harmed her. She seemed afraid to talk. Even the English Fany girl couldn't draw her out.

I want to tell you about these English Fany girls for they are one of the joys of my motoring in Belgium. F. A. N. Y. stands for First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, an organization of English war workers, that saw some of the foremost of the women's service in the war. There is Mary Bushby Stubbs, such a pretty, blue-eyed Irish girl, whose home is in London, and

she drove the car to Louvain. She had enlisted in the beginning of the war as a Red Cross Nursing Aid, but contracted a septic throat from nursing poisonous wounds — some of the wounded had gone for five days before they could reach the hospitals, she told me. Forbidden to nurse, she entered the Yeomanry motor car driving service and was sent to Chalons sur Marne in February, 1917. She drove an ambulance during the battle on the Chemin du Dames, was in the drive of Chalons and at Epernay. She has the Croix de Guerre, has one citation from the Chemin du Dames and one for the time they bombed the hospital at Chalons.

"We lived on the rations of the French soldiers and often we were hungry," she told me, once. "Their rations were black bread, black coffee, horse meat and beans." She was one of the motor girls chosen to run the cars that brought the prisoners back from Germany after the armistice and had many thrilling moments.

Then there is dashing little Monica Cousins, with her bobbed hair and shining black eyes,

who drove the Baby Benz the day we went to Dinant and on the two days' trip to the front. "He gets so flapped," she said, referring to the feverish excitement of the officer in charge of one trip. "Flapped" is a new bit of English slang that is most expressive and it means "gets all stirred up, you know," she told me. She is Miss Stubbs' teammate and wears the French Croix de Guerre for driving under shell fire. She was in the French Army F. A. N. Y. running a car, carrying the wounded during the battle of Epernay. "We carried 17,000 wounded once in five days—never got to bed at all—that was in the second Battle of the Marne, that lasted during May, June and July of 1918. The wounded were often terrified," she said, "when driving them back to the hospitals the roads would be bombed and I'd have to say 'now it is alright—it won't hit us'—poor chaps lying there so helpless."

One girl of their corps was badly wounded when a shell burst on her car and the officer in the seat beside her was killed. But Miss Cousins had escaped injury. She had also driven a car into Germany to bring back the

prisoners after the armistice. They would arrive at a dreadful prison camp at night and would be billeted there—have to sleep there—she told me. They would start at dawn in the morning for the long trip across the border conveying the prisoners to French hospitals. That was exciting, too, she said. Miss Cousins comes from Yorkshire, England, and is twenty-four, though she looks eighteen. Her one brother was in the service, her oldest sister with the American Y in Paris and her other sister with the British Red Cross as a nurse for three years. "You certainly are a plucky family," I observed.

"We were so lucky to get to go," was the way Monica put it as she pulled her jaunty cap over her bobbed hair and stepped on the starter.

These are a couple of the girl drivers for the Central office d'Information, a department created last May by Henri Jaspar, minister of economic affairs of Belgium, in charge of the economic and industrial problems of the reconstruction of Belgium, to make them known to the United States. Capt. D. L. Blount of St. Louis, but who has lived abroad many years,

is director general of the bureau. Burr Price, formerly with the *New York Herald* as war and peace correspondent, is director of its press section and Major Prins has charge of the documentation. Through them I was enabled to get information concerning the "carrying on" of the various Belgian industries and how they are recovering from the lethargy of the last four years. The big manufacturing district of the southeastern Belgium is trying heroically to pull itself out from under the wreckage of the invasion and occupation. It is not charity but long time credit Belgium asks, credit to buy raw materials with which to start her factories anew.

CHAPTER XVIII

ANTWERP AND ITS FORT WAELHEM

BRUSSELS, Aug. 28.

DOZENS of empty American flour sacks — from Kansas City and Faribault, Minn., to Seattle! And they occupy a front position on a rack in The Steen. Now The Steen is a cupola-towered castle on the banks of the Scheldt River at Antwerp, a picturesque old pile, dating back to the Eighth century when it was a fortress, and later the seat of the Spanish Inquisition. Through its shivery, underground dungeons I went with a candle-bearing group. Nothing in the way of horrible torture chambers had been omitted from this cheerful place. From 1540 to 1703 Spain, you remember, ruled Belgium. It is probable no other building of its size has seen so much human suffering as The Steen, and it has now been converted into a museum of antiquities to illustrate, I suppose, how humanity has progressed since.

But about the flour sacks? I am coming to those — I stumbled on them by accident. They were marked America's gift to the Belgians a year ago when they were bulging with good old American wheat flour, and today a grateful nation keeps them as treasured souvenirs in her greatest museum — just plain, coarse cotton, flour sacks, printed with mill names from the Mississippi to the Pacific, in glaring red and blue letters. They would look out of place next to a four-cornered post against which sixteen Belgians had been stood up and shot, and near the first German flag taken by the Belgians, diagonally across from a Big Bertha shell, and to the right of the glass case that holds the actual order for Edith Cavell's execution — they really would look out of place if high up on the wall to the left were not several huge posters showing Uncle Sam in the act of telling the Hun what he thinks of him. Hundreds of years from now that rack of empty flour sacks will remind coming generations of a generosity from across the seas to Belgium in her hour of need. What the American Commission for Belgian Relief did to succor starv-

ing Belgium fills weighty official records. It expended hundreds of millions of dollars in relief work during the war and saved the Belgian children who were provided with special foods. And the people are indeed grateful.

The first place I was taken in Belgium was Antwerp. The Belgian Ministry of Economics is boosting Antwerp as a world port and it is not the fault of its information department if Antwerp does not far outdistance Rotterdam and take its place as one of the foremost ports of Europe. It is rapidly regaining its shipping industry destroyed by the war and is already competing with Liverpool and Hamburg. Its natural position at the mouth of the Scheldt gives it great advantages. Emerging from four years of German occupation with vim and energy, Antwerp will, if Belgium obtains the freedom of the Scheldt (both banks of which now belong to Holland), be in a position to figure largely in world shipping.

Antwerp or Anvers as they call it—and you pronounce the "s" if speaking to a Belgian, but you don't if speaking to a Frenchman—is one of the quaintest of cities. You will be

interested in how it got its name. Antwerp in Flemish means literally "Hand throw." Once, so the tale runs, there was a powerful giant who required much gold as toll for every ship that entered the harbor. If the captain of a ship refused to pay this tribute he would cut off his hands. Now the Duke of Balbo, determining to put an end to the toll graft, went to plead with the giant one day; the latter had to leave him to intercept a ship entering the harbor. The giant boarded the ship and was just reaching out his hand to take the captain's gold when Balbo, who had rowed out unobserved and boarded the ship from the farther side, sprang across the deck and with his sword cut off the hand of the giant as it received the gold, and threw it into the sea. I was just as skeptical as you are about this story but the guide in the hotel de ville, who showed us the metal picture of the scene, was in solemn earnest as he related it, and there, on the open square in front of the city hall, in the form of a beautiful fountain, is the statue of the daring Balbo in the act of flourishing the cruel giant's hand as he throws it into the sea. In the same room of the city hall

is a marvelous painting. In the foreground a page is seated on steps and the eyes of this page follow you and his entire figure seems to turn toward you no matter where you go in the room. It is an artist's trick but in this painting is uncanny.

There is another Antwerp story you must hear if you would know the traditions of this ancient city. It is the career of one, Quentin Matsys, and it is told in a wall of marvelous paintings in one of the corridors of the city hall. Matsys was a blacksmith. He fell in love with the daughter of a renowned artist, but the father refused to consent to the marriage of his daughter with anyone but a great painter. So Matsys forsook his forge and went to Italy to study art. After several years he returned to Antwerp and going to the studio of the father of his sweetheart to plead his suit, found the father away. On an easel stood a partly finished picture of a woman. Matsys seized a brush and painted a fly on the slipper of the figure on the canvas. When the father returned he thought it was a live fly and in attempting to brush it from the slipper, spoiled

his picture. Then he exclaimed that whoever painted that fly was a great artist and could wed his daughter. Of course you can guess the sequel to the story and how they lived happily ever after. The guide told this with great gusto and I must admit almost had me convinced, but the wife of the English novelist wanted to see the picture of the fly. Anyway, there is some fine iron grillwork on a pedestal in the public square that bears Matsys' name and shows how he combined his forge with his art.

This hotel de ville in Antwerp is a most interesting place. We went into the big, council chamber where the burgomaster and city fathers meet. It has magnificent paintings on the walls. "That picture was painted before your country was discovered," remarked the Belgian officer. "But we've been moving swiftly ever since," I retorted, to the "Fany" girl's delight.

Into the marriage room we went. All weddings in Belgium must have the civil ceremony. There are the chairs for the bride and groom directly in front of the magistrate's desk, the chairs for the witnesses at one side and the

chairs for the parents on the other. The remainder of the wedding party is seated farther back. On the walls are paintings of wedding scenes beginning with that of the ancient Druids, then that of the early Romans, next the early Spanish ceremony and on down to the present time. In the marvelous cathedral of Antwerp we saw the statue de la Vierge with its priceless collection of diamonds and precious stones. The entire dress and elaborate headdress are made of jewels.

It was while in the museum at Antwerp that a one-armed soldier spoke to the Belgian officer conducting our party and he turned delightedly to grasp the boy's hand. "He was in my regiment," the officer said. The soldier told us he had been taken prisoner at Vilvorde, a village we had passed through between Brussels and Malines, and had been held there 23 days by the Germans when he managed to escape, rejoining the Belgian army. "How did the Germans treat you?" I asked him.

"Nothing to eat but a piece of black bread and black coffee in the morning; some thin soup at noon and in the evening black bread and

Capt. Colson, commandant of Fort Waelhem. At his home at Contich, Belgium.

Pine stake in center of picture marks spot where Nurse Edith Cavell was shot. This is on the grounds of the Belgian shooting range in Brussels. Targets of the range may be seen in the background.

black coffee again," was his reply.

Beyond Malines with its handsome cathedral we stopped at Fort Waelhem, one of the foremost defenses of Antwerp and one of the many forts that protect the city. Captain Colson, the new commandant of the fort, showed us about, after we had a few breathless moments crossing the drawbridge over the moat. This bridge, which was almost destroyed by the fierce attack to which the fort was subjected, had a few planks and pieces of sheet iron for flooring and piloting the heavy auto over it was a hazardous proceeding, but the Fany girl was equal to it and we rolled under the grim entrance and out into a big courtyard that had echoed to some of the heaviest bombardments of the war. Commandant DeWitt, the Belgian captain in charge of the fort in those thrilling days, only surrendered after four weeks of desperate fighting and he was severely wounded. He was given back his sword by the German commander in recognition of his brilliant defense, one of the rare instances of this kind. The Germans had surrounded the fort but the heroic commandant held out with his 1,500 men as long as possible.

Captain DeWitt was promoted to the rank of major in the Belgian army for his defense at Waelhem. This big fort is underground and it has novel cupolas, big circular metal disks that crown various knolls and in which the guns are placed. One of these cupolas could be raised and lowered, while others moved only in a circle in order to aim the guns. It was interesting to hear from the military men how the churches in two villages on either side of the fort furnished the enemy their true aim on the fort itself. The high steeples of the churches provided, unwittingly, the line that helped the enemy sight their guns directly at the fort and do such destructive work.

Commandant Colson invited our party to stop at his home in the nearby village of Contich, where we enjoyed superb Belgian hospitality. It is a large beautiful old residence, the home of prominent Belgians who had suffered much during the war, and had been taken over only a few weeks before by the commandant and his charming wife. The garden with its many new varieties of dahlias was an attractive place and one of my most enjoyable

hours in Belgium was spent in this home with its lofty, spacious rooms that still retain specimens of the quaint lavish furnishings of before-the-war splendor.

About Brussels

We reached Brussels at 9:30 that night motoring through Malines, the home of Cardinal Mercier. The next day in Brussels we were taken out to see the place where Edith Cavell, the noble British nurse, was shot by official German decree. Cardinal Mercier, you remember, had tried among the many to intercede for her. The execution took place at the Belgian shooting range on the outskirts of the city, a large tract of ground where the Belgian soldiers were assembled for target practice before the war and it was used in recruiting. The wide, high-windowed building, set a couple of hundred feet from the street, appears like any ordinary American office building at first glance. On entering it we were conducted down a stairway, through several locker-filled corridors and out on to a rear, covered porch. There, not more than fifteen feet from the porch, is a three foot

pine stake marking the spot where the martyred nurse, blindfolded, was shot. On this porch twelve German soldiers were lined up with rifles for the deed. It is common belief, even in England, that Nurse Cavell was killed in some dark cell, but the truth is that she was shot here in the open air. That morning when we stood there reverently, with the sunshine throwing shadows over the grass, it was hard to realize the tragedy for which that simple pine stake stood. Miss Cavell's nursing home was in Brussels. She was one of forty-one people shot at that time by the Germans. Down the winding path of the big shooting range with its variety of targets and through a pretty stretch of woods and we came to the cemetery where were interred the remains of the forty-one martyred people. All the graves have since been removed, that of Nurse Cavell to England. The young Belgian soldier from the range told me many Americans came to visit her grave. A whole world now honors Nurse Cavell for her noble sacrifice for the Belgians.

Brussels as a city is fascinating. Its queer, narrow, streets wind around, up steep hills and

cut across in the most illogical fashion, only to burst out every few blocks into beautiful big squares. Of these the gem is the Grand Place, circled by the magnificent Seventeenth century corporation houses. Here is the house of the Painters, where Victor Hugo lived, and the House of the Tailors and one for every trade, for in the early days trade guilds were important in the municipal life. Facing this Grand Place is, too, the Brussels city hall, a high spired structure of pure Gothic style that dates back to 1402. The facades or fronts of the buildings facing on this square can never be changed; as it has been for three hundred years it must remain, though the interiors of the buildings may be reconstructed. The center of the Grand Place is the flower market and the bird market, and here I spent part of an interesting Sunday morning. The flower stalls with their Belgian flower sellers are attractive but the bird market is the novelty. Here you see birds of every kind from the plump, chipper, little canary to the glum, grey parrot. But the principal business is in carrier pigeons. Knots of men were gathered here in eager consulta-

tion over pigeons, examining their wings and beaks with canny understanding.

The remainder of that Sunday morning I spent at the Brussels rag market, known as the "Maronne." Now you cannot fancy having a good time at a rag market any more than I could, but if you go to Brussels, don't miss it. The rag market is an institution of Brussels whose origin is lost in the shadows of the past. Here every day on a huge open square in the heart of the slums of the city people come to sell everything under the sun. It must be the original White Elephant sale and is on a huge scale. Everything from shoes to antique clocks is offered to you. One stand had nothing but old rusty keys, keys large and small. Another had only small pieces of leather. These, I was told, people buy and use to sole their shoes. Nothing in Brussels evidently is allowed to go to waste. China, glassware, old metals, bed springs and auto lamps were there, with one whole section devoted to the trade of bicycles. Here, too, is where the lover of antiques comes and I saw a gorgeous ebony dining table standing on the flagstones of the square awaiting a purchaser.

But Brussels has no slums as we know the word. Its poorer districts are remarkably well kept and I wonder if this tendency to let nothing go to waste has not something to do with it. I was taken through a block of model tenement houses built by the city and rented at a nominal sum. They contain cozy, comfortable four and six room apartments. Many of the balconies were overrun with vines and had pretty flower boxes.

This municipal care for the good of the people is one of the strongest, most satisfying notes in Belgium. The people themselves are most engaging. They are always so frankly glad to help a foreigner, especially an American. No one is too busy to give you directions. They go out of their way to do it with such evident pleasure. And, of course, Brussels is the paradise of the woman who loves lace — and what woman does not? Lace stores with exquisite cobwebby Brussels and Flanders lace confront you on every turn up the hilly streets and dodging them is the most difficult task of the woman making her first trip to Belgium.

CHAPTER XIX

IN MARTYRED DINANT AND CHARLEROI

Translation of the Letter of Mlle Degraa.

DINANT, Aug. 26, 1919.

8 Quai de Meuse.

Mademoiselle:

Faithful to the promise I made you I will give you the details concerning little Bernadette Poncelet. Her father, Mr. Victor Poncelet, the son of a lawyer of our city, had married the daughter of the Notary Laurent of Dinant. Victor Poncelet had founded a dozen years ago a copper factory where was manufactured chiefly novelties known as Dinanderies. On Aug. 23, 1914, the Boches came to his home. He was in the vestibule of his house with his wife and his seven children, of whom the eldest was 10½ years old and the youngest, little Bernadette, a year and a half old. The little one you photographed was in the arms of her poor father. Seeing that they were going to shoot the father, the wife and children knelt down and begged for mercy. Mr. Poncelet said to the officer: "You are not going to shoot a father of seven children!" The officer put the little one in the arms of the mother, then commanded the soldier accompanying him to fire. The soldier refused to shoot Mr. Poncelet. Then the officer drew his own revolver and shot poor Victor Poncelet in the presence of his wife and seven little children.

8 Quai de Meuse
Dinant le 26 Aout

Mademoiselle

Fidèle à la promesse que je vous ai faite je viens vous donner les détails concernant la petite Bernadette Poncelet. Son Père Mr Victor Poncelet, fils d'un avocat de notre ville a épousé la fille du notaire Laurent de Dinant. Victor Poncelet a fondé il y a une douzaine d'années une usine de cuivre où l'on fabriquait surtout les objets de fantaisies appelés Dinanderies. Le 23 Aout 1914 les Boches sont arrivés chez lui. Il était dans le vestibule de sa maison avec sa femme et ses 7 enfants dont

Mme Poncelet and her children were made prisoners and three days after, on returning to their house, the poor family found, in the vestibule, the body of the unfortunate father, which they buried in the garden. This was one of the saddest scenes of the massacres of our city. Therefore, little Bernadette was chosen from among the orphans who were to present flowers to our Queen.

I regret I was so occupied and unable to give you other details of the cruelty of our enemies. Our good friends, the Americans, should know everything. Nothing should be neglected to acquaint them with all the evil the Boches did to our homes.

You will be truly kind if you will send two photos of the child, one for her mother and the other I will treasure as a souvenir of that beautiful and sad day. If I can be of service to you for further information, you can address me. There are still so many other interesting cases.

Receive, Mademoiselle, the very deep homage of a Belgian who feels a great sympathy for the great and noble American nation to which we owe all material and moral life.

(Signed) M. DEGRAA.

PARIS, Aug. 29.

ON returning from Brussels the above letter awaited me. It is from the aunt of the little girl who had presented flowers to Belgium's Queen at the Dinant memorial on

the fifth anniversary of its massacre, little Bernadette, whom I found sitting on the running board of the Belgian Crown Prince's car sobbing bitterly for her Daddy, who would never come back. Not even the tender words of the Queen had consoled her. It is a "close up" on that tragedy which came to me most unexpectedly as I stood in that throng.

That last Saturday in Belgium had been a full day. I talked with people who lived through the terror of the massacres, the little, old, woman who had fled to the mountains, subsisted for five days on raw vegetables — carrots — was found by German soldiers, brought back and imprisoned; twelve of her husband's people had been shot. I attended the pontifical mass on the public square of Martyred Dinant and heard the ringing words of Cardinal Mercier, the fearless old priest who dared defy the Prussian high command. I was in the front line of the cheering multitude that acclaimed Belgium's devoted King Albert and Queen Elizabeth when they, with the royal children, passed through the Boy-Scout-bordered lane from the great outdoor sanctuary, just to the

left of the portals of the ruined church. I visited a wrecked steel works in Charleroi. Standing in the rose garden of the Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne, whose son, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, is our Belgian Ambassador in Washington, I listened to her relate what it meant to have troops of German soldiers forced-upon-you guests in this ivy-vined old chateau de Marchienne. And motoring back by the field of Waterloo, the British lion, guarding the historic battleground, wagged his tail at me. Quite a full day, you will agree, even for a post-war correspondent.

Then there was the incident of the little Bernadette and how my made-in-America kodak proved the "laissez-passer" to the hearts of these good people.

Two automobiles conveyed our party and at seven that morning climbed the last Brussels hill and dashed out on the high road, making a speedy run to Namur—Namur with its high-up fort that played such a prominent part in the war. But my most vivid recollection of Namur will always be the beautiful, tree-lined, woodsy road that curled down into the city

from the heights above. In Namur it was market day and the quiet animated scenes of the market place were different from the Namur I had pictured during war times.

In the other car was a movie actress with temperament and a fussy manager, bent on making a propaganda film, and they decided to stop at Namur for breakfast. Convincing the Belgian officer conducting the party that it was imperative that I get to Dinant quickly or I would miss the ceremony, our car was permitted to go ahead. Stopped at the entrance to the city we discovered we should have had a "coup feu" or ticket, without which the car had to be parked there and we could not get through the guard lines. The Belgian conducting officer was with the other car at Namur and the movie actress had ordered eggs for breakfast. The prospects for being among those present at the service were very poor at that particular moment you will admit.

"Dinant is perfectly sweet" the English Fany girl had said to me as we came along. And nothing else quite so well describes it. Dinant, and must pronounce it "Dee-no" if

you would have anyone understand the place you mean, is a trusting little city, snuggling close against high rocky cliffs, with the softly sighing Meuse rippling between its principal streets. Clustering at the base of the fort-crowned, rocky, promontory it looks like a fancy stage setting, like a bit of the brain landscape of an artist. Dinant was formerly a favorite tourist resort of Belgium and today it holds the most harrowing memories of the German invasion. Six hundred and forty-two persons were brutally shot at Dinant in August, 1914, by the hordes of William II.; two-thirds of the town, almost 1,200 houses, were burned to the ground; all public buildings, the Palais de Justice excepted, all factories and all the farms and chateaux situated on the heights are now in ruins.

Crossing the temporary bridge that spans the Meuse you blink your eyes at the picture. On the summit of a sheer wall of rock, several hundred feet high, forming part of the right bank of the river stands the old citadel, with its flat top and deep-embrasured walls, following the curved sweep of the high road. The old

church, at first glance, seems built into the side of the cliff and only on coming within a few feet of the edifice you find that the cliff is the drop curtain directly back of it. A steep stairway, with hundreds of steps cut into the cliff, leads down from the fort to the right of the church entrance.

On Aug. 15, 1914, the Germans had the citadel, having come in over the high road, and held the high country east of the river. The French troops occupied the west bank of the Meuse against its steep hills. The attack of the French, it is said, was so sudden that the steps down from the old fort to the church were clogged with dead Germans. At first it was a French victory and the joy of the people enraged their enemies, who having witnessed the manifestations from the dominating heights, took their revenge in the massacres of Aug. 21 to 25.

The far end of the bridge and the public square or Grand Place was a surging mass of people as we walked toward it. Entering a hotel, overlooking the Place, whose windows and roof were packed with humanity, we tried

to get to a window, but it was hopeless. Out through the crowd again we had pushed forward to the line of guards. Turning to one who seemed to have more gold on his uniform than the others I pointed to the "C" on my sleeve and in my best French told him I was a "Journaliste Americaine," had come over from Paris and must get through. He answered with an affirmative nod. I was puzzled. If I started across that open space would he fire? Turning to another guard I repeated my story and the English Fany girl tried some facile French on him. So much Flemish is spoken in Belgium, it is difficult to know how much French the people understand and nodding in the affirmative may mean nothing. Taking a chance we dashed across the clear space and I sprang on the running board of a parked auto where I faced, above the sea of heads, the fine strong figure of Cardinal Mercier, who had just begun his address. The cardinal made a wonderful picture in his brilliant red robes against the heavy purple velvet of the side altar, beneath a canopy of black, fringed with silver. At his right the black canopy stretched over an

improvised high altar with its tall waxen candles flaring in the outdoor breeze. At the right of this altar knelt the king and queen and their three children. With them were the high officials of the church, state and army to do honor to Dinant. In the foreground was the huge memorial catafalque draped in black.

I had just clicked my kodak when I heard a sobbing at my feet and there on the running board sat seven-year-old Bernadette Poncelet in a white frock and purple sweater crying as if her heart would break. Her aunt, Mlle Degraa, told me the cause of her tears. Forgetting that I wanted to get the gist of the speech of Cardinal Mercier, the priest who had done so much to intercede for his people in their days of terror and whom the Germans had made a prisoner in his home but had never dared harm, I stepped down and brought back the smiles to Bernadette's pretty eyes by posing her for a picture, "for America."

At that moment over the great crowd the strong, clear, voice of the old priest rang: "et un peloton les abattait comme des chiens" (and a platoon slaughtered them like dogs). "Hor-

reur! J'en frissonne encore aujourd'hui" (Horrors — I shudder still at them today). And there stood little Bernadette, the child who had been in her father's arms a moment before he was shot, and she was smiling up at me.

That little incident made the crowd about me very friendly. The chauffeur of the auto, which I learned was that of the crown prince, opened the door and asked me to be seated, that I could see better from there. I had no difficulty getting through after that.

Among the notables present at the ceremony were M. P. Deschanel, president of the French Chamber of Deputies (now President of France); M. Paul Hymans, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs and the representative of the Belgian government; General Cadoux, commander of the 148th French Infantry at Dinant on that memorable occasion, French, English and Belgian generals and the governor of the province of Namur.

There were such affectionate cheers for the tall King and the petite Queen as together, followed by their children, they walked down the outdoor aisle to their cars. You never would

have known they were the King and Queen if they had not resembled their pictures. They are very democratic in mixing with their people. The young crown prince, the Duke of Brabant, was in the uniform of the English navy.

After the crowd had dispersed I wandered up through the burned district of the town. Accosting a woman who was coming down the center of the cobbled street I learned she had been through the massacre. She had escaped with her sister and fled into the hills above the cliffs where they hid in holes in the ground and in caves for five days when the German soldiers found them and brought them back to prison. Her brother-in-law and his three children had been shot. "I cannot remember all — it was so terrible," she said and a dazed look came into her eyes. That dazed look told volumes of what memory refused to recall. What it must have meant to be a hunted thing in such days of terror! Everything is so high now she complained. Pointing to the neat black waist she wore she told us it was made from an old sheet, dyed black. We were passing the ruins of houses, every one of which held its tragedy.

Inside the broken doorway of one were shells made into souvenirs. Before the war Dinant had been the seat of an industry of copper and brass novelties.

We had luncheon in the walled-in garden of the picturesque old inn, the Hotel des Familles, just off the public square, from where, by just raising our eyes we could see the old fort and the cliffs below it. And the bustling inn keeper, in his long-tailed coat was the counterpart of the stage character you have seen in the role. Only for the tragedy in his stern face. It was a long time until I could get M. DeWynter to tell me about it. His two sons had been put against a wall four times to be shot — they had been imprisoned — and only because he had insisted that he must close his hotel if he didn't have his sons' help were they spared. These sons are now in America to tell Dinant's story to the New World. M. DeWynter told me he had quartered 40,000 German soldiers and 3,000 officers, including nineteen generals, in his hotel. "Everything we have here today," he said, "is what we were able to hide from them." He had been there through the battle

and pointing to the roof of an addition against the garden wall on the right he related how sparks from the burning houses had fallen there and he had carried up buckets of water to extinguish them. He had been there all through the massacres. He repeated a statement difficult to credit when I had heard it earlier in the day that he had seen "Boche foaming at the mouth with rage when they entered the city."

There were harrowing stories at every turn and I thought of the American woman who said to me early in the war days, "You don't believe those things could have happened, do you?" On the streets of Dinant they sold us twigs of blue forget-me-nots as souvenirs of this day. On our way out of the city we stopped at a wall before which stood a reverent multitude. A simple column tells that here 166 men, women and children were shot just five years ago. About the column and on the wall itself, lay sprays of beautiful flowers, among which was a wreath from the King and Queen.

I knocked at the door of a house across the narrow street. A shrunken old woman an-

swered. Yes, she had lived there that tragic day but she had run behind the house and hid; she did not see it. And her eyes reflected the same horror, the same dazed helpless suffering I had seen in those of the woman on the street.

Another incident of Dinant's tragedy was related to me in the train enroute here to Paris the following week, by an Antwerp man. He had fled to England with his wife and daughters the day before the bombardment of Antwerp. He was an importer of raw materials and his fortune, everything, had been swept away. His eyes filled when he spoke of his son lost in the war. He had gone to England where he worked as a clerk for twenty-five shillings a week, and such long hours. But he had to earn something to support his family. I mentioned having been in Dinant and he spoke of meeting a Dinant friend quite unexpectedly while clerking in England. "He told me something of what he had been through—he escaped finally by having himself put into a box."

"Tell me about it," I said.

This is the story he told me. The man was a successful contractor. He was among those

stood up to be shot, but his knowledge of German had saved him. Repeatedly he had tried to leave the city but they would not permit his departure. He had heard of people escaping to Holland by being secreted in a box and shipped as merchandise. He applied to a man to make him a box but was warned that it was extremely hazardous. Dinant was a manufacturing center for playing cards and he finally had one of the large card packing cases padded and supplied with food and water. Instead of one day, which it usually took to ship these cases across the frontier, his case was left four days on the platform of the station. Imagine his hours of torture and suspense! Finally it was put on a train and in a few hours thrown off at the destination. Then a man came to the side of the case and whispered "Monsieur, you are free." And pushing up the lid, which could only be opened from the inside, he stepped out into Holland. The Antwerp man assured me this had actually happened. His friend had drifted back to Amiens—where he was succeeding well in business and had established his family when the bombardment of Amiens

began and they again had to leave. "I do not know where he is now," he added, "the last I heard his wife's health had broken down from all they had been through."

M. Verhoeven, who is now manager of an importing house in Antwerp, explained, too, why the freedom of the Scheldt is essential for Belgium. Holland now controls both banks of the river and could bottle up the harbor. Also about Belgium's claim to Limburg on the east border, which he referred to as "Maastricht." This was Belgian territory until 1830 when it was taken by Holland. After listening to the claims of only a few nations one marvels how the Peace commission arrived at any treaty agreements at all.

From Dinant we motored to Charleroi. The forts of Liege gave way after eleven long days, the last one surrendering on Aug. 15. Liege behind them, the Germans broke into two columns, one marching under the orders of Von Kluck upon Louvain and Brussels and the other, commanded by Von Bulow, advanced toward Namur and Dinant. It was on Aug. 22 and 23 that the two streams united in a manner dis-

astrous for the British and the French at Mons and Charleroi.

The battle of Charleroi is one of the great tragedies of the early days of the war. Its narrow streets, intersected by canals and crossed by bridges, proved most treacherous. The city itself, covering a large area, lies under the slope of a hill. Poilus describing the battle as it went on in the streets of Charleroi are quoted as saying, "We were up to our knees in the dead."

That day as we entered, Charleroi looked strangely peaceful in the mid-afternoon sun. We passed huge factories, in some of which the wheels are beginning to turn, and on the outskirts were coal mines, high black heaps of coal against the horizon. In 1916 from Charleroi 10,000 workmen were deported.

From Charleroi we went on to Marchienne where our cars rolled under the high gates and into the beautiful outer garden of the Chateau de Marchienne. Here we were given a cordial welcome by the Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, brother to the Belgian Ambassador in Washington, and his mother was a hospitable

Little Bernadette Poncelet, who was a babe in the arms of her father when the German officer entered his home in Dinant, Belgium, to shoot him. One of the children chosen to present flowers to the Queen on the anniversary of the massacre.

hostess. She is a charming Englishwoman. For four years they had had German officers quartered in their home, she told me. It was such a relief to be rid of them. We were taken through a hallway and vestibule, through a stately living room and out into a rose garden where century-old ivy curtained the chateau walls. For two hundred years it has been the family seat. There was such frank friendliness for the Americans in the party, the reflection of the spirit of gratitude to the United States for its help to the Belgians, that I found everywhere in my ten days in that brave little land. Here I also met Hon. Wm. L. Hounold, formerly London director of the American Commission for Belgian Relief, one of the four noted men associated with Mr. Hoover in that work.

The shadows of night were falling as we drove past the historic field of Waterloo on our way back to Brussels. There on a high bluff as a reminder stands the British lion. He faces Germany. I was told there is a movement on foot to have him turn his back on Berlin now. And as we rushed past in the bouncing car it

did look as if the beast were wagging his tail at me. I may have been mistaken. But as General Pershing says: "We are all Anglo-Saxon now."

CHAPTER XX

MEETING THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

PARIS, Aug. 30.

THIS morning I had a little talk with General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-chief of the American Army.

Word from the American Press bureau had come saying that General Pershing would say farewell to the American correspondents at 12 o'clock today at his residence; later the place was changed to his office, in the A. E. F. headquarters in the Avenue Montaigne. He is to sail tomorrow for home.

I arrived at the headquarters, which is only a block from my hotel, fifteen minutes before the appointed time and was waiting in an anteroom. All was bustle and hurry in the halls where huge packing cases were being nailed up. People kept coming and going. Interviewing Commanders-in-chief of victorious armies has not been an every day occurrence in my life. I had never talked to one before. I was thrilled. I pictured myself one of a group of corre-

spondents in a shadowy private office before a stern-visaged man, wearing a triple line of medals across his coat, who was making a formal statement. I took a calling card from my handbag for, of course, a flunkie would soon be asking for one.

A door from an inner room opened and a tall man in olive-drab entered the anteroom. He walked to its center. An Englishman, seated near the farther window, arose and hastened forward. They shook hands warmly and standing there in the middle of the room chatted for a few moments. I heard the Englishman say he had just returned from South Africa and was going back.

I was wondering, vaguely, the rank of the man in khaki. He wore no insignia; at least none was visible from where I sat, near the door. There was not even a wound stripe on his sleeve and no mark on the side of the collar toward me. By this time I am so accustomed to war crosses that it takes a double row or none at all to attract my attention.

The tall man in khaki stepped toward me. "What can I do for you," he asked.

Something in the way he held his head, something in the steady look in his eyes was familiar —it reminded me of the lone horseman in khaki in the Victory parade.

I was on my feet. "You are not—are you General Pershing?" I stammered.

"I am," said the man without war decorations.

I handed him my card. "Now what does all this mean?" he asked pleasantly as his eye traveled down the list of names and cities of the newspapers of the Lee Syndicate. He was giving me a chance to recover my poise. "Ah, Hannibal, Missouri," he breathed. "Well!" Missouri claims General Pershing and the Commander-in-chief has a soft spot in his heart for Missouri. Hence the smile reminiscent that came into his eyes.

"Tell me about our soldier boys," I begged.

A look of pride came over his face. "They are fine," he said. And I wish every doughboy's mother could have heard him say it—yes, and his father and his sisters, his cousins and his aunts. "They are all fine soldiers, our

American boys," he emphasized. Then this:

"I don't know whether you know the thrill of seeing him go into battle," he said, his eyes shining. "He is wonderful, our American soldier!"

"Out where I live, General, they have been talking of you for president," I began.

He threw out both hands, as if warding off something and laughed: "Not a word on that —not a word."

"Can you look at a person and write a story about them?" General Pershing put the question to me, direct. I thought I could. "Then go ahead about me," he said and the interview was at an end.

I don't suppose the kaiser ever saw General Pershing. But if he had he never would have wanted to meet our Commander-in-chief with that glint of steel in his eyes on a sultry afternoon strolling along the Siegesalle in Berlin. Then Wilhelm Hohenzollern would have had a real reason for escaping to Holland — only he would not have escaped.

He typifies our American soldier — all we ever want him to be — does General Pershing.

No higher praise could be given any man. And France! With smiles of thanks and fondest tears she is preparing to bid farewell to the tall, serene man, who led the host of brave lads from across an ocean wide to her rescue.

"Zhenerale Parshaing!" You should hear them say it: "Veeve, Zhenerale Parshaing!"

CHAPTER XXI

WHEN AUSTRIA SIGNED

PARIS, Sept. 10.

HE WAS a large framed, fat man, with a bald head, chin whiskers, and heavy, black rimmed spectacles. He stepped to the center of the crowded, silent room, to an ornate table on which lay a stack of papers, what appeared to be the manuscript of a book. Pushing his glasses up on his forehead, he grasped a pen and, examining it closely, he bent over the table. A man in black at his left moved aside a pace. The pen traveled across the paper. It was a tense moment. Raising himself up, the fat man looked benignly over at the seated line of statesmen, bordering the three sides of the crimson velvet and white-blotter covered continuous table line, that framed the space about him. That was Carl Renner, chancellor and sole plenipotentiary of the new Austrian Republic, affixing Austria's signature to the Treaty of Peace. Curiously pathetic he was

at that moment, the lone figure standing for a powerful Empire, now by his signature reduced to a small nation.

Directly facing Renner, across the blotter-topped, crimson velvet table and never taking his keen eyes from the other's face, was a little, wiry man with thinning white hair and drooping, white mustaches. Yes, that was The Tiger. He dominated that throng with a personality so strong that, subconsciously, all eyes were upon M. Clemenceau at that historic moment.

This morning I saw Austria take her medicine—and it was Clemenceau who held the spoon.

At the right of the French Premier, fine and soldierly in his uniform, sat our Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, who made a commanding figure as he came forward to the treaty table to sign for our own United States. Next to him sat Hon. Henry White, and then Hon. Frank L. Polk, the distinguished heads of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. Then came M. Tardieu, M. Pinchot, and then the Italian delegation headed by M. Tittoni. And rounding the corner of the board the Belgian delegates

under M. Hymans; then the Poland delegation with M. Paderewski, his strong white face and heavy sweeping locks making him its dominating figure. Across the table, at the inner rim, were the Chinese, Cubans, and Nicaraguans. To the left of M. Clemenceau was the Hon. Arthur James Balfour, very tall, courtly and suave, with a group of England's statesmen, and beyond them the delegates of Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, Japan, Greece, Panama, Portugal, and Siam. As each went forward to sign the document there was a shifting of the picture, but always the setting remained the same.

It is a large, oblong room, this Stone Age hall of the Chateau of St. Germain-en-Laye. At the farther end is a tall brick fireplace, with a white-columned mantel above, from which the white marble busts of two distinguished French savants looked down upon the throng. On its walls are pictures of ancient mammals, and mysterious colored prints that would gladden the heart of any antiquarian.

The last time a treaty was signed in this room was back in the sixteenth century, when

the state, which was Catholic, signed a treaty with the Protestants. James II of England was exiled here in 1689. Built on the site of an ancient fortress, it has seen many vicissitudes as the home of French kings. There is a white lady who is supposed to haunt the chateau, though when and why I could not ascertain. Today the stately pile is used as a museum, chiefly of prehistoric specimens, and the man in charge of this particular hall only consented to clear it for the treaty ceremony, because he considered that rather important. The director of the museum, Solomon Reinach, is the principal authority on the prehistoric in the world today.

Only a few of the glass cases with their priceless specimens had been left against the wall at the entrance of the treaty ceremony hall. In the center were two signing tables, with another table set crosswise on which were other treaties — some ten or twelve in all covering minor matters — and the signers went from one to another. The continuous blottered desk line, on three sides, enclosed the center space, about which numerous secretaries, carrying large

portfolios hurried to and fro. Glass inkstands and pentrays were the only ornaments on the blotters.

The fourth or open side of the oblong was filled in by a standing, black coated throng of men, about three hundred in all, with not more than five women. Small groups of distinguished guests were seated on scarlet cushioned, gold-backed chairs in the foreground, and within the enclosed, red-carpeted space. Prominent among these was Mrs. Frank L. Polk, wife of the head of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, in a dove gray costume and hat, who sat near the center cross desk, where almost every signer stopped to give her his autograph. Hon. Hugh Campbell Wallace, our American Ambassador, was an outstanding figure in that center group, as was Colonel Wallace. The Hon. Harold Nicholson of England, who wrote the financial clauses of the treaty, was pointed out. And then from among the group of English experts the man who, it is whispered, hung up the treaty for so long.

The entire end of the hall opposite the mantel

was given over to the press of the world, about sixty correspondents, among whom I was the only woman. Floyd Gibbons was a notable figure among the writers present. Behind me a couple of Chinese journalists were trying to kodak the scene.

It was almost nine o'clock this morning when motoring out from Paris in a press car, we came into the picturesque, reserved road to St. Germain. It was a wonderful morning, full of sunshine and bird song, as we rolled through the beautiful, villa-lined route, past the Forest of St. Germain and along the Seine. St. Germain is a quaint, bustling little city, that manages to look commercial until you round the turn to its medieval, towered chateau in the heart of town. Then you feel yourself transported back to the times of the "Knights of the Round Table."

A magic card, with a green diagonal stripe across its face, inscribed "Carte d'invitation donnant acces a la Salle de la Signature," (invitation card giving access to the signature hall) was the fairy wand. It allowed me across a French-soldier bordered street, through a high gate, past numerous suspicious function-

aries in medieval livery, over a moat bridge; out into a courtyard and on to the famous terrace, where there was a crowd behind another horizon-blue, gun-bristling line of French Dragoons. Only hesitating for a moment I slipped past two solemn figures in black, into a narrow doorway and then up and up what seemed an endless wind of white stone steps. There was an outer room with museum cases about—and then the magic door itself. For the courtesy of that card, which was one of only ten extended to the American press in Paris, I am indebted to Charles Stephenson Smith, of the Associated Press, better known as the Ambassador of American Journalism, to Miss Catherine Groth, now director of the Paris American Press Bureau and to Lawrence Hills of the *New York Sun* bureau.

In the signing room at St. Germain chateau at 9:30 we were early enough to watch the celebrities arrive. The American delegation appeared first among the representatives of the big allied powers. There was a pleasant atmosphere of handshaking and an informal buzz of conversation. Men kept coming up to dele-

gates seated at desks, and shoving at them autograph books or postcards to be signed.

"I think that is low class business, doncherknow, this rushing around getting autographs," jeered the famous English journalist who had the chair at my left in the front row. But it seems to be a feature of every treaty signing program. "What do you suppose those secretaries carry in those enormous portfolios?" another asked.

Just at that moment there was a crash of glass back of us and a daring spirit, climbing over the high windowsill at our left, had stepped through the glass top of one of the cases of priceless stone age relics beneath it. When I caught a glimpse of him he was disappearing outside on the window ledge, clutching his camp stool, the inevitable camp stool that is a part of the scenic setting of every crowd in France, whether at a picnic or a treaty ceremony. "Must have been a movie man—I hope no correspondent would have disgraced the profession by such actions," commented the journalist at my right.

Several members of the Chinese and Japa-

nese delegations were observed in close discussion for a few moments. Was it Shantung, do you suppose? Or just the weather?

A man passed wearing the rosette of the Legion of Honor. Another was carrying a silk hat and a kodak. There were many carrying canes and silk hats. A flurry — here comes a gendarme in the blue uniform, with the red stripes, bringing a telegram. He hands it to M. Clemenceau. Someone suggests Rumania has changed her mind and will sign. Perhaps it is Serbia! Only these two are absent from the treaty table.

Paderewski arrives and there is a stir — involuntarily you look for the piano. But Paderewski is more than a world musician now, he is a world patriot. He shakes hands with his delegation and then with a group of Americans. His fine, dreamy face has not changed since he played his minuet as an encore — only his waving hair seems to have much gray in it. Poland's sorrows have weighed heavily upon his heart. "He was never going to play again until Poland was free," a voice near me says.

Then there is a hush — Clemenceau has arisen

and is speaking. Just a few words in French in explanation of the peace treaty. When the Premier is seated, Carl Renner, the Austrian delegate, comes out from among the group before the fireplace. Over my head the moving picture machine grinds swiftly.

As the delegates of the big allied nations come forward to sign, everyone is alert. It is easy to recognize the men who have played the leading roles in the world drama of today, the allied and associated plenipotentiaries, as they step into the spotlight of history by signing their names to the voluminous document on that spindle-legged table. M. Clemenceau is vividly alive as he signs. M. Tittoni and the Italian delegates are smiling. This is to Italy what the signing at Versailles was to France.

The flaring interest flickers low as the smaller nations come on in order. "Miss Adler, call me when China signs," sighed the correspondent of one of the foremost New York papers as he wilted into a chair. He had been perched high up next to the motion picture man at the crucial moment.

A distracting incident right here. A stir at

the doorway and a girl in the C. A. R. D. French blue uniform slips in and seats herself on one of the glass specimen cases along the end wall. There is much audible sympathy for the museum man and his precious collection. But the glass top holds. A moment later and a large Frenchman boosts himself, silk hat and cane, on to the adjoining glass case, swinging his spatted ankles recklessly. "Oh, Boy, something is going to happen," exclaims a famous writer at my elbow. And he, with the rest of us, miss a detail of the ceremony in the center of the hall, waiting breathlessly for that specimen case to break.

"Perfectly disgusting — that autograph hunting — my word it is," fumes the London correspondent. Secretaries are hovering over delegates in front of us, getting signatures. "Wonder how many Mrs. Polk got," someone remarks.

Right here I determined to enter the autograph game for a few minutes first hand experience, since it has become such a treaty fad. Our American delegates were charmingly ac-

quiescent. Gen. Bliss and the Hon. Mr. Polk signed for me. M. Clemenceau passed by. "I forget how to sign my name," he said in very good English, and then, smiling, grasped my hand and shook it cordially.

I understood. Signing his name has been altogether too serious a matter with M. Clemenceau these days. The hour was too sacred. Who could blame him? He had laid the double-headed arch enemy of France low at last. His glorious France was now the cornerstone of the peace of the world. Fifty years he had waited to affix his name to a treaty that would insure to France some retribution for her sufferings—and this final scene—what signing his name must have meant to that proud-spirited old premier. Commissioner Polk spoke, "M. Clemenceau never gives his autograph to anyone." Later I heard he had refused it even to M. Tardieu.

The final moment of the peace ceremony was impressive. Strongly, simply, the words of M. Clemenceau rang through the hall, announcing that the Treaty of St. Germain was concluded.

And here, where months before Austria had received the treaty terms from the Allies, here in the self-same hall, she was today signed up to pay in full her price for the war.

CHAPTER XXII

IN ITALY, ON THE PIAVE

VENICE, Sept. 26.

IT WAS a stiff climb for the chugging gray motor car, but each turn in the winding road, densely wooded at either side, disclosed new vistas of scenic grandeur ahead. Every little while, through a break in the shrubbery, there was a glimpse of a valley, where, in a wide, stony bed, a blue, blue river winded sinuously. Out from a shedlike structure at the right of the road dashed a chubby-faced soldier in a green-gray uniform with trimmings of black and a visored cap; he shouted and waved his hands. Behind him, from an entrance way rushed two more green-gray clad soldiers, their caps worn jauntily. They were wildly excited. From their gestures it was evident we could not go on. What a bore! "Fermato" I shouted to the chauffeur who was going on, anyway. "Show them your official letter" suggested Miss Bennett, the English girl traveling with

me. The seal on the official letter had awed people before. The chubby-faced soldier was breathless when he reached us. The English girl understood his language. "He says we can't go on—they are exploding mines ahead —they are due to go off in a half hour," she said.

Yes, this is Sunny Italy and we were on the Piave River, up on the Montello, where, less than a year ago, was the front line of the Italian Army.

Eleven mines, left by the English who had been there in the big drive, had been set off. In hardly twenty minutes they came, the first a deep-throated intonation that made everyone exclaim "Ah." By the time nine more rent the September afternoon stillness I knew what it must have sounded like up there on the hills above the Piave when the Italians defended its heights from the Austrian hosts on the hills beyond the narrow blue stream that seemed so motionless in its far-below rocky bed. Climbing to a knoll, I had a wide view of the sweep of the river that has a deeper significance for Americans than any other Italian front, since

it was on the Piave that the only regiment of American troops fought, the 332d, made up chiefly of Ohio men. A deep square cut into the turf, the Italian guard made me understand, was where one of their cannon had stood. There was still plenty of barbed wire about.

As the explosions of the mines came the ground trembled. From the shedlike structure there came the terrified cry of a child, the little sick bambino of the farmhouse, which served as the outpost for that squad guarding the road. We counted ten explosions and as the eleventh did not come and the Italian guard insisted there were eleven, we decided to turn back. In rounding the curve ahead to find a place wide enough to turn the car we came upon the remainder of the guard who had set off the explosions. They were evidently going to investigate what happened to the eleventh mine. I refused to be curious. Eleven never was my lucky number. Anyway, I was keen to get across the Piave, down to where our Yankee lads had lent their splendid aid to Italy.

I came within fifteen minutes of not getting to Italy. I had to have permission from four

different countries, the United States, France, Switzerland and Italy. To get these four visaes on my passport required infinite time, much formality and much more patience. Train reservations were the next obstacle. None were to be had for ten days, but through the efforts of Lieut. Stroppa, head of the press section of the Italian Peace Delegation in Paris, and who had gotten my passport visaed by the Paris Prefecture of Police himself, we were finally able to secure reservations for Monday night. It was 11:30 Monday morning when I stood in the Swiss consulate in Paris, waiting to get my visa, as the route to Verona lay through Switzerland. The office for the "wagon lit" or sleeper closed at twelve o'clock. And the line into the room where the final stamp was placed on the passports comprised some twenty people ahead of me. As each required at least ten minutes it began to look hopeless. I turned to the young woman who had just stamped my passport. "Can't you do anything for me?" I pleaded. "Unless I leave tonight I shall be compelled to give up my trip to Italy and the wagon-lit office closes in a half hour." She

took the papers out of my hands and disappeared through a door back of her desk. In five minutes she returned with everything completed. She refused pourboire so I tried to tell her, in a burst of gratitude, that I hoped if she ever came to my country someone would do as much for her. She smiled happily. "I hope to come to America some day," was what she said. And I had been assured at the American passport bureau that I could not get a Swiss visa because my passport did not read for Switzerland. It was a wild taxi ride to the reservation's office but we made it or I should not have crossed the Piave three times yesterday, which I believe is oftener than the Austrians crossed it in any one day, though the cables had them crossing and recrossing it innumerable times a year ago.

Traveling in Italy is still very difficult. Though we had our tickets from Paris to Verona, we were obliged to get out of the train at Milan at 4 o'clock the following afternoon, as the sleeper was taken off and there was no place in the remainder of the train, though our destination was only a couple of hours farther.

We had come on the Simplon-Orient Express, through the marvelous Simplon tunnel that is cut through the Swiss mountains, a gigantic engineering feat. The tunnel requires about twenty-five minutes to traverse its length, but a defective air brake caused our train to stop after we had traveled some ten minutes through the dark cavern. We were delayed for the longest ten minutes I ever expect to live through, nothing visible from the compartment windows but sheer walls of rock on either side. There was no panic. Everyone waited. And we discussed how long the air would last. It was a blessed relief when the wheels began to turn slowly. And the sunlight never before seemed quite so good as when we emerged from the tunnel at Iselle.

Crossing two frontiers we had to pass inspection of customs officers twice. The French duane came at six in the morning and their chief concern was whether we carried more than a thousand francs in French money, the maximum paper that may be taken from the country. No gold may be taken at all. Five august officials stood in the doorway of our

compartment and we had just shown them our currency and answered that we had no gold coin. One asked for my handbag and proceeded to search it. He was rummaging through it when I saw what attracted his attention. It was a gold pencil glittering in its depths, the farewell gift of *The Times* editorial force, that nearly got me into difficulty. When he found it was a pencil he handed the bag back with what sounded like an apology. At the Italian frontier the customs officials came to ask if we carried chocolate, sugar, coffee or cigars.

The early morning ride through Switzerland carries the memory of the Jungfrau, snow-capped, and another mountain lost in the clouds, and a spired, little, white church rising straight from the center of a nestling mountain village. After the big Simplon we went through many little tunnels until we reached the frontier town of Domo d'Ossola and then we were in Italy. Past Lago Maggiore, or Lake Major, to translate its musical name, with lovely little dream isles in its center on which were clustered what looked from the train distance like toy houses. The villages in Italy are wonderfully pictur-

esque — everywhere one looks it is a picture. We decided to remain in Milan for the night, where after much difficulty we found room in a hotel, for everything was crowded. In a quaint one horse vehicle we drove about the streets and then to the great cathedral which is such a marvelous example of Gothic architecture. It looked like a huge frosted cake in the sunset, that Cathedral of Milan with its lacelike exterior, the sun's rays glinting from its countless spires. The interior is noble in its proportions with its huge marble columns and its inlaid marble floors are worn uneven by the many who have come and gone. There are no seats in the massive body of the cathedral, giving the eye full sweep and adding to its magnificence.

It was dark and rainy at 5 o'clock the next morning when the funny little, one horse, Italian cab, with the driver, umbrella-shielded, on the high front seat juggled us over the rough pavement to the Milan depot where we caught the train for Verona. Verona was the headquarters of the American regiment in Italy and in addition it was the home of Juliet whom Shakespeare immortalized.

In the train compartment with us was an Italian general and his wife. Miss Bennett spoke Italian to them and the general inquired what the "C" on my sleeve meant. She told him I was an American correspondent and he spoke in glowing terms of what the American Red Cross had done in Italy and how grateful they were to America for the supplies and money given through the Red Cross. He told me he had fought in the Grappa and Asiago and modestly refused to talk of the three stars on his croix de guerre. I tried to get him to express himself on d'Annunzio but he refused to give an opinion further than that Fiume was Italian absolutely and the only thing possible was to give it to the Italians. He did not believe it was wise to give Italy the city and the port to the Jugo Slavs. The Italians must have both. He said Wilson was at the head of a syndicate of American bankers, which was quoting what the morning Italian paper, the *Milan Populo,* had said. I asked about the feeling of Italians against Americans on account of Fiume. He insisted they were the best of friends. Militarily, America had not been

largely represented in Italy and he had not come personally in contact with American soldiers. He said, however, that the American and English soldiers had been well provided for by their countries, but the Italian soldier had suffered great privations, since Italy had been too poor to provide good food, shelter and clothing, but the Italian soldier had never grumbled. I liked the glowing terms in which he spoke of the valor of the Italian soldier.

It was shortly after nine when we reached Verona which is highly Italian with its quaint old houses and statuary adorned buildings. To my American eyes, exquisite statuary set around on cornices, over doorways, and in wall niches seemed the exuberance of art. And I thought of my one and only highly treasured Venus riding the snail and how carefully it now was covered at home. Here they have so many marble statues they set them around on the outside of the houses and on the gateways. Figures blackened with age they are but retaining their exquisite proportions, giving that touch of art everywhere which is so distinctly Italian.

In a rickety, one horse, cab we went in search of the house of the Capulets and here I was destined to my first big shock. After having thrilled at "Romeo and Juliet" in the Opera in Paris, with Romeo sighing over a flower-hung balcony looking out on a lovely garden, I was wholly unprepared to see Juliet's balcony on the third floor of an ugly, straight-up-from-the street, stone building, where Romeo never could have reached it unless he was a porch climber. It would have baffled even a Douglas Fairbanks —that balcony with its unattractive iron railing. Then as the little shop-lined street below was only about ten feet wide the neighbors must all have listened to Romeo's wooing. Of course in those days there were no clanging street cars winding down the narrow thoroughfare, as there are today, that made the cab hug the two-foot sidewalk. I might have refused to believe the old cab driver if he had not pointed to the white stone marker over the arched entrance, which reads that "This is the House of the Capulets from whom sprang Juliet, whose renown has been sung by gentle hearts and poets." They wanted to take me to the tomb of Juliet, but I

refused. That was enough romance smashed for one day.

Verona has a wonderful old marketplace, with an ancient statue-corniced palace at one end. Next to it is an old place with half-obliterated frescoes of marvelous hues still visible on its outer walls and below, in the bustling market square, were the white-umbrella shaded stalls, with tomatoes and fruits and lettuce piled high with the artist eye to color effects. Here and there were rusty braziers of roasting chestnuts. An ornate tomb of a Fourteenth century Veronese family is right in the heart of the city.

On the way to the depot the cabdriver insisted on our stopping to see the old Roman arena, its tiers of worn stone seats holding 25,000 people in the days when the gladiators held forth there. When General Pershing went through Italy before sailing for home a few weeks ago an immense spectacle was given in this arena in his honor. There is a large barracks in Verona and we saw many Italian soldiers about them, the Carabinieri, with their three cornered Napoleonic hats, and the Bersaglieri,

with the tuft of cock feathers falling fetchingly over one side, being specially attractive.

On the train from Verona to Venice an Italian captain tried to tell us the feeling for Americans in Italy was unchanged. That the question of Fiume is a diplomatic one. The Americans have nothing to do with it—now the Italians must settle it for themselves. At this moment the situation in Italy in regard to Fiume is very tense with d'Annunzio prepared to hold out to the end and the dispatches in the Italian papers saying President Wilson will not change his decision, though Clemenceau and Lloyd George are willing that Italy should have Fiume.

We passed through Padua which recalls the "Merchant of Venice" and reached the Queen of the Adriatic, as Venice is called, at five in the afternoon.

To be transported by gondola from the station to the hotel was a pleasant experience after the dirty train, for travel in Italy is still suffering from the war and is anything but sanitary and comfortable. Just as you see him in pictures, minus the red sash and cap, the

gondolier stands at the back of the boat and with one oar guides it magically over the smooth waters, keeping up a running comment in patois with the passing gondoliers. He has a peculiar cry to announce his coming around the sharp turns of the smaller canals, after he leaves the Grand Canal, that sounds like "Wah hee" and serves the same purpose as the honk of an auto. The gondola is a long, narrow skiff, always painted black, which gives it a mysterious air, with the prow end of a quaint iron design. Gondoliering is dustless and most luxurious, even if it is slow. So here in Venice, if you belong to the F. F. V.'s you have your private gondola and your gondolier. A few ultra-moderns have steam launches but they lack the Venetian charm. No, there are no automobiles for there are no streets on which to run them.

In the soft sunshine of the late afternoon we passed the Venice boat market with its boats piled high with colorful fruits and vegetables, arranged always like a picture, and through the web of small canals, under the Bridge of Sighs, the white marble enclosed bridge from the Palais de Justice to the Prison, and into the

Grand Canal again and up to the dock of the Hotel Royal Danieli, which is so cosmopolitan that the room clerk speaks English.

I had been told at Cook's, where I had gone as a last resort, that it would be impossible for me to get to the Piave battlefield. They have no trips to the Italian battlefronts. Though I carried letters with the seal of the Italian Peace Delegation in Paris I was assured there was no means of transportation. Italy has made no feature of exhibiting her battlefields and they are most inaccessible. It was the hotel concierge who knew a garage at Mestre where we might be able to rent a car, but it would cost 400 lire or more.

The next morning at nine o'clock we were standing outside the little depot at Mestre, which is an hour's rail trip from Venice, surrounded by beseeching, chattering cabbies, vainly looking for the promised car to take us over the Piave. At last a purple-silk-sweater attired damsel, wearing heavy jeweled earrings, rings and necklace appeared to tell us something had happened to the car and it would be ready in fifteen minutes—and would we ac-

company her to the garage. On the tramcar into the town we passed a gipsy caravan. Senor Tagliano, the owner of the garage, was one of only four men who remained in Mestre when the city was evacuated for the war. He pointed out for us where a shell had fallen and where he had stood on the road only one hundred feet away at the time. In the station at Mestre 450 people had been killed during one attack.

It was after eleven when the auto with the Italian driver, who wore a black band across his forehead to hide an ugly wound scar, started from Mestre for Treviso. The Austrians got to within fifteen kilometers of Treviso at one time, a quaint old city with arcaded buildings along the crooked streets and a marvelous old gateway.

On the road we passed a field full of old camions, remnants of the war days and then we came to Spresiano, the first ruined town and which was the scene of a terrific battle in 1917-18 that gave the Italians victory. In a wooden shack, used now as a restaurant, I talked with the engineer in charge of the buildings being constructed by the government. He said about

half of the population of the village was back.

Then we came to the Piave river that here is very narrow but lies in a wide rocky bed. This is the dry season. We crossed to the opposite bank to the village of Susegana, which had been badly shelled. The bridge we crossed over was a new temporary structure since the old stone bridge had been destroyed by the Italians in their retreat in 1917. As I tried to get a kodak view it was difficult to distinguish where the blue Italian sky and the blue waters of the Piave met, they blended into one glory of color on the horizon.

At Nervesa about fifty of the village people surrounded us and were very friendly. It is a terribly shattered town, just a few broken walls and hollow exteriors greeting the eye at every street turn. But several new houses were being erected and the half of the population, that has wandered back from the south of Italy and Sicily to where they had been evacuated, are living as best they can in remnants of tumbling down, shelled houses. Here it was that the village belle came out to talk to us, a beautiful Italian girl with dusky hair, piled high, and

stuck with fanciful pins, a radiant skin and such pearly teeth. Her people had owned the town inn. She confided to me that she wanted to go to America. She had only been back in Nervesa a few weeks. The grandmother of the village, bent and old, came out too. They had been having a hard time they said. No one seemed to know what they were going to do this winter but they were very philosophical about it. After all, they were back in their own village. It is home, if there is but little left.

From Nervesa we started up the winding hill road on to the Montello which was the front line in November, 1918, when the Italians made their heroic stand on the Piave. We stopped to talk at a farmhouse. The people had not been back long but had planted their maize from which is made the Polenta, the favorite dish of this region, like nothing so much as our corn-bread of the south. It tastes much like corn-bread, too.

After we had been turned back by the mines on the Montello, we returned through Nervesa and crossed the Piave at Susegana to go down on the farther bank of the river. Through spec-

tral ruined villages and past a roadside altar, through Tezze and into San Polo where we passed a couple of pretty Italian senoritas carrying gay sunshades. They were a welcome touch of youth and color in that street of broken walls and hollow houses.

Now the road became densely wooded. Fields were so completely covered with vegetation that no shell holes were visible. This devastated region of Italy differs from France for Nature has here already covered many signs of war with knee-high vegetation. We passed the ruined palace of the Senator Papadopoli, a handsome old mansion that was in the track of the attack on Oct. 26, 1918, not a year ago.

At Cimadolmo, where the American army fought, we entered a house and talked with the people. It had been a three story home but now only the mark of the stairways was visible on the walls of what was one high, barnlike room. Two beautiful old beds were there, a part of the furniture they had been able to carry with them when they evacuated. The quaint old fireplace with its huge stone hearth had not been harmed. In the outer passage a white owl

blinked at us—it was the pet of the small boy of the family. They were getting along as best they could so the pretty girl and the tired old mother told us.

It was between the Grave di Papadopoli and the left bank of the river that the Italian Tenth army had formed the third bridgehead, and breaking through the enemy's defences extended into the Cimadolmo plain. Quoting from the report of the Commando Supremo of the Royal Italian Army on the battle of Vittorio Veneto from Oct. 24 to Nov. 4, 1918, on "A Page of Glory" and under the heading, "The Audacious Tenth Army," this must fill you with pride: "The young and gallant 332d American Regiment proved its valour, vying in bravery with our infantry."

At Roncadelle we stopped in front of the village tailor shop where twenty of the returned refugees came out to talk to us. They said the government allowed them 1 lire, 35 centimes a day, which is scarcely twenty cents. A girl stood knitting a sock with coarse yarn. She said she had been taken prisoner by the Austrians and kept a year, but they had not mis-

treated her. She did not get much to eat but they did not make her work. These people were profuse in their appreciation of the food and clothing the American Red Cross had given them.

At Ponto di Piave, where we again crossed the river, I went into the office of the military commander of the zone. He was not in but I was told they were erecting 400 rooms, place to house 400 people, and repairing many of the damaged houses. Most of the evacuated people had returned. In this village the work of reconstruction was most encouraging, many new homes and several large buildings being in course of erection. An Austrian who entered the office said he was foreman of the building and that the work was going well.

There seems to be little bitterness between the Austrians and the Italians — my impression was that they had fought it out and now were trying to get along. Quite a different feeling from that of the French and Belgians against the Germans. But then we heard of no civilian atrocities by the Austrians. They always evacuated the cities in the path of a battle several days before an attack.

On the way back to Treviso we passed several wagonloads of bedding going toward the devastated region. Into Treviso we came, through the handsome old Roman gateway, and back to Mestre, catching the seven o'clock train for Venice.

The Piave is slowly recovering from the hurricane of war that swept over its peaceful villages. Its people are cheerful and hopeful in spite of the hard winter ahead. What courage they have to come back to rekindle the fire on the shelled old home hearth, you will say with me, but after all, they are home again. And they did so miss their Polenta during their evacuation, they told me. It is the staple food of the Italian of the North. They have home even if it is a broken shack and their polenta—and the cold winter seems very far away.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE CARSO — AND IN TRIESTE

VENICE, Sept. 29.

TWO Italian military police stood in the doorway of the railway compartment examining passports. It was ten o'clock Saturday night and we traveling toward Trieste. "Anglais?" one asked, as he reached out for mine. "No, I'm Americana," I answered with a proud toss of my head. "Essere Americana," (All right, be an American then) he answered with a short, hard laugh. Right there I experienced my first uncomfortable feeling about being in Italy at this time. We had been warned against coming. They told me I could not expect a people to be friendly when only the President of my country stood between them and their beloved Fiume. Both Lloyd George and Clemenceau were willing that Italy should have Fiume. At every station along the way we had bought Italian papers and their headlines proclaimed in two inch type that President

Wilson was still holding out against Italy. It was a dynamic moment in Italy and logically it was no place for Americans. D'Annunzio had barricaded himself in Fiume and had announced dramatically he would die there rather than give up. The Italian government was in a difficult position. You would expect feeling to run high. But it was a new sensation, this veiled scoff at my country. The Florentine couple in the compartment with us tried to laugh it off. They said nothing was meant—but the feeling remained.

On the way to Monfalcone, which if your memory serves you, will recall some of the fiercest of Italy's battles in the world war, we met an Italian singer in an American Y uniform. He was Umberto Sacchetti, who created the tenor role in "The Girl of the Golden West," when it was presented in America several years ago. He gave me another version of the story we had been hearing since we started, that the American flag had been fired upon in Trieste. He would not admit there was any feeling against Americans there—claimed Fiume was a question the Italians must settle for themselves.

It was Captain F. Maurice Ferrucci, an attache of the Italian Peace Delegation in Paris, whom I met in Venice, who was instrumental in getting us to the Carso. The Carso is Italy's great war shrine and means to Italy what Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel do to us, what Ypres does to the English and what Verdun does to the French. The majority of the one and a half million sons that Italy gave to death and disablement when she fought the cause of the Allies made the sacrifice on the Carso. For two years, from May, 1915 to 1917, Italy stubbornly clung to these rocky heights. Then came the great retreat that pushed them back to the Piave, where they again came to glorious victory when October gave way to November last year.

After the Piave, where America sent her sons to help the land of Garibaldi, I knew I must see the Carso to visualize even casually the Italian phase of the war. At first it appeared inaccessible. The Italian Peace Delegation in Paris through its Chevalier Armando Koch, had been anxious to help me, but could assure me nothing. Their Lieut. Stroppa

wired to the headquarters in Rome, but with no results. I was given a letter of introduction from the peace delegation and Captain Ferrucci in Venice added a personal note to the commando supremo of the military zone at Gorizia, the city nearest the famous battlefield.

My hopes had not been high when we reached Monfalcone and the luncheon on the Italian diner, especially that heaped-high plate of endless spaghetti, had not boosted them. We had come out from Venice on the 9 o'clock train, and if you had possessed a long distance telescope you might have seen Miss Bennett and me seated disconsolately on a stone wall at Monfalcone about two o'clock that afternoon trying to decide whether to go to Gorizia and attempt to get on the Carso, or take a through train for Trieste.

Monfalcone is no place to lose one's nerve. It is a wraith of a town with one street of ruins after another and with a force of men trying to repair the shell-punctured lanes and people living drably in what is left of their domiciles, it was discouraging in the hot midday Italian sunshine. I had just changed my mind for the fifth

time — with the Italian fondness for delays and recalling that it took me ten days to procure the necessary papers to get to Italy, I groaned that nothing less than a miracle could get us to the Carso within the time we had before dark — when along came an old, one horse buggy winding up the dusty road, and we hailed it for a sight-seeing tour. Monfalcone gives you a heartache. It must have been an important center in its day, but after the pendulum of war had swung back and forth over its twisting streets for two long years it is full of shadows and ruins. Of its population of 20,000 people, 5,000 had returned. I talked with a number of them, both Austrians and Italians. This was formerly Austrian territory and now belongs to Italy. The girl at a postcard shop admitted she was Austrian, but refused to talk. At a fruit stand I talked German to an Austrian and French to an Italian. The man in the depot checkroom admitted he was Austrian, but was taciturn. It seemed impossible to get these people to express themselves on conditions — evidently they feared it was not safe to talk. Considerable building and repairing was going

on, but there is still much to do to reconstruct Monfalcone. At 3:30 we took the train for the hour's ride to Gorizia.

We had a half hour's wait in the stately building that was the military headquarters. Then an officer came to say it would not be possible for them to send us over the Carso, since they had no military cars. A charming major entered, saluted with a dash, and I showed him my credentials, asking whether he could send along a conducting officer if I could hire a car in a local garage. Miss Bennett, who is fluent in Italian, acted as interpreter. There was a polite exchange of compliments and he asked us to wait a few moments, saluted again, and hurried out. It was 5:30 when his dashing young Lieut. Ercolani Enrico came in with beaming eyes to that reception room and said he had a car and his driver and we could make the trip in two hours.

Gorizia is a large and attractive city, clean and orderly in the arrangement of its streets, with the picturesque Julian Alps like a stage curtain at its back. We motored out of the city over a road that had been swept many times by

Standing at the door of the Officers' Mess on the Carso. Miss Bennett at the right.

Royal Italian Army Car with Italian Conducting Officer, on our trip over the Carso Battlefield in the Julian Alps, Italy.

Austrian artillery. I have ridden with military drivers of many lands in these last few months but the prize for reckless speed belongs to one, Soldat Massimi Constatin, C. R. A. R., who took us up on the Carso. I have a recollection of a blur of battered walls dashing past as we rounded curves through San Grado, the first Austrian town the Italians took and which is completely destroyed. Through other demolished villages, occasionally a few people would be seen moving about. The place of an Italian battery was pointed out. Austrian artillery had been most active here. We passed an Italian military cemetery and then began the climb over a wonderful new road, the road the Italians had built straight up through the rock of these dizzying heights — a road that wound like a Colorado trail and not much wider in places, circling and dipping and climbing and turning. Every yard brought a new vision of dugouts and shelters. These were modern cavemen, truly, for they had hewn here caves in the rock such as are seen on no other battlefield of the war. This Carso is an arid, rocky mountain-side. There were no trees or shrubs for shelter, so the Ital-

ians on the Carso had to hew for safety into its stony depths. It was incredible, until I stood within messrooms and kitchens on stretches of tableland up the mountainside. The barbed wire, with its cruel prongs, still formed a network over the shell-tumbled earth and whereever the eye turned some new type of abri or shelter was disclosed. This is the most marvelous battlefield of the war, and no one should feel he has covered the war zone until he sees it. You stand awed at the enormity of the undertaking of fortifying these Carso heights. You realize the tremendous sacrifice it must have cost to hold them. The world gasped at the Italian retreat—when you stand on the Carso you wonder how they held on for two years—what it must have meant to the Italian army to regain those nobly defended crests with the armistice!

The conducting lieutenant, with boyish enthusiasm, took us to where his battery had been housed. The roof was off of what had been their mess, two rooms made out of solid rock, plank lined. The camouflages still hung in their places, hiding walls of rock, in this city of de-

serted dugouts. We looked down upon the quarters of the commander, in a deep, rock-faced hollow, for the road we traveled wound far above it. Rock-lined trenches snaked in every direction. "This was the vestibule of our quarters," said the lieutenant, pointing to the path leading from the cave shack to the main road.

Up and up the mountain heights the car climbed. Of the village of Loquizza, over there, a few broken walls are left. A heap of stones mark the site of another mountain village. Then up to Hill 380 and its observatory. One city of 10,000 is in ruins, Castagnevizza. Over there, he pointed out from the final hilltop, was the farthest end of the line. There the Italians held their place from Nov. 1, 1916 to Oct. 27, 1917. Up here the days of that round year are written in heroic blood. And then it was that they fell back to the Piave.

Night was falling. The sun had sunk behind the Julian Alps and the crescent moon arose over a scene of desolation and memories. Shadows wavered about the abris and brooded over the cave shelters as we started down the twist-

ing road, only the exhaust of the car breaking the stillness of the Italian summer night.

This Carso is the sacred zone of Italy. It is to be kept as it is as a monument to those who fell defending it for Italy. Today there is no means of bringing tourists here, but it is hoped later to make it accessible. Right now Italy is too occupied with her internal troubles. An Italian officer remarked they did not approve of making show places of their battlefieds; they are too sacred. But later they hope to find means of conveying those who will come in reverence to this fought-for mountain top, where the sons of Italy gave so much to save her. With true Italian courtesy they refused pay for the car, even when I insisted on reimbursing them for the gasoline for I knew Italy was short of "petro." "Happy to be able to do it for you," they said. Evidently there is no feeling in military circles against Americans and that is why I was so astonished to encounter it that night when we left Gorizia at 9 o'clock for Trieste.

The Florentine couple proved delightful. He is vice-president of the Italian national or-

ganization for the invalides of the war. From him I learned briefly of the splendid re-education work of Italy for war invalides, especially in the schools for the blind.

Into Trieste we came at 11:30 that night to find a sinister, silent throng clustered about the entrance to the depot, men, women and children. It had been rumored that d'Annunzio might come into Trieste at any hour and if he did it would be a signal for a great demonstration. We found the Hotel Savoia had not received our telegram for rooms and was full. There are pleasanter things than arriving at midnight in a city trembling on the verge of war, and we were thankful that the Florentine doctor and his wife were with us as we drove about in the wheezy cab, trying to get place in a hotel. For a while it looked like we might have to spend the night in the public square, overlooking the beautiful Gulf of Trieste, where an American destroyer rode at anchor. Trieste is very cosmopolitan and at that moment was seething with people from all over the globe, together with many Italian soldiers. Finally we found rooms in a weird, little, old hotel on a

dark, back street, where the coverlets on the beds resembled red tablecloths, and one window, opening into a narrow corridor, provided the only ventilation. There was no milk for the breakfast coffee next morning and the bread was dark and soggy. Italy is still on war rations.

Trieste retains much of its aspect as an Austrian city — it has wide, clean, well-kept streets and differs very much from the Italian cities. On the streets we found people moving about that Sunday morning restlessly, but quietly. In the Hotel Savoia where we lunched, I talked to an American Red Cross dispatch bearer on his way to Montenegro. He said Americans in Trieste were keeping very quiet — it did not take much to provoke trouble. "Don't express an opinion," he cautioned me, "you can't know who might be near you." We were in the lounging room where was congregated French, English and Italian officers and Americans in Y and Red Cross uniforms. This American related his experience in the dining room a couple of nights previous with an Italian soldier and a Y man. The Y man

had remarked jocosely, "What about Fiume?" In a moment the Italian was talking loudly and threateningly. The several hundred people in the room centered their attention on that table. "I don't know what would have happened if the Y man had not adroitly changed the subject by asking the Italian about his war decorations — it looked like we were in for trouble," he said.

I walked over to the American Y rooms in Trieste and learned the real facts of the flag story. There had been a demonstration in front of the Y a couple of weeks before. The Italians, it seems, are given to demonstrations. The crowd, assembled in the street below the windows, began to hiss, but no one had any intention of taking down Old Glory, which waves over the entrance. Two carabinieri appeared upstairs in the cozy Y assembly room and suggested that they hang out the Italian flag with the American. All of the Allied flags were placed over the doorway with the Stars and Stripes and the crowd dispersed. That is all there was to the incident, a man who had been there that night through it all assured me.

Lieut. J. W. McCabe of Kentucky in charge of the Trieste Y, was at the chocolate and post-card stand at the farther end of the room when we entered. He told me he was in Fiume on Sept. 13, two weeks previous, when d'Annunzio had just gotten in. Fiume is a three hour motor trip from Trieste. He had been stopped ten times on the way and ordered not to go into the city, but he went ahead and reached Fiume safely, where they are working with the Casa del Soldat Italian, the Italian Y. Last Thursday he had been as far as Abbiza, just outside of Fiume, and then had boarded the American flagship, the Pittsburg, which with two American destroyers are at this time in the harbor of Fiume. The English are on their ships in the harbor. Only 500 French soldiers are barricaded in the city of Fiume. At the Y, I also met the captain of the American destroyer, the Foote, that is lying outside here in the Gulf of Trieste, but of course he would say nothing. The wireless operator from the destroyer dropped in, and we talked to English and American jackies. Rumors of all kinds were plentiful.

On the streets that noon crowds of people were walking about reading the Fiume bulletins posted in windows. Miss Bennett and I hurried out of a throng when we found we were attracting indignant attention by speaking English to each other.

The port of Trieste is fascinating. Watercraft of every description lay in the blue Gulf of Trieste and along the shore curves a delightful promenade. Outside is the Adriatic Sea. The names on the business houses are largely Italian though there are many Austrian, and some take a middle road like the sign that read "Leopoldi Haas." One street in Trieste is peculiar. The foot passengers take the center pavement and the vehicles drive at the sides, with a two foot walk in front of the shops. An Austrian in a little shop I entered told me things were much worse there now than before the war and feared it would be a terrible winter for the people.

I was told we might get to Fiume, but it was a dangerous undertaking, and if we reached there we might not be able to leave. So we decided to return to Venice. Taking the 5:30

train from Trieste it was about midnight, which seems to be my favorite arriving hour in Italy, when we were being gondoliered down the Grand Canal, in the moonlight. The sunset over the Gulf of Trieste as the train wound its way along the picturesque shore was wonderful. Far down on a jutting rock was the castle of Maximilian, "Miramare," looking like a page from a fairy story book.

In Venice

Today I had a glimpse of the war aftermath in Venice. We were going through the great Doges Palace. The Doges were the Dukes of Venice, who were the presidents of the Venetian Republic, so the Doges Palace is a sort of ancient White House of Venice. The Doges ruled from 4 B. C. to 1797, the guide informed me. But I was most interested in the big council chamber, where workmen were high on scaffolding, replacing the famous paintings which had all been removed to Florence for safekeeping when Venice was bombed. All these huge canvasses, marked as they fitted into the bare wall spaces, were piled against the sides of the

spacious apartment. On leaving the building we were permitted a peep at the bronze horses of St. Marks, which were in a high boarded stall in the palace courtyard, being prepared for their return to their places before the great cathedral. These bronze horses, which date back to antiquity, had been removed from Venice for safekeeping during the early days of the war and have only very recently been brought back.

They stand on the balcony of the cathedral overlooking the Piazza San Marco, with its great Campanile, where every day at noon, at the stroke of twelve, the pigeons swoop down to be fed by the people in the square. They are such fat, pudgy pigeons, but no visitor to Venice fails to buy one or more of the wee cone sacks of grain that the venders at the little high desks at corners of the Piazza sell for the purpose.

Of course here one goes through the Basilica of St. Marks to marvel at the mural mosaics, just as one stands in awe in the Doges Palace before the Titian fresco of St. Christopher carrying the child across the water.

Then a fascinating thing to do is to tea on the Piazza, the great square with its attractive shops, for it would appear as though all Venice and its visitors meet here at tea time in the little table groups outside the cafes and the pigeons flutter about the children who are always feeding them.

One incident of the Venice Hotel: An Italian officer approached an Austrian who was wearing a tie of the old Austrian colors, red and yellow. "You will take off that tie," said the Italian officer, his jaw set. "Oh, yah," said the Austrian and he disappeared up the stairway to return with a less inflammatory neck scarf. "I couldn't stand it," said the Italian officer to me. "If it had been the colors of the new Austrian Republic I should not have minded, but the colors of old Austria we fought against—think of the audacity of his wearing them now—and in Venice." It was what the French would call stupid. There are innumerable Italian soldiers in Venice and they are very handsome in their uniforms with their picturesque hats. And so are the women in their black silk, long fringed, shawls.

"Americans are doing harm to both countries," said an Italian official to me a couple of days ago, " when they go to Italy with prejudice. Like the naval officer, dismissed by Admiral Andrews after the report made by the American Relief Committee in Trieste, that he was working against the Italians. We have no feeling against Americans nor against President Wilson," he emphasized, " we only resent that Mister Wilson feels Italy should not have Fiume."

Italy today finds herself in the position of having fought against 69 millions of people and she has made peace with only eleven millions. All the others, in the small provinces into which the Austrian-Hungarian Empire has divided, are not responsible for the war, but have not shown themselves friendly by fighting against her.

Their figures show that 120,000 Italian soldiers fought in France, while 40,000 French, 30,000 British and 4,000 American soldiers fought in Italy.

Italy bore the financial drain of the war nobly. Besides submitting willingly to the in-

creased burden of taxation the people responded to every war loan, contributed to the various reliefs and Red Cross, all classes giving millions upon millions. When the appeal was made for the collection of gold from private safes and jewel cases, Italian men and women from every province vied with one another in sending their treasures to feed the metal reserves of the state, much as the old Romans did during the Punic wars.

Tonight to Rome!

CHAPTER XXIV

IN ROME — PASSPORT WORRIES

Oct. 3.

WHEN in Rome I had always intended to "do as the Romans do." Instead, I did as all good Americans do. I "Followed the Man from Cook's." It may have been the fault of the Sirocco — the hot winds that sweep in from the sea on which one blames every difficulty in Italy, much as we blame the groundhog, in season, when our plans go aglee. It happened thusly:

"I hope," said Miss Bennett, raising her English eyebrows in disgust, "I hope you don't expect to see Rome in a day and a half!"

"You never traveled with an American correspondent before, did you? Ho, hum, I expect to have time to do some shopping in Rome," I had replied, airily. But I had figured without a few vital forces, such as railroads and governments.

We had a good running start out of Venice

Tuesday night in the rain. About two o'clock in the morning I awakened with a jolt of the train and a feeling of being out in space. It was a derailed carriage that kept us somewhere on the landscape, halfway to Florence, for six hours and brought us to Rome thirteen hours late.

There was compensation, however, in going through picturesque Tuscany at eventide, where the wonderful vineyards of Italy stretch for miles at either side, the vines heavily laden with golden grapes, garlanded from one tree to another in symmetrical rows. It resembled the Louis XVI decorations, only in the center of the festooned vines there was always a small graceful tree. And in the background the shadowy Appenines were turned to purples in the sunset.

I had always fondly pictured myself standing in the gateway of the Eternal City, gazing in awe, as I murmured under my breath, "And THIS is Rome, that sat on her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world!"

It is what one would expect to do.

But instead of noon, Wednesday, it was an

hour past midnight when we trudged wearily behind our baggage-hung, burly porter, across the great Naiad fountain-centered square to the Grand Hotel. And one third of my day and a half in Rome was gone.

The next morning will always be unforgettable. It started out so beautifully. The hotel must have been a made-over palace for its marble stairways were so wide eight people might have easily ascended abreast and our room was so large you could have turned a dray in it without marring the white Louis Seize furniture. I was hardly up when three telegrams were brought to me. One was a cable from home and one that we had secured reservations on the Rome-Paris express for the next morning. All was right in the world! I waved the telegrams gleefully. "Here's where we have a real Roman holiday," I remember to have said.

It was while buying the railway tickets an hour later that someone dropped the word "Passports." Oh yes, we had attended to them before leaving Paris. But hadn't they been visaed in Italy for the return to France? With

a sinking heart I learned it was imperative to have the visaes of the French, the American and the British consulates and the Italian prefecture of police. And some well meaning bystander added: "It always takes two days at the Italian police, they have just made a new rule. You might try tipping freely." "Why, I'd tip the statue of Marcus Aurelius to get through," I moaned. I hope you are keeping in mind that this was my one precious day in Rome.

To the French Consulate we sped, saying "Presto! Presto!" to the old cabman. The French consulate is in the former Palace Farnese, to which I will refer later. There a kindly, doddering old clerk listened while Miss Bennett talked Italian and I English, simultaneously, and tucked our passports into a nice big drawer. We implored him to take our credentials to the consul. It was twelve o'clock when we emerged from there with the visa for France.

All business ceases in Rome from then until three in the afternoon we found, for those are the siesta hours. There was no use trying to go sightseeing because we might not get back in

time. At exactly three we stood in the American consulate. The man at the desk looked at us strangely. "And you say you have no permesso and you have been in Italy for a week? Don't you know you should have reported to the police before you were in the country twenty-four hours?" No one had told us. My suggestion that he write a note to the Italian prefecture of police explaining for us did not meet his approval. He did not like notes telling them what to do, so would not ask favors of the Italian office. He was furthermore a "press agent for a hard winter," remarking that he did not believe it possible for us to get the Italian visa in time to take our train the following day. He put the American visa on my passport with much commiseration.

At the British consulate our case was too complicated for the clerk and he took us to the private office of the consul who became much agitated about us. It appears it was a grave matter that we had no "permesso," which is the permission to remain in a country — your passport is only the right to go in. So, officially, we were not in Italy — how could we ex-

pect to leave? It was dizzying, but I began to see. Then Miss Bennett had no photograph with her and a photograph must always accompany the application for the visa. That and your age are vital. The British consul was exceedingly kind and wrote us a letter to the Italian prefecture asking him to excuse our not having a permesso and that Miss Bennett had no photograph.

As the wheezy, creaky cab lumbered up the cobbled hill street to the office of the Italian police, I just pressed my rabbit's foot against my heart and prayed. I tried to think that up this street the chariot of Messala must have rolled and I tried to imagine Mark Antony driving his chariot past us, his toga flying in the wind. But it was no use. The present was too harrowing.

We agreed to say nothing at the Italian office about our lack of permesso until we were asked. I had heard it was best to let the other fellow do the talking, sometimes. It was a large room with a row of clerks at one long table at the right. We walked up to the first and silently

handed him our passports. He opened his mouth and uttered one word.

"Permesso."

I laid down my credentials, a letter from our U. S. Acting Secretary of State and one from the Italian Peace Delegation in Paris and Miss Bennett handed over a personal letter from Lady Derby, the British ambassadress in Paris, for whom she is private secretary. The passport clerk smiled, reached for a pink blank and in very good English asked, "Where were you born?"

"Chicago, Illinois," I answered.

"I have been there," he said.

"Then perhaps you can understand what it means to me to have one day in Rome and to spend it in having my passport visaed. It is up to you whether I see anything of this wonderful city of yours at all, because I must catch the morning express to Paris in order to make the steamer for home." "I'll do what I can," he said, and he did. History to the contrary, notwithstanding, I felt he was "the noblest Roman of them all." In less than an hour we had the official stamp of the Italian police.

The K. C. man whom we had met in the Italian office descended the steps with us. "You ought not to leave Rome without seeing the Pope," he urged. He had had an audience that morning. "I hope to come back some day for that," I said.

It was five o'clock when we jumped into the cab and begged the driver to "Presto a chez Cook." Neither the ancient nor the modern Romans hurried so it was 5:30 on the clock in Cook's tourist agency when I burst in and gasped for the motor car and the English speaking guide, whom we had ordered that morning. My day in Rome had dwindled to two hours, all there would be left of daylight.

In a couple of minutes we were seated in a limousine going up the Via Nazionale, or National street, hill on high, with a very fat and very hot Italian guide holding a white knobbed cane, on the seat in front of us, saying "Yunga leddies, Roma is a city whata is builta on seven hillas."

First to the Quirinale, the residence of the king and queen, and then to get a view of the Senate house where only the day before, so the

papers declared, statesmen had come to blows over the Fiume matter.

And then to St. Peter's Cathedral. I know a charming woman who boasts she did the Smithsonian Institute in twenty minutes. We could not have had more in St. Peter's. Imagine trying to see the art of centuries in twenty minutes!

"This is the longest cathedrala in the worlda, younga leddies," began the guide, mopping his perspiring brow. "You see-ah that marble children acrossa there?—you thinka that smaller than this one? No, it justa the same-ah. Now, looka, that dove-ah over there—what you thinka, younga leddies? You thinka I can reacha the dove's head—come on, I showa you—see, I cannot toucha it."

"What is this, a measuring game we are playing," I asked Miss Bennett. I had stopped in front of the tomb with the two lions, one sleeping and the other aroused; they almost seemed alive. I tried not to listen to the guide's description—so I don't know whether there is any difference in the length of those lions' tails. A peasant woman with her shawl over her head

walked down the huge, silent, high-pillared cathedral and lifted the little child in her arms to let it kiss the toe of St. Peter.

The guide, in a slow monotone, was droning off the names of the celebrities who slept in the various tombs. He knew the year each one was born. He might have gotten passports for any one of them.

Hesitating before a huge marble group I wondered why it was partly covered with a red cloth. Then I saw the cloth was of marble, so marvelously wrought that you wanted to touch it to be assured it was not a woven fabric. The guide was saying "Younga leddies, there are 5,280 pieces of marble-ah in this cloth, all joinded together." And the magnificent altar where the popes of former years were crowned! And the bas reliefs! Such treasures of beauty and with only twenty minutes to absorb them —and every little while that droning voice of the guide broke in with "Well, younga leddies, what you thinka of it?"

But we had to get to the Roman Forum. So reluctantly I came out the wonderful bronze doors to stand impressed to silence on the great

porch of the church and view the facade with its magnificent statues and let my eyes sweep across the great Piazza de San Pietro, in the center of which rises the obelisk Caligula brought from Heliopolis.

Back in the Adams school in Ottumwa I first learned to know the Roman Forum. It was the favorite page in my reader, the one that began "Friends, Romans, Countrymen." "Now where *did* Mark Antony stand?" I asked the guide, as he stopped the car at a stone wall overlooking a hollow of ruins. He pointed out a group of upright columns on a platform. In the twilight of the Roman day it was not difficult to conjure up the heroic figure, as my imagination had painted him at thirteen, and to hear those ringing words, "I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

Out on the promenade along the Tiber, opposite the palatial, modern Palace of Justice I got out of the car to get a better view of the river. What was it one should think of when standing on the historic banks of the Tiber? I was wondering if there was anything else that should be on my passport. But the voice of the

Man from Cook's broke in at my elbow, "Younga leddy, you see that over there is the Castle St. Angelo and that golden angela on topa—" He was pointing to the building, once a fortress, high on which is poised the statue of the angel, the legendary apparition to Gregory I of the angel who delivered the city from a terrible plague. I was turning a film in my kodak then so I can't recollect now the height of that angel.

On the top of Janiculan hill, before the high equestrian monument of Garibaldi, and I had a glorious view of the city of Rome. And then down through winding streets and to the Coliseum. The ruins of the Coliseum are a moving sight. The vast arena around which could be seated 50,000 people saw some of the greatest of tragedies. And with the shadows of night falling over it I did not need the sonorous voice of the guide pointing out where the lions came up and where their victims knelt to get the shivers of reality.

That night at dinner the plates were inscribed with the words "Tous chemin mene a Rome" (All roads lead to Rome). The old adage says

nothing about getting out of Rome — perhaps it wasn't always thus.

We finished off the day by going to the National theater to see the opening production of "La Tosca." Now the opera of La Tosca, you will remember, has a one woman and two men plot and the scene is laid in Rome. One of the men is Scarpia, the chief of police of Rome, who is also in love with La Tosca, the singer. The big scene takes place in a room in the Palace Farnese, where we got the French visa, you will recall, and where La Tosca tries to induce Scarpia to give her a passport for herself and her lover so they may leave Rome. And I knew just how she felt when he wouldn't. Puccini is a great realist I am convinced. If you doubt it, go through the passport worries I did and you won't blame him for the vivid tenseness of the music when La Tosca stabs Scarpia with a fruit knife, and you won't blame La Tosca.

In the final scene where the firing squad shoots Mario, the lover of La Tosca, the property man forgot to load the guns and there was nothing but a faint click or two and the hero was several seconds late in making his fall. The

audience broke into laughter and hisses. It is perfectly proper to hiss if you do not like the work of an actor or singer in Italy, I understand, which after all is better than clapping and then going home and knocking to the neighbors. The audience was thoroughly Italian, though a group of American Red Cross and Y workers was near us. As we were going back to the hotel in the crowded tram car at midnight I murmured, "You don't suppose Puccini knew we were going to have passport troubles in Rome?" "Why, Puccini wrote that opera twenty years ago," scoffed Miss Bennett.

It was the next day on the train that she appeared in the doorway of the compartment and exclaimed dramatically as we were steaming out of Pisa, "Younga leddy, you see-ah that leaning tower of Pisa—how higha you thinka it is?" I turned from the marvel of the leaning tower.

"You remember that morning on the way to Florence when you got out of the train at Bologna and I found you in the station eating Boulogna sausage, because you said it was invented there, and drinking tea, and then we

couldn't find our train? Well, we Americans may have to know dimensions to understand, but we wouldn't lose a train to eat Boulogna in Bologna," I said.

"Oh, I didn't take the risk for the sausage," she returned. "I had to have tea for breakfast."

Through Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome (and through which La Tosca had planned to flee with her lover) and we came along the Mediterranean, the rain turning the blue of the sea to cloudy greens that darkened into purples against the grey skies on the horizon. It is a beautiful coast line. Once it was a castle far down on the rocks and often just groups of seaside houses that filled the changing morning panorama. Frequently we passed great marble plants, for this is the famous marble region of Italy. Then we came through a mountainous country with charming little villages perched on distant high mountain tops. Then into the big port of Livourne.

After leaving Pisa we skirted the shore of the lovely Gulf of Genoa. Here the train goes through countless small tunnels, bursting out

into the sunlight to give a marvelous peep over the blue waters only to dash into the darkness of the hills again. These tantalizing glimpses of the Gulf of Genoa continued for hours until we passed the city of Genoa.

The tunnels finally became nerve racking for there was no light in the train. And though this was the initial trip of the train de luxe, the service of which had been discontinued some time ago, we were made conscious of Italy's coal shortage. There was no light in the car excepting candles and we had a very small one, giving only a gleaming pinpoint of light in the wall bracket. Every rush of air made it blaze close to our coats in the tiny compartment or threatened to extinguish it. There was only gas enough in the carriage for the coming of the duane or customs officials at midnight, we were told, and it must be saved for them.

A young Italian officer who was with the official train that took Gen. Pershing through Italy told me the American commander-in-chief had expressed surprise that a station at which his train halted in the early morning had been so quiet. "Don't you know why it is so quiet,

General? " he had asked. " Because few trains are moving — we are very short of coal." And when Gen. Pershing returned to France he took steps to personally have the coal used by his special train returned to Italy. Italy, however, gallantly refused it, but the thoughtfulness of the American commander-in-chief pleased the Italian government officials.

On the train were a number of Russians. One man and his wife — she wore the Red Cross insignia and several war decorations — said they had been on their way four weeks and were enroute to England. Their opinion was the loyal Russians would be in control of their country in a month.

At the chill hour of two in the morning all passengers were aroused and told they must get out of the train for it was Modane, the frontier town. Here we were obliged to take out our baggage, carry it across tracks and into a depot where it was inspected and passports examined. After the inspection of our suitcases and my typewriter we stood in line a long time in the dingy station until we were admitted to an inner office where our passports were

looked over carefully and files consulted. "Ou allez vous? A Paris?" the big official in the military ulster asked me.

"A Paris," I answered thankfully.

"You don't suppose, do you," began Miss Bennett, as we were trying to locate our train from the dark platform, "that we might be going through Switzerland and will need a Swiss visa?"—I leave you to guess my answer.

Some day I am going back to Rome when the League of Nations makes passports unnecessary. Then I hope to see more of this city of fountains and churches and to browse over its seven hills. The reason I know I shall return is because if you throw a coin into a certain beautiful fountain in Rome you are destined to come back. So the guide from Cook's solemnly assured me.

And I tossed in the coin.

CHAPTER XXV

A NEW CULT AND AN OLD QUARTER

Oct. 6.

THE other day I delved into Old Paris.

There are certain things everyone does today who comes to know the colorful modern life of this most metropolitan city on earth. You tea at the Ritz, which is the Waldorf-Blackstone of Paris, and where every day at five fashion and chivalry meet at little tea tables in a long, lofty room and its enclosed garden to "see and be seen." And where during these post-war days the uniforms of every nation add a brilliant dash, and the man who does not wear a Croix de Guerre or the Legion of Honor ribbon looks like a rank outsider. You dine at the Pre-Catelan, out by that wonderful miniature forest, the Bois de Boulogne, and which corresponds to our country club. You go to the Longchamps for the races, the Grand Prix, just as we go to the ball park for a big league game. But to the minds of those who

have known Paris only through books you have never really seen Paris until you have dined in the Latin Quarter.

Now in Paris you speak of your quarter just as we Americans refer to our neighborhood, say Harlem or Brady Hill. And, of course, if you remember your Victor Hugo you long to saunter through the quaint byways of the old student quarter—rich in its memories—little streets made real to us through centuries of famous writers, the scenes of the early struggles of countless artists, where they have worked and striven and starved. Once the dream-goal of every aspiring genius, his first step on the road to fame—there where the art of a world budded and flowered.

Parisians tell you the picturesque Quartier Latin has long since disappeared. That now its residents eat three square meals a day, like the rest of humanity. And that where you really ought to go is to the Tomb of Napoleon or Fontainbleau. But when the mother of a Paris girl friend, who lived many years in New York, sent me a "petit bleu" saying, "I want to take you to call upon the most interesting

woman in Paris and then you and my daughter and I will dine in a queer little restaurant in the Quartier Latin," I accepted "toot sweet."

She took me to see Madame Celine Renooz, who calls herself a philosophic scientist, the author of "La Nouvelle Science," a synthetic series of works on the Laws of Nature. Mme. Renooz is one of the newest of New Women, since she believes that woman will redeem the world. She disputes the Darwinian theory and says she has proved that animal life had its origin in vegetables. As is the lot of all pioneers in a new science the world has been slow to recognize the truth of her theories. She has expended her fortune in the publication of her works and now lives in a little three-room apartment on the top floor of an old building in a narrow street beyond the Trocadero. The Trocadero is the palace museum near the Eiffel Tower.

The entrance to Mme. Renooz's home was next to a green-grocer's stall in a street of little shops. We entered a small door, emerging into a dim courtyard and then climbed up and up the darkest of winding steps. Six flights we

climbed and it gave me a " woozy " feeling, the mysterious silence and the dark.

The oldest woman I ever saw opened the door. And we were ushered into a shabby room, crowded with quaint, ages-old furniture and pictures, and in which the dominating thing was a long table, heaped with neatly piled books and manuscripts. An old-fashioned desk caught the light from one window.

Then She came in — a little, aristocratic, old woman of probably eighty with keen, starry, eyes and a soft voice. She fitted so well into the picture of that room; you forgot its shabbiness and saw only her. She was in some long, flowing, robe of soft black silk, with ruffles that fell over the hands and down the front and a bit of cobwebby white lace at the throat. These Frenchwomen have a trick of seeming part of their clothes. She held my hand and welcomed me with such gentle courtesy that I even forgot the dark stairway and the steep climb.

Then over the tea table in the narrow adjoining room, where she poured from a silver teapot that would have set any antiquity hunter's heart pittypattying with envy, she told of her strug-

gles for the recognition of her science. It had been an inspiration, she said. Her first book was published in 1882. Today, she claimed, many of her theories are being advanced by prominent educators who take the credit for her discoveries. Because she is a woman, she insists, she is refused recognition.

I was much interested in her theory that the origin of the species is vegetable and when I murmured to Mrs. G. (who acted as interpreter when I could not understand), did she suppose I might have once been a potato, she threatened to take me away. However, Mme. Renooz believes and claims her science proves that humanity sprang from trees, and, after all, that is a happier thought than Darwin's. But it reminds me of all those mutilated young orchards I saw in the Aisne region, which had been hacked down by the Germans in their retreat.

Mme. Renooz inquired on what phase of European life I was writing and I answered on the reconstruction following the war. Touching her forehead significantly, she said: "The world needs reconstruction here, in thought, since the war—do you not think so?"

She believes firmly that "woman will retake her place at the summit of human evolution." Asking about the feminist movement in America she wanted to know if Americans were given to taking up new ideas.

From a translation of her theory on men and women, culled from Frances Swiney's book, "The Ancient Road, or The Development of the Soul," which she handed me, I quote:

"The social convulsions predicted by the Apocalypse are becoming a reality. But it is not a revolution, it is a peaceful evolution which is going to change the world. This will come, not through the policy of old governments, nor by the dynamite of anarchists, nor by the science of the Darwinists, but from a force more powerful than all these, from the word of Truth, which succors and reanimates the souls, from the word of Woman, which will vibrate in the consciences of men. It is from her will come the True Science which will give the world a new faith."

Mme. Renooz has translated the Bible from the original and does not agree with much of it. Her's is distinctly a new cult, the cult of woman.

She gave a series of lectures recently in one of the leading Paris hotels and evidently she has many people interested and numerous followers. Her latest recruits, I understand, are a group of working girls. They are raising funds to publish another of her books. Mme. Renooz told me she had lost her husband and four children. Since then her life has been devoted entirely to her science.

When we arose to go I asked why she did not come to America. She shook her head and, with a wistful smile, answered, "I am too old." Looking back at this charming little gentlewoman standing in the center of that quaint old room, I wondered if it were not the penalty of all modern idealists, to suffer skepticism and neglect until their hour comes. I could not grasp all her complicated science in the short visit of an hour, but I found Mme. Renooz a fascinating, loveable little woman.

The trip from the new cult to the old Latin Quarter did not take long though they were at opposite ends of the city. The restaurant where the remainder of the party waited was in the Montparnasse, which is on the other side of the

Seine,—the Left Bank, it is called. There in the shadow of a vine-latticed retreat, that enclosed the chair-circled tables on the sidewalk, so one missed not a minute of the street life, we had dinner.

In France when one dines they always dine from hors d'œuvre and soup to coffee in a course meal, whether in a cheap cafe or in an expensive one. The head waiter in my hotel takes it as a personal slight when I refuse to take soup. Often it is easier to eat soup than to argue about it. The menu at this little Latin Quarter restaurant was surprisingly good for the price, for the cost of living is at high tide in Paris today. There was delicious fish and meat, and a vegetable course, as always in France served extra, and of course always cheese, dessert and fragrant black coffee.

The people around us were not rollicking students, but quiet mannered French couples and one party of Americans. Near the latter the big glass window into the restaurant proper, rather the winter restaurant, since everyone sits outside in summer, had a strip of what looked like giant courtplaster zigzagging diagonally across

it. "That is from one of the Big Bertha shells that crashed into Paris," they told me. Much damage had been done in this neighborhood.

A Red Cross man from Pittsburg, a friend of the hostess, joined us from another table to say he was leaving in a day or two for Budapest. A party of Red Cross men were going there in a box car—it would take them several weeks. The Red Cross has done and is still doing such magnificent work over here and seems to get but little of its well deserved publicity. Suddenly someone asked why I did not write on the A. W. O. L. And this is the story I was told. A party of fifteen American doughboys who had gone A. W. O. L. (absent without leave) had organized themselves into a gang of bandits and for weeks had terrorized villages in the Vosges region. There are two classes of deserters, the narrator explained, the one that goes A. W. O. L. for a few days, then returns and takes his medicine, and the other, the hardened miscreant. The draft caught many men who were known crooks and it was said to be a gang of these who leagued themselves together for the depredations in the Vosges mountains. They

chose a leader, who called himself Lieut. Smith, and staged a series of daring holdups in villages near Neufchateau. Their leader, in an American uniform, said to have been stolen from a Y man, came into town wearing the various official insignia and several wound stripes. He ran up a hotel bill of over seven hundred francs. The whole gang has been captured now. But can you imagine what their Wild West holdups meant to one of those simple little villages in the Vosges mountains? And it is always "those Americans," though it is slowly seeping through the Old World consciousness since the war that all Americans are not alike.

We discussed Madame Renooz's theory there in the little Montparnasse restaurant. She believes evolution will come peacefully. At my right was the mended glass window. And the Red Cross man expected orders to leave the next day, because they are needed at once in Budapest.

CHAPTER XXVI

GETTING THROUGH TO BERLIN

PARIS, Oct. 20.

I CAME back last night from Berlin — with a headache. And it was not all due to sitting up three successive nights in bitter cold German trains, the only alternative, since one lone "Pullman" is all the daily train to Berlin carries and every berth in it had been reserved weeks before — for four days we did not get our clothes off — it had been impossible to get a room in a Berlin hotel even for the day. I came back with such a confusion of impressions that I can only write of what I encountered.

I did not find Berlin gay. Nor did I find Berlin starving. There was apparently plenty of food in the hotels and restaurants we entered and while prices are high, they are not as high as prices in Paris. There is great lack of milk for the children and old people. Butter is 23 marks a pound. Unter den Linden was

dreary in the chill October day. Walking its length I saw few happy faces, countless worn, pasty ones, pallor due to lack of fats in food. I listened to many opinions of present conditions from the delightful optimism of the cultured German with a long Germanic title, for whom I had been given a card of introduction, to the pessimism of the managing editor of the Berliner Tagesblatt, whom I interrupted at the strenuous hour of going to press.

In my four days in Germany I talked with business and professional men, to the society woman and the peasant woman, to hotel clerks and porters, the wardrobe girl, elevator men and baggage carriers. Strangely enough, it was the bent old man in overalls who carried our baggage to the train at Wiesbaden and waited twenty minutes to place it in the compartment, who made the situation clearest to me. "Vor den Krieg war alles so schoen" (Before the war everything was so fine). "Now there is nothing. It is worse with us now than during the war," he said. "There is no head. Everyone does as he pleases. Nothing but strikes. People don't want to work any more. Potatoes are so high. There are plenty, but our farmers are holding

them for fabulous prices. There is no higher authority to compel them to sell the potatoes to the poor. Money there is plenty but it is worth so little (the mark that day was worth four or five cents, it had been 25 cents). Oh, yes, we have better food since the French occupation. Now we get meat once a week."

"Only once a week?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but every week, on Saturdays."

I had been advised not to go to Berlin. I had been told in confidence by an American, just returned from there and who was in a position to know, that a revolution was expected within a couple of weeks, and if I intended to go I had best go quickly and get away. I had been assured that we would get nothing to eat; that it cost 300 marks for a meal and not much of a meal at that. So we took along biscuits and chocolate, together with soap, for we had heard that soap bought more than money. These with an out-of-date Baedacker and a handbook of German sentences, belonging to Miss Bennett, the English girl who accompanied me, comprised the larger part of our baggage. We

were agreeably disappointed to find little need of any of them.

In Frankfort-a-Main we almost turned back. The Frankfort papers blazoned with headlines depicting the acute strike situation in Berlin, saying that all city traffic was suspended and predicting dire consequences.

"It is foolhardy, two girls going alone to Berlin, under such conditions," announced Miss Bennett, who I forgot to mention is very sensible. "I'm going down to the office and ask someone's advice."

And she did.

While I snuggled under the fat German featherbed (we were in the Hotel Carlton) and tried to spell out the headlines in the Berliner Anzeiger. The one word I could not translate evidently was the key word. So I gave it up and decided then and there I would go to Berlin, if I went alone.

To begin at the beginning. We arrived at Mayence, the French bridgehead, Wednesday noon after the all night ride from Paris. I carried a letter from the Ministere des Affaires Etrangère in Paris to the French general com-

manding the forces at Mayence asking his aid to get us to the unoccupied region. His headquarters is the former palace of the Grand Duke of Hesse, a palatial old pile, where we waited in an enormous salon, with a grand piano and many red velvet upholstered chairs, gazing at the large paintings in vivid colors that filled the wall spaces. The commandant general was away and finally a French major saw us and sent us to the passport bureau at the Palace of Justice. He said it would also be necessary for us to obtain a passport visae from the head of the German civil authorities in Frankfort. Things were getting complicated again. At the Mayence passport bureau we were taken past a long waiting line and our passports and identity cards visaed. "You must get authority to go farther in Frankfort," we were told.

We had lunch in a small hotel across from the depot. The meat was good but the bread was dark and soggy. The waiter said they had no milk for the coffee — they had to give their cows to Belgium.

We caught the 4:55 train to Frankfort reaching there at 7 o'clock. There was no gas in the

carriage and most of the trip was in total darkness. At Goldstein, the limit of the French occupation, the man who came to inspect our passports held up a lantern; then as the train was moving took it for granted they were all right and jumped off. At Goldstein the time changes, for it is French time there and German time in Frankfort, a few miles farther on. There was a ten o'clock train to Berlin that night, which we might easily have taken, had we had the visa of the German civil commissariat. We discussed going without and gave up the idea. Their office would not be open until next morning. So we waited twenty-four hours in Frankfort to get this permission. And no one asked to see our passports during the remainder of the journey, is the aggravating fact.

We found the hotels of Frankfort crowded. The Frankforter Hof phoned to another hotel for us but in vain. We drove in a one horse vehicle back through the dark rainy streets to a hotel opposite the depot. There we obtained a room for twenty-four hours. I asked why Frankfort was so crowded and the man at the desk said many Germans of Alsace-Lorraine

and the occupied regions had preferred to come back to Frankfort, in order to be outside the French zone of occupation. Then an international industrial exhibition or messe had just closed.

Our room was large and comfortable, but instead of sheets on the beds we found tablecloths, of lovely flowered damask, and the pillow cases were made of two large damask napkins. The towel—only one apiece, was a part of a worn tablecloth. The room was warm with steam heat, a surprise since Paris hotels are not yet heated. At dinner in the handsome dining room the tables had paper cloths and paper napkins. It was evidence of the German conservation that we had noticed first in the German trains, where the curtains had all been removed and even the leather straps that lowered the windows were replaced by straps of a coarse cord.

The menu required bread and meat cards and we told the waiter we had neither. Evidently it did not matter for we were given both. Our waiter spoke English, having been interned in England. He said the people of Frankfort

had suffered much during the war. The people still ate a dark bread but the hotels were able to get some white rolls. He said they were only supposed to have meat twice a week, but the hotels had it daily. Once in a while the inspectors swooped down on them and took it away. "Oh, then we have to stock up again," he smiled.

The elevator man told me he had fought in Russia where he had been made a prisoner. He had escaped from the Russian prison and after rejoining his regiment was given leave to come home and later was stationed in Northern France. He had been gassed but never wounded in all that varied experience.

At the office of the civil commissariat the next morning it looked dubious whether we could go farther. Only 15% of the people asking to travel in Germany now are allowed to go on account of the coal shortage permitting few trains I was told. After showing the cable from The Lee Syndicate authorizing me to go, my letter from the French ministry in Paris, my letter from the State Department signed by Hon. Frank L. Polk, my passport, my identity card,

a photograph and a calling card, the two latter being pasted on the application for the visa together with the letter from the French ministry, the visa was, after much conversation, made out.

"You remember," said Miss Bennett, as we were leaving, "the man in the passport bureau at Frankfort remarked he ought to have made us sign a paper saying they would not be responsible for anything that happened to us." It certainly looked like the "jump off place."

There was no train for Berlin until 9:46 that night, so we sauntered down the street, dropping into shops. Clothes of all kinds were very high, even with the marks translated into dollars. It was a small cafe we entered, and as it was only shortly after eleven the old waiter, who looked like he might have been an aristocrat of other days, had time to talk to us. "Everything was splendid here before the war, and now everything is gone. And it will be much worse this winter," he said. A German soldier in the faded uniform hobbled in, dragging one leg stiffly and with one arm limp. He was selling pencils from a supply displayed in

the cuff of his sleeve. On the street we had passed a soldier, shaking from shell shock, begging.

The tea hour in the hotel was interesting. There were as many men as women in the big lounging room, surrounding all of the small, closely placed tea tables. I marveled at the many young men. But it was a silent throng. The orchestra played exquisitely. Groups at the tables talked in low tones. There was little or no vivacity nor animation.

On the train from Frankfort to Berlin that night among the passengers in the railway carriage was a stadtrath of Frankfort, which corresponds to our city attorney. I tried to draw him out about the future of Germany. The former kaiser, he assured me, could never come back. Nor the crown prince. Time only would tell whether a leader strong enough to guide the New Germany would arise. If not, there was a probability he felt, in say, twenty years, that the people would have such longing,— "Sehnsucht" was the word he used,—for the old days before the war, that they might demand some monarchial form of government. You

remember the old aristocratic waiter in the Frankfort cafe and the old baggage man at Wiesbaden had both spoken of the good days in Germany before the war. This German attorney had been in the German army, had fought at Rheims and Verdun and in Belgium. I spoke of the beauties of Bruges. He remarked quickly, "We never harmed Bruges." Adding, "Nor Ghent."

"But Ghent is terribly destroyed," I ventured.

"The English did it, shelling from their men of war," he said. Which is true, but they did it to dislodge the Germans.

"America should not have been allowed to get into the war," was his opinion. "That was Germany's great mistake." He spoke of the two weeks' messe or industrial exhibition at Frankfort that had closed Oct. 15.

"What countries were represented with exhibits?" I asked. He enumerated Holland and Sweden, but added that buyers had come from all over the world, England, France, etc. And they had offered the Germans much credit, he remarked. "Our manufacturers said they did

not know if they could carry out the contracts, but the buyers told them they could have all the credit they needed." He said there was much suffering through the need of milk and fats for the children.

In Berlin the next day I went to the office of a man who has the distinction of being a business counsel and to whom I had been referred by the Frankfort attorney to get information on general business conditions. He received us most cordially — a cultured gentleman of the old school. "Nothing better could happen to us than that the people of America should want to know our present situation — I am glad to tell you what I can," he said. "Conditions are better generally with us. The American Army of Occupation has brought food into Germany and that has helped us very much. We were greatly in need of fats, oils, meats, and chocolate. We did not have sugar and cocoa. Our financial position is the worst. The high price of money makes things hard. We can only buy from foreign countries what is absolutely necessary in raw materials. Wages are three to four times higher than before the war. The cost

of living has advanced equally. But with work, strength of will and trust, sooner or later there will be a return of healthy conditions. The German people are sound at heart and in mind. The workmen are anxious that life should return to the normal and the unrest cease. The unrest is caused by a few unscrupulous leaders. I do not believe the Bolshevists have any force in Germany.

"Our former social life is returning," he continued. "The war intensified a public life that has been at fever heat. The soldier returning for a short leave from the fronts, where death had stared him in the face and knowing he was to return to it, brought on this intense life, which was reflected in the movies, in the theaters, dances, in everything. Now there is a tendency to return to the old family life in which lay the solid security of the country."

This man did not believe there was any immediate hunger or distress in Germany. There is work for all the soldiers who will work and when I spoke of soldiers begging in the streets of Frankfort, he claimed it was unnecessary—

that there are organizations to care for the maimed, and schools for their re-education.

The former army officers and their families, he claimed, were in the most difficult position today, since these officers had learned only the art of war and had no other means of earning a living since the army is cut down. But the state is helping them by creating positions in tax offices for them. The children still suffer from malnutrition because there is little milk and fats. The flour is coarse because all of the grain is milled.

"What you feed to the stock we must use for bread," he explained. "This will be a hard winter, but I do not believe it will be the worst winter since the war. Heretofore we had to always provide food for our troops—now that the war is over we will have that food for the people. Conditions are not as bad as formerly. Building is beginning, but everything is very high. I have faith in the future of Germany," he emphasized, "the good seed is sprouting and New Germany will right herself." He refused to say how many soldiers Germany had lost in the war—they do not give the figures—but

added "every soldier lost in the war was one too many."

This man referred me to Redacteur Paul Bloch of the Berliner Tagesblatt. Mr. Bloch was not in, but I had a few hurried moments' conversation with his managing editor. He said things are in a very bad way in Berlin, that there is great distress. There is much suffering among the children in the small towns of the vicinity. He remarked that America had promised to help Germany but had not done so. When I asked in what way he did not have time to talk further, so I suppose he referred to the fourteen points.

We had lunch at Kempinski's, which is a large restaurant of the middle class, where the food was very reasonable, especially when counted in French or American money and the menu was long and varied. To quote a few prices, a German beefsteak with vegetables or salad was 4.75 marks; lamb with beans, 7.25; young roast goose with salad, 13.50. There was fish of all kinds, vegetables, an omelette was 6.50, scrambled eggs 4.75, coffee with milk 1.25. At the top of the menu card in heavy type are

the words, " 50 gramm schwartzbrot 5 pf." We had an excellent meal for less than an American dollar, including service. Tips are forbidden generally in hotels and restaurants of Germany, as they are in Italy, and one-tenth added for service.

As we could obtain no room in a hotel, the Adlon and a half dozen others to which we applied being full, we decided to leave on the night train, so took an hour's drive about the city. First to the Reichstag, the German house of congress that has been the scene of so many stormy sessions since the war. We stood before the big iron figure of Hindenburg in which were driven 5,600 golden nails, 75,000 silver and 780,000 iron nails at the cost of 100 marks, 5 marks and 1 mark, respectively, from Sept. 4, 1915, to the end of August, 1918. The nails evidently were meant as an honor for the old German field marshal and the money used for the war fund. Now the gigantic statue, which has a prominent place at the head of the Siegesalle, near the victory column of the war of 1870, is surrounded by scaffolding and is to be shortly removed.

The Siegesalle is the boulevard down either side of which, at short intervals, is a heroic

white marble figure of a former ruler of the House of Hohenzollern. The woodland background is picturesque. We drove through the Potsdamer Platz, one of the principal business squares of Berlin, and then to see the palace of the former kaiser. The cabby pointed with such glee to the bomb marks on the front wall and the demolished side doorway that we wondered if he had been in the mob of Spartacists who had caused the destruction in the attack of the revolutionists last January. But he told us he was a Prussian. The great gates were closed. Big placards were pasted on the columns of the entrance, ending, "Rauber von Frieden" (Robbers of Peace). The immense castle was deserted, the shutters all closed. The palace of the former crown prince, about a block away, had chains across the entrances.

Dropping into a little cafe for the coffee hour, here is one incident. Two young men, evidently office clerks, sat at a table near us. One took a small round parcel from his pocket and laying it on the table opened it carefully. It was a half pound of butter. They discussed it with much pleasure. From another pocket he drew

a parcel with two rolls. Painstakingly he spread a thin layer of butter on the rolls and ate them with relish, first replacing the precious butter parcel carefully back into its wrappings and depositing it in his coat pocket. Butter is more precious than gems in Berlin.

We walked through the business section and then across the River Spree which winds through the city, and then the length of Unter den Linden. Soap at 7 marks 50 for a large cake and chocolate were sold on the streets. Unter den Linden is a disappointment; the few scrawny trees in the center of the wide thoroughfare might be anything but lindens. Automobile salesrooms give an air of modern dash to blocks of small shops on either side.

We had dinner in the Bristol hotel. Venison was on the menu. There was extra charge for bread. I even had an omelette. We left Berlin that night for Frankfort. We had seen no evidences of the big strike in Berlin; cars and taxis were running. Little news of the outside world was to be had.

On the train we met a German who spoke English fluently, having spent some time in America, where his business had been taken

over by the alien property custodian. His card showed he was manager of a cotton plant. In a quiet discussion with Miss Bennett and myself he made many interesting comments. "Germany got into the war through the incompetency of her diplomats," he said. "I am confident," he remarked, "that the old kaiser did not want the war. But I am just as confident that he *might have prevented it.* We got into it through his faults and the incompetency of the men with him. Then, of course, it *was* the fault of the German people for permitting such a government. Every German has a vote in the Reichstag. The kaiser had the right to appoint his own ministers, but the Reichstag could refuse their budget. Of course they never did."

"Why," I asked.

"You forget the power of tradition," was his reply. "The people believed we were forced into the war. Then they found it could be stopped if we did not want too much." He said Germany had made a hard peace. "The Germans believed in the promises made them," he said. "I am sure if we had made such promises America would not have been stupid enough to

believe them. We Germans are stupid politically," he repeated.

"America should never have been drawn into the war," was his statement. Then he said: "Our submarine warfare was a big mistake. It was a failure and worst of all it brought America into the war. But I understand America would have gone into the war, anyway. Is that true?"

He seemed an enlightened man and I asked what about Belgium? He admitted their soldiers might have taken things that did not belong to them — armies had done that before. He would not believe there were Belgian atrocities. He had never heard of Dinant. "We have gotten rid of monarchy," he remarked, "and now you have it." His opinion was that Germany was suffering from the open frontier. Many unnecessary articles, such as perfumes, for instance, were coming in through the occupied Rhineland and they are powerless to stop them. These are taking the money that should be used for necessities of life. This and the low value of the mark is what makes conditions so hard at the present.

In Frankfort, where we stopped between trains, I went into a tiny grocery in a side street to price potatoes. They asked for my potato card — no potatoes could be sold without. They were 15 pfennigs a pound. They had been as high as 22 pfennigs a pound which evidently is very hard on the poor people. There was plenty of fruit, delicious pears and apples sold on the streets. The wardrobe girl at the hotel told me things had been very bad, but they were better now. The room clerk said it was the money situation that was hardest. "We don't know what will happen next," he said.

A morning train took us to Mayence. In the compartment was a beautiful woman who told us she was a Hollander, but had married a German so she could not go back to see her people in Holland. Her husband had been wounded in the war and she had come to Berlin from their home in Dusseldorf to nurse him. That was in the winter of 1918. It was terribly cold, she told us, and they had nothing to eat but soup. There was no bread, no butter, no meat. Everyone was undernourished.

"That was why we lost the war," she said.

"The people could not face such another winter." She was very pessimistic. "Bolshevism will come," she said, "and not to Germany alone, but to the whole world."

There seems to be much bitterness between the people of Holland and the people of Belgium. She said the Belgians did not appreciate that Holland had kept many of them when they had to leave their country. Her views evidently voiced those of a certain class.

Having the afternoon in Mayence I decided to take a car and motor out through some of the hamlets to get a closer up vision of how the people take the occupation. At Nieder Olm we found black French colonial troops, from Martinique, swarming the village streets. Farther on, in the fields were numerous corrugated iron huts, which, we learned, were filled with ammunition, ready in case of necessity.

In Worrstadt we had to drink coffee with a little German woman — she had coffee now, she told me, for the French officer and his wife who had been billeted in her home had given her some. She showed me the parched corn they had used before. These French people had

also gotten for her a kettle of meat fat which was carefully hoarded. She spoke of them affectionately as "Meine Francozen" (My French people). They had left her what provisions they could when they had to go, and she was so appreciative. Their photographs had an honored place in the best room. Everything had been better since the French had come.

Her brother came in. He said the German peace was too hard. The terms would ruin the country. I hazarded that the French believed they had not received what they should from the war. He asked what about President Wilson's fourteen points.

Business in the village was good, but everything was very high, he said. And there was no coal. They could only heat one room in each house. I remarked the hotels in Paris had no heat at all. "But the French have our coal, they have the whole Saar region," was his argument. He claimed the war was not entirely the fault of Germany, it was the fault of the diplomats of all the countries he wanted me to understand.

"The German people do not know how to hate," he emphasized.

"What about the Song of Hate your soldiers sang?" asked Miss Bennett. They asked what it was. "We have never heard it," they said. The man was sure there would never be a monarchy again—Germany would always be a republic.

From Mayence that evening we took a tramcar to Wiesbaden, the famous health resort, a few miles distant. It was our one hope of getting a sleeper to Paris but even the offer of 100 francs failed to secure berths, so we sat up in the stiff seats through another long night. In Wiesbaden we had dined at the Hotel Rose, where French officers and their families, English officers, and an occasional American uniform, made the dining room very gay. We even found the prices there in a fashionable resort not so high as in Paris. An American Y man from the Army of Occupation at Coblenz spoke to me.

"It is hard to believe anything against these people. They are so charming. Doesn't seem possible they could have been our enemies," he said.

The next morning at eight o'clock we had to

leave the train at Nancy, though we had been told it was a through train to Paris. It was in Nancy that 1,145 bombs fell and all about the depot are signs of the destruction, with some rebuilding started. We went to see the famous public square, Stanislas Place, one of the most beautiful squares in Europe. At the corners are magnificent fountains and a wonderful 18th century forged iron gateway by Jean Lamour that fortunately were not harmed.

On the train to Paris a French general lent me his *Saturday Evening Post*. He had been reading it with a dictionary. On the margins of the stories he had notations of the words in French. After "sad" was the word "triste." He praised the American soldier, telling me he had had many in his division. He was well informed on American politics. There would be no more war, was his opinion. The world has lost twenty million men in dead and disabled through this war, was his comment. But he believed President Wilson stopped hostilities too soon. He should have permitted Marshal Foch to advance, as they had planned, to the Rhine. Saving one man then might sacrifice a

million in twenty years, was his military attitude. Evidently he was not entirely convinced that there would be no more war.

But the French soldier loves President Wilson for having stopped the war. One told me so last night. He had been eleven months in the front line trenches. He also assured me, and he is a business man of wide connections in Paris, that the French do not hate the Germans. They fought out their differences on the battlefields. Now they will resume trade relations. It must come. The common soldier cherishes no bitterness. Only those who lost dear ones cannot forget.

CHAPTER XXVII

WHERE FASHIONS ARE CREATED

PARIS, Oct. 22.

IT WAS an imposing white stone mansion we entered, on a wide fashionable street. Two tall, liveried footmen, twin Hercules, bowed us in. Through an anteroom of quiet elegance and noiseless doors opened before a grand staircase. Treading its gray velvet steps, my feet sank in deliciously. The landing at the turn gave a sense of space and softly shaded lights. Up the next flight of steps and a gracious woman stepped forth from an informal group. She received us with just the right degree of cordiality. It is so often overdone. We were ushered into a salon that even my American stoicism refused to take unblinkingly. The floor was of marble, dark and light, in an artistic conventional design. Over it a few priceless rugs were scattered. I dropped down on a settee, a wonderful old Louis Quinze piece — and my eyes opened wider. The salon was large

and all its walls were concealed by magnificent tapestries. The tapestry that covered the entire wall opposite me was a Chinese scene, as exquisitely wrought as if it had been done with a brush. In novel cupola arrangements, high in the four ceiling corners of the salon, were festoons of Chinese bells. At either end of the salon was a Louis XV commode on which stood a huge blue Chinese vase, with curling dragons. Against the vase, on the commode at the farther end of the room, was an open ostrich fan in colors of flame, that caught and held the eye. The settees and chairs were all in the Louis XV period. I was reminded that there was a craze for things Chinese during the reign of that King Louis and this salon was in reproduction. I had failed to catch the name of the soft-voiced woman who shook my hand at the head of the stairs when I was introduced.

Suddenly I remembered. It was all wonderful, but I was losing time. "Didn't you say we were going to the dressmaker's this afternoon?" I asked Cousin Berthe, impatiently. "Yes," she answered, "that is where you are." We were in the "House of Callot," one of the

foremost establishments of fashion creators in Paris.

This chapter is on Paris fashions, and any mere man who might have begun reading it with the idea that it is on reconstruction had better stop right here. Unless he is interested in how milady goes to buy a Paris gown and hat at the world-famous couturieres and modistes in this autumn of 1919, a year after the armistice. Paris has always been the spotlight for the world of womankind, since it is from here that the final edict goes forth on what she shall wear. And all dress reform to the contrary, with all her unswerving loyalty to American ideas, the American woman preaches "America First" in everything — but styles. Somehow here in this gay city on the Seine there has always gathered a little band of ultra mode creators who have found the secret of the word "chic." And they know how to express it in women's clothes.

"What a beautiful fan," I whispered to Cousin Amalie.

"You can buy it," was her answer. "You can buy anything you see here."

"You don't mean this furniture or these tapestries?" I asked, incredulously.

"Yes, everything is for sale."

I subsided into an "Oh!"

The first requisite for the American entering these establishments is the proper introduction and that must preferably be through a Parisienne who has at some time been a patron. Because Madame, my cousin, was known to them, we were that afternoon taken through the House of Callot which has only recently removed to this palatial place. The room beyond the grand salon was equally beautiful though smaller and on a different scale. On its soft toned walls hung a few marvelous paintings and the furniture and hangings were in keeping. Then through a web of corridors and the door opened to a small square room, the four walls of which, from the ceiling to the floor, were solid mirrors. Over the mirrored side walls hung a couple of framed gems of the Louis XVI period. The rug on the floor blended warmly with the upholstery of the Louis Seize furniture.

"What is this?" I asked in awe.

"A fitting room!" Adjoining was another

fitting room, paneled in mirrors that carried out another French period in its rugs and pictures, a lovely drawing room in miniature. That is the French of it, to see that the setting for the gown is right, that the background for their creation of art has no jarring note.

Back in the salon the mannequins or models began to come in, tripping lightly on their high-heeled, wide-toed satin pumps. At first it was bewildering. Soon it was apparent every model was a part of her gown; it had been made for her. They must choose them as types. The girl with the Titian hair piled high sauntered in, robed in a frock of soft green, like the green of the waving Iowa corn at sunset, and the dusky haired mademoiselle tilted before us in something warm toned and rich and subtle. Sometimes one came swathed to her earlobes in a high, fur-collared coat, and as she balanced from her toes to her heels before us she would fling back the coat, and slipping from her pretty shoulders, it would reveal a ravishing evening gown made to go under it, because it reflected the coat in rich colorings in satins and georgettes. One of us would murmur "Tres

joli." And the pretty mannequin would smile and linger a moment longer before going on to the next group, there to repeat her sway gracefully from side to side before backing away, until she had circled the salon and made her exit.

It was in the House of Premèt, which you must pronounce "Praymay" if you would be understood, that I fairly reveled in charming creations in my tour of the big establishments. A bright eyed little English girl there explained it all to me. It seems the leadership in styles in Paris fluctuates from season to season. One year one house occupies the pinnacle and the next year another. This year, so she told me, with a touch of personal pride for her connection with the establishment, this year it was Premèt. She was called away just then, so I don't know how they determine the premiership. Anyway, the House of Premèt was showing most beautiful models, and their styles had a conservative elegance that the real Frenchwoman loves. Not the loud, bizarre, startling, combinations that we, on this side, are often led to believe are French. In this establish-

ment there is no attempt to camouflage the dressmaking end. A figure in the last word in blouses occupies a handsome table in the center of the room; on a side table another exhibits the newest in sweaters. But the salon is rich in old hangings and furniture, and the wall spaces are filled with large, antique, gold-framed mirrors. One near the entrance door had a hole gashed in the glass, and I was wondering who was going to be "out of luck" for seven years, when I was told "that was done when the bomb crashed outside here in the Place Vendome, during one of the air raids on Paris." It had occurred at night, so, fortunately, none of the girls were in the establishment. "Have you many girls employed here?" I asked, seeing not more than a dozen saleswomen on the floor. "About five hundred," was the reply.

On the Rue de la Paix is the House of Paquin, where the liveried doorman ushers you into a salesroom filled with exquisite confections hung on wire figures. You are taken back to a stairway that curls up to a big salon where the mannequins trip out in the latest creations of its designers. And so it goes whether you

go to Drècoll, Worth, Ducèt, Renèe, Jenny, Chèruit, and all the names that every woman learns to know through fashion plates and magazines. One house is noted for its evening gowns, another for its street frocks, another for its coats, and which is which every Parisienne can tell you. It is because the American woman does not know that she is often "stung." An American friend of mine asked me to accompany her to one of the big establishments when she had a gown fitted. I spoke of the famous house later to a Parisienne and she looked surprised.

"Isn't it a good establishment?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered hesitatingly, "only—."

"Go on," I begged.

"Well, the owner was said to be pro-German and we have not gone there since the war began."

"If I had only known," my American friend regretted, adding, "perhaps that is why I met so few Frenchwomen there."

Apropos of what is sold Americans I was taken to a new house that opened recently. Its big showrooms were crowded with American

men buyers, every seat around the salons being occupied when we entered. Beside each important buyer sat a saleswoman with a pad and pencil. If a buyer showed a preference for a gown, the mannequin was signaled to return. Perhaps he buys a model for the sleeves, for a bit of original design in trimmings, for a skirt drapery or a collar, which he has modified or has his American designer use as a motif. It is the idea he is after. An original trimming is known by the house that creates it. Now in this establishment the model gowns were most extreme, like much of the bizarre that we get in our country labeled the "dernier cri," the last word from Paris. A saleswoman who knew the Parisienne with me, after welcoming her most effusively, remarked, "We have done a million francs worth of business here in three days."

"All good American money," I hazarded.

"We have many American customers," she said. Their opening for their French trade I learned was later. Then, of course, the models would be different.

The well-dressed Frenchwoman is always chic. She has an innate color sense that makes

her a picture in whatever she wears. Even the little shop girl has that knack of wearing a simple black frock with distinction and the good sense never to overdress.

How does one go about getting a gown in a big establishment? Like this: Suppose a mannequin trips out in a dress that you know instantly is what you want. You communicate this fact to the saleswoman who hovers near you and she calls mademoiselle back as she is leaving the room. You are allowed to examine the fabric carefully. Then you are conducted to a fitting room, the model gown is brought and you are put into it. I say put into it, for that process requires four or five women, one to hook it up and the rest to exclaim in French superlatives about it. "Oh, ravissante!" is a favorite, and from the lips of Mme. Berthe of Premèt's, it is convincing.

You must have a large sense of balance not to let this subtle flattery turn your head, but say you do survive, you may demand to try on another and finally select the gown. You may want it in another color and the saleswoman will decide whether it would be good in that shade.

She will suggest the alterations in the model to suit your style. Her decision "goes," because she would not be a saleswoman in a leading Paris house unless she were a color and style artist. Then they bring you materials and you choose from them. Often it is huge bolts of goods and uncut furs and sometimes only samples.

Your first fitting will be a great disappointment because they fit nothing but a coarse white cotton lining and they fit it tightly, even to a long, tight, sleeve. Just about the time you get up the courage to ask timidly, "Isn't it going to have short sleeves?" you are told smilingly, "that's all—come back Thursday at eleven."

Thursday is when the big show opens. A waist maker and her assistant put the waist on you and then comes a skirt maker and her assistant and these four are supplemented by the saleswoman who took the original order. If you are weak on French they add an English interpreter. The six all talk at once and keep up a running comment in French as they stick in a pin here or snip a stitch there. Should you have a mild suggestion to

offer it is apt to be frowned down and you end by leaving it to them. The result is worth while. As to the price, you must ask that at the beginning and if you are accompanied by a Frenchwoman who knows values, you will escape paying American prices. The artist saleswoman will even suggest the sort of hat that will harmonize with the gown.

I don't suppose the woman has lived since the Lord made Eve who has not at some time or another sighed pensively and wished in her innermost soul to have a Paris hat. Some delving antiquarian is going to prove some day that Eve herself, kneeling before her favorite pool in the Garden of Eden, pushed back her hair and murmured yearningly, "if I could only find a leaf that would follow the lines of my face." That is what the Paris milliner does, follows the lines of your face, for the Paris hat like the Paris gown must express you. But it is not so much the hat after all, as the way the Parisienne wears it that gives it its dash.

A French cousin took me to her modiste. It was up a dark stairway and into a most unattractive room. I recalled the big millinery em-

The Statute of Von Hindenburg in the Scaffolding in Berlin in the process of being removed.

At Mayence, the Neighborhood of the Depot.

poriums in America and, looking around at a few wire hat stands on which teetered ugly hat frames, I exclaimed, "What a funny place!" "Wait," she said.

In came Mademoiselle Modiste. There was a long exchange of French courtesies. In a French shop, that is exclusive, you don't just run in and say, "I'd like to see a hat." No, indeed. It isn't done that way. You wind the conversation around to it. After the milliner has inquired sympathetically about your health and that of your family, and the state of the weather has been sufficiently discussed, you touch lightly the paramount question of the hat. She invites you to a seat before a mirror. Then you wait. Waiting is one of the things you learn in Europe, and if you don't fume and fret about it they doubt whether you are a good American.

After while back trips the little tight-skirted mademoiselle with a vivacious air of having walked a block, and in her hands she bears a crumpled paper sack, some four feet square, and she drops it on the floor beside you. If you are naturally curious, as I am, you will peep

into the paper sack, and your nose will ascend in disgust. What does she think you want? A sombrero? You wonder if something about you suggests the wild and woolly west.

There was a running combat of words between her and the French matron. She held up a light blue felt frame. Its crown was a foot high and the brim a foot and a half wide. It was bare of trimming. Poising herself gingerly on one foot back of my chair she set the sombrero on my head, and with a pat here and a push there settled it down on my hair, until it lodged coquettishly over one eye.

"I wouldn't think of wearing such a fright," I exclaimed.

"Look only at the color," said mademoiselle. "Do you like the color?"

She stood off, and with a bird-like twist of her head critically scanned my reflection in the glass. "I can't see the color for the shape," I laughed.

"Ah, we only get the color now. Later we get the shape."

A hat for a Frenchwoman isn't a fancy of a moment; it is a matter of long and earnest re-

flection. That is why it looks it. And the little delivery girl who brings it to you in a big round box is just as you see her on the French comedy stage.

I have been in the great establishment of Caroline Reboux, down on the Rue de la Paix. Now any New York or Chicago milliner will get a great respect for you if you show familiarity with the Reboux hat, for it is the leading millinery house of Paris, and its models over here are considered the final word in the world of headgear. Caroline Reboux is a beautiful young woman, with white hair and a girlish face. Around the room stood the inevitable high wire floor stands on which hung most uninteresting hats. The newest creations are kept under cover until finally brought out for a try-on, and then carried away again.

I watched Mme. Caroline sell a hat. A trailing assistant brought her a two-inch-wide piece of white crinoline. This she pinned around the customer's head for the size. Then taking a piece of black velvet she held it diagonally across the front of the woman's hair, and said: "It will be like this. Come in Tuesday at 3."

And the hat—I saw it later—was a bit of art, not in the hand, but on the head of the woman for whom it was made. For they believe in fitting the hat to the face and simplicity of line is their guiding star.

Last Sunday I went out to the Longchamps, the great race course just beyond the Bois de Boulogne. Though the newspapers of Paris feature the Sunday races at the Longchamps, the real drawing card is the style show, for all the great dressmaking and millinery houses send their mannequins to the Longchamps races to exhibit their latest creations, and there the first glimpse of every new fad is seen. Fully 50,000 people must have been at the track that day. They remain in the grandstand for a race, but as soon as a heat is run the grandstand empties and every one walks about the grounds to view the styles. It was cold and the variety of fur coats shown was a show in itself. People promenaded about watching the passing modes; many took place in line before the betting booths, but eventually they would come back to see the style display that is the supreme purpose of it all. Men were as interested in the new modes as women.

Frequently a Frenchman accompanies his wife to buy a hat. At Reboux's I saw men sitting patiently beside the women who were trying on hats, giving their opinion critically as they would lean forward on their canes. For the Frenchwoman dresses to please the men, and the modern Frenchman, understanding and admiring beauty first, is a severe critic of woman's dress.

Thus you see Paris creates styles seriously, throwing heart and soul into the game. Perhaps that is why for so many generations there has emanated from its artistic atmosphere the fashions of a whole world.

CHAPTER XXVIII

BACK TO THE U. S. A.

Nov. 7.

WASN'T it a "grand and glorious feeling" to find yourself actually on the homeward-bound boat after five months through the upheavals of war-torn Europe?

It was.

But instead of all my troubles being over then, I found a few new ones had only just begun. Getting back to this country is as difficult as getting over had been, only in a different way. My fond hopes that when my heels clicked up the gangplank of the home-going steamer the worst would be over, had been dashed long before I left Paris. Nothing less than the cable message from my office to get to Berlin at all hazards would have persuaded me to change my sailing date, for I had made my reservation back in August for mid-October and steamer reservations at that moment were at a high premium. Taking the next boat looks easy from

this side of the Atlantic, but when the next and the next and all those scheduled to sail are completely filled and your chances hang on the slender thread that someone might give up a stateroom at the last hour, you begin to feel that home is a million miles away. At last, by mere chance, I was able to obtain a berth in a stateroom with two other girls, both " Y " workers, one returning from Czecho-Slovakia, a room so small that only one of us could dress in it at a time. But this was the last steamer to sail from Europe on Oct. 25 at that acute moment of the dock strike in New York. The La France, booked to leave the same day from Havre, had not left America, and 500 boats were known to be tied up in New York harbor. It looked like I was not to miss any of the thrills in getting back.

The most worrisome development had been the announcement that no traveler might carry more than one thousand francs in paper and ten francs in silver, or its equivalent in any foreign money, out of the country. That is only about $110, and I knew it would not be enough to take me home unless I walked part of the way.

The day before, the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* had featured a story about one of the Vanderbilts who had to give up 40,000 francs at the pier, and cited the dire consequences to travelers attempting to evade the new law. I went to the American press headquarters in the Hotel Crillon and talked to the *Herald* correspondent who wrote the story. He assured me they were the facts. There was nothing to do but to have my expense money cabled to a New York bank. Even then there was no assurance that the cable would reach there. My cable message from Berlin to Davenport has not yet arrived; some censor must have it filed neatly away. I doubt if it ever got to Potsdam, which is the next station to Berlin.

The passage across was rough — November is always so on the ocean. The overcrowded condition of the steamer compelled many cabin passengers to travel steerage. A young American business man whom I encountered at Boulogne sur Mer, when we got out of the steamer train from Paris in the cold, gray, 6 o'clock dawn to carry our hand luggage to the customs officials and have our passports given the final

stamp, told me he had been called home by the death of his mother, and all he could get was steerage passage. He had hoped to find place in the first or second cabin when he got aboard, but later found it impossible even to get his meals there.

The passport rulings before leaving France are complicated. It was necessary to report to the police headquarters in person three days before leaving Paris, and the procedure involved long waits in line and the questions of many officials. Then your passport must be called for at the end of the third day, and there is more red tape. The fact that in one of my official trips the signature and seal of the Paris Prefecture of Police himself had been placed on my passport and the aid of a French clerk from Cousin Arthur's office who "knew the ropes," enabled me to get through in an hour, but this was remarkably unusual. The new three day rule at the passport bureau, I had been told, might keep some people from leaving if they did not know of it, and there was that possibility of getting better accommodations on the steamer. But all such hopes were in vain.

About half seas over we sailed into the grip of a violent wind storm, and for three days and nights the big liner tossed about like a toy. To stand on the glass enclosed deck and watch the mountain-high waves dash over the prow of the boat was an exhilarating sight. A little boy voiced the general sentiment one day, after his toys had rolled away from him time and again, when he cried, "Mother, why does the captain have to go over every wave, couldn't he go around some of them?" In the dining salon the first device tried was that of saturating with water the tablecloths where dishes were placed, to keep them from rolling, but later, when the seas became too high, two inch frames were laid on each table, enclosing the places and even then the soup would persist in spilling over. It was like eating when poised in a high swing, holding on with one hand to the arm of the chair while you ate with the other, getting in the bites after a big dip.

One evening in the main salon listening to a concert by the ship orchestra, I was on a settee with a pretty girl of the Smith college unit who had seen active service abroad during the

war. A big lurch came and she was skidded clear across the room into the arms of a Red Cross officer. A clergyman in a "Y" uniform, interrupted in telling me his experiences during two years overseas, started to the rescue together with several other men. They all landed in a heap in front of the Red Cross officer, only to have him and his friends join them on the return slide when the boat lurched the other way. I was clinging frantically to the back of the settee. It was comical — only the Smith college girl carried a bruised nose for several days.

Ropes were stretched through the center of the decks and these gave safety holds when trying to walk about there, for the frost made deck floors slippery, adding another danger to the pitching of the boat. Three days of this enforced exercise tired out everyone but the captain. These Dutch captains are wonderful sailors and don't seem to mind a storm. I don't know if this was the worst or next to the worst voyage he had had in his eleven years on this liner, because he refused to say. Anyway, he took his ship miles out of the course, almost to

St. John's in Newfoundland, to get away from the storm.

Up there in the fog something else happened. Suddenly someone exclaimed, "Look, we are going backward." The boat was headed in the opposite direction and there was much excitement. It developed we had just escaped colliding with another steamer. Even the haunting boom of the fog horn did not give the warning in time to swing around, so that the big liner had to back away. The first lighthouse from the American shore, gleaming across the waters was a welcome sight. It was the first light of home.

The hour of landing is always a matter of conjecture on an ocean steamer. So much depends on winds and tide. If a ship reaches harbor after sundown its passengers cannot go ashore until the following morning. Therefore there was great delight when it was finally known we would dock about two in the afternoon instead of six, and be allowed to disembark immediately. A notice posted near the wireless bulletin board requested all passengers to assemble in the dining salon at 10:30 in the

morning for the inspection of the health officers. Passengers and crew have to undergo medical inspection before the ship has a bill of health permitting them to land. A special press tug brought a trio of New York reporters on board.

On account of the dock strike there were no dock men to bring the liner into its pier at Hoboken, and a group of sailors were put off in a tug to dock the boat. Coming into New York with hundreds of water craft, scores of huge vessels lying there, is a novel sight. Many boats, we were told, had started back with their cargoes on board, unable to land them. The stewards were obliged to handle all of the baggage, and with twelve hundred passengers that was no small task. One man told me he carried twenty trunks. He was a millinery importer from New York, bringing back Paris models.

Several days before landing each passenger had been given a long sheet of paper entitled a declaration and they might be seen poring over them at any and all times. You are obliged to declare everything you bring back from Europe and its cost. The fact that you had worn

an article did not exempt it from declaration. Even repairs on your baggage must be declared. And my suitcase, which had been a victim of Belgian atrocities, having lost its handle in Brussels, was down for eleven francs for a new handle. Evading customs officials is dangerous business since they have word of everything of value brought over. If a woman purchases a gown in Paris she is charged ten per cent extra as a luxury tax. If she is taking the dress out of the country this ten per cent is refunded to her at the dock. But she pays duty to bring it into this country, whether she has worn it or not. "What I object to," said an American girl on board to me, "is that our government makes us swear to what we bring over and then doesn't take our word for it, but searches our baggage besides."

An inspector comes to you in the dock when all your baggage is assembled and you open your trunks and valises. He may demand to see every article in your declaration. If he finds something of value you have not declared you are subject to fine and imprisonment, so few take a chance. He calls an appraiser and they